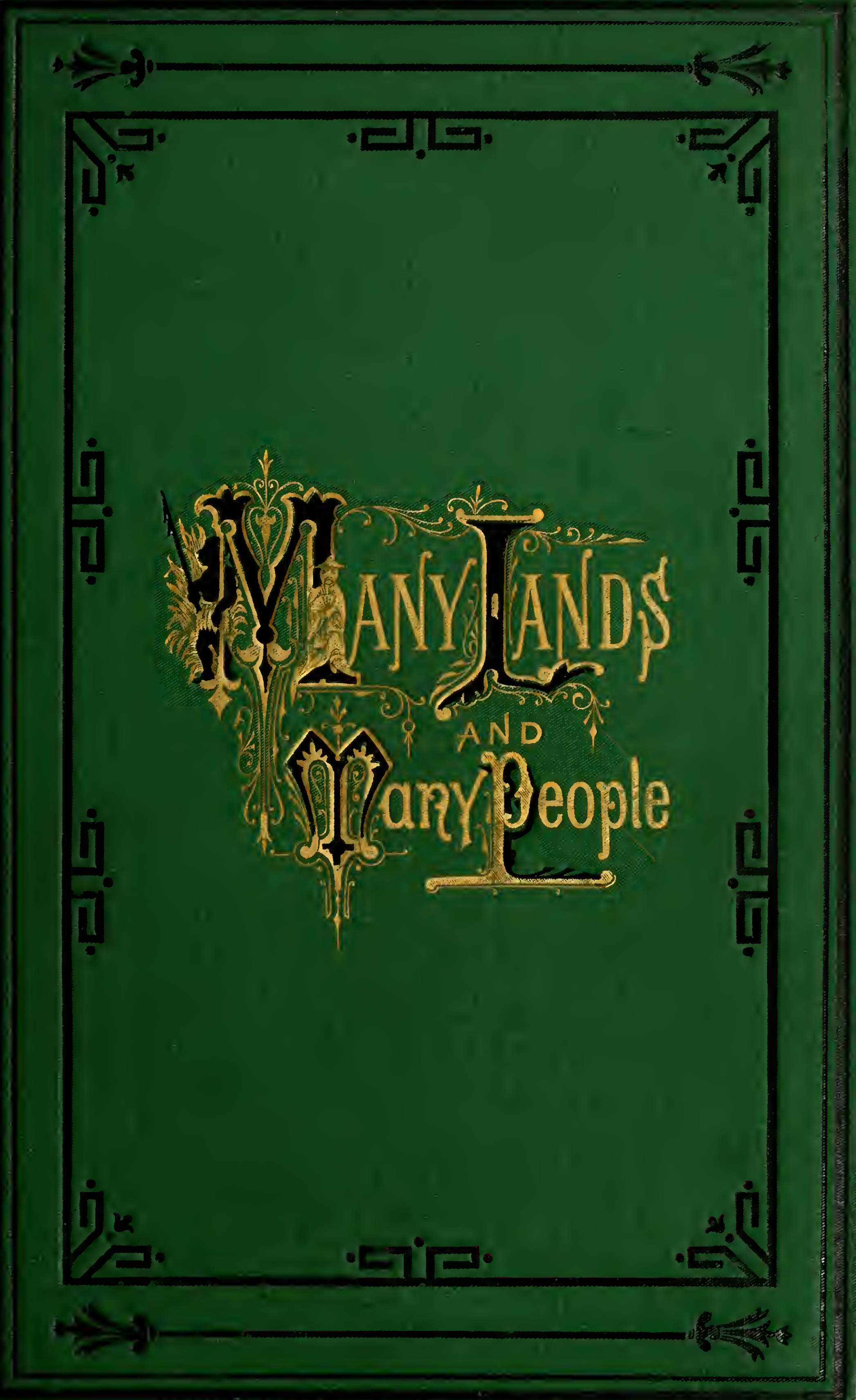

MANY LANDS AND MANY PEOPLE

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COURTYARD OF THE CASA DE AUSTRIA IN CUZCO.

MANY LANDS

AND

MANY PEOPLE.

WITH ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS.

PHILADELPHIA
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
1875.

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Searching for the Quinine-plant in Peru.

PART FIRST.

A SOUTH AMERICAN storm was descending like a deluge, and the night was closing in—a mid-winter night, for the month was July. A man wrapped in a cloak streaming with wet pushed his way through a house in a Peruvian city, until he came to a bed-chamber where a solitary traveler was sitting among his note-books.

The city was the capital of Inca civilization—Cuzco, the Rome of the New World. The visitor was Don Juan Sanz of Santo Domingo, a prominent citizen of that place. And the Marco Polo was Mr. Paul Marcoy.

"What has got into your head to come out in such weather?" frankly asked the latter.

"I have something serious to discuss with you," answered Don Juan, as he took off his water-clogged mantle and seated himself near the table. "A bearer of despatches has just come to me from Lima. He is bound to return tomorrow with the answer which I am asked to make, and, before deciding on that answer, it has occurred to me to see you, to talk with you, and, in a word, to ask a service."

"Shall it be a loan of a few hundred thousand piastres for one of your speculations?"

"Do not joke: I am talking quite seriously. The service I have to ask will only demand a little of your good-nature and the sacrifice of a few months of your time."

"A few months! You are too modest. And what shall I be doing during those few months?"

"Nothing but what is very simple. You shall walk about during a part of the day; you will observe; you will take notes; you will replenish your sketch-book. Besides this, you shall eat and drink when you like, you shall rest when you are lazy, and when evening comes you shall sleep if you feel like it."

"But that is precisely what I am doing here."

"No doubt. I only imagined that in order to render me a good turn you would be willing to do it elsewhere."

"Elsewhere? What is the locality of 'elsewhere'? Come, let me see what is asked of me. What is all this about?"

"It is about filling a vacancy in one of my enterprises."

"You forget that I know nothing of commerce."

"Nor is it a commercial operation I ask you to take part in, but simply some preliminaries which I hope will lead to one. I must explain. You are aware that I have contributed a little influence and a deal of money to the job of putting Señor Menendez at the head of this nation. He is now joyfully paying his debts with the gold out of the treasury, and he owes that felicity in part to me. As I am not the man to allow a benefit to be forgotten, I have asked him plainly to do me a favor in return. I want the exclusive privilege of commerce in the cinchona trees in our eastern valleys. They say the forests are full of them. What do you see in it?"

"It is the kind of thing that either makes a Crœsus of a man or leaves him flat on his back. But what did the president reply?"

"That I should have the privilege just as soon as I should discover the trees. He exacts one thing, however. There must be an 'interviewer.' The fame of the cinchona-discovery must be worked up in the newspapers at Lima. The world must ring with those trees—as soon as we find them. Sentimental and humorous fever-stories in the feuilletons—a series of botanical treatises, with the latitude and longitude of the *habitat*, in the official paper. He writes me that he wishes to have the nations of the world in general, and the South American republics in particular, imbibe a lively idea of the resources of the country."

"The South American frog still swelling up to equal the North American ox!"

"Under the circumstances I have thought of giving you an honorable place in the expedition. You shall sketch and botanize as you like. And you may write it up. Verarevenga, at Lima, shall translate you."

"Very well. I see something promising in your offer. I will give it my ripe consideration, and you shall have my answer in a week."

"I shall hardly wait a week. If you make up your mind to go, it must be done while I am folding this cigarette. My despatch-bearer is waiting to go back with my answer to Señor Menendez."

"You will certainly accord me a couple of hours for reflection?"

"Not a couple of minutes. I have others to see. Perez, the retired colonel Manuel Perez, will go. And I must decide upon a trustworthy agent to send to Bolivia after the bark-searchers. Once for all: do you accept my proposition?"

"Well, yes, since there is nothing else to be done." Mr. Marcoy looked hastily at his gun, his saddle-bags and his wardrobe. "What is the hour of starting?"

"Oh, you will not start for three weeks. It will take that long to bring up my Bolivians. I am told the bark-hunters of Sorata are very skillful, and I intend to draft five or six of them."

"Take your time, Don Juan. And now, good-night. Look in, if you happen to be passing, in three weeks, and you will find me with my spurs on, sitting on a saddle."

Don Juan Sanz de Santo Domingo grasped the hand of the traveler and vanished into the driving storm. He was used to it, for it rains in Cuzco, say the Peruvians, thirteen months out of the year. He was not, however, a native of the town. The enterprising and the prosperous are not born in a mountain-city full of Indians. Alighting in America from his native Spain while still a youth, he had hunted fortune through a number of places on the Pacific coast and the sierras, and had finally settled at Cuzco. In this remote spot he exhibited to the priests and the idlers the phenomenon of a merchant and a man of the world. He carried on his affairs with a deal of noise, attacked the most hazardous enterprises, incurred the most desperate obligations, and threaded the old Inca routes with his caravans and his emissaries. He was fond of interfering with politics, and was never more agreeably occupied than in backing Juan José against Juan Pedro, supporting with his funds the intrigues of a presidential candidate and preparing the downfall of the president nominated by the nation. To fix the public eye upon himself, and teach the echoes the sound of his name, appeared to be the object of this bold Andalusian, whose style and features betrayed more of the Moorish part of his ancestry than of the Spanish.

He had established himself in a large house on the street of Las Heladerias, where the historian Garcilaso de la Vega

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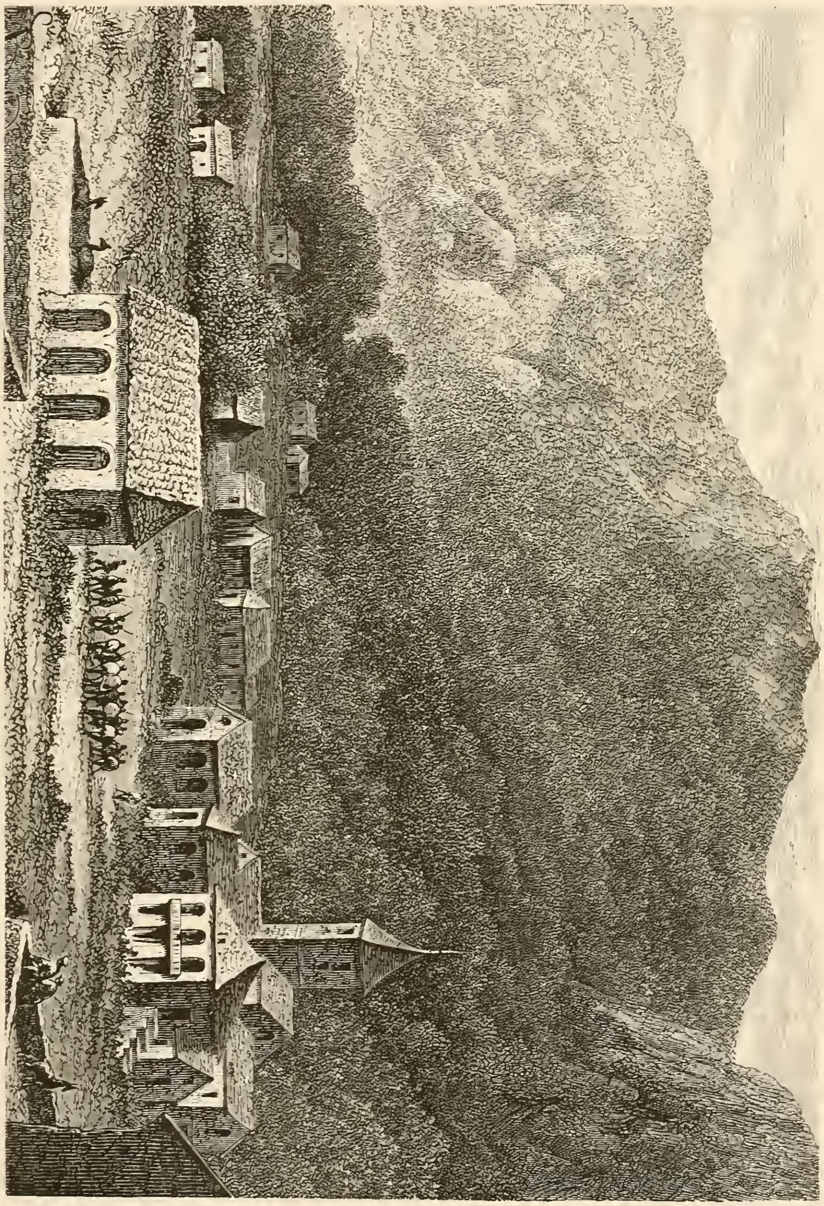
was born about the end of the fifteenth century. Like the majority of the houses of Cuzco, it had for its basement old walls of the time of the Incas: these old foundations are never colored or whitewashed, while the rest is always daubed with tinted lime. This speciality dates from the time of Pizarro, who, to economize time and workmanship, contented himself with discrowning the old



"THE ANGELUS WAS SOUNDING FROM THE VILLAGE CHURCH AS THE CAVALCADE ENTERED HUARO."—P. 10.

edifices and erecting new stories upon the old basements. Thanks to this circumstance—a happy one for archæologists—the city is only transformed, as it were, down to the middle of the body, the upper half being Catholic and modern, the lower heathen and antique. It was composed, like most of the better houses of South America, of a large ground-floor room for stores, carriages or magazine, and a second story: interiorly, it developed an oblong courtyard, arched on three sides, and supporting on these arches a wooden gallery which communicated with the bedrooms. The arches were full of noisy bird-cages and the court of sprawling weeds, which the orders of the master saved from disturbance. The mansion, by its peculiar Bohemian air and its festal lights visible long after midnight, was a part of the advertisement of its owner. The creditors of Don Juan, the lawyers and professors, gave it out as immoral and revolutionary. Another portion of the citizens, the aristocrats, the higher functionaries, and certain members of the clergy who appreciated costly wine and a varied bill of fare, sang its praises in full chorus, and conferred upon it, for reasons not worth searching out, the name of the *Casa de Austria.*

During the three weeks agreed upon for time of grace the master of the House of Austria bestirred himself in laying up provisions of a variety which indicated on his part a profound knowledge of the human stomach. Nothing was forgotten in this gastronomic museum—beef cut in strips, smoked mutton, dried and root vegetables, rice, sugar, chocolate, coffee, to say nothing of biscuits and conserves; then, to lubricate the mastication of these arid viands, wines of Spain and France, or so denominated, Jamaica rum brought from Abancay, and Martinique absinthe made up by a certain old lady in Cuzco. Besides these commodities, the livelier importations of mules, mozos and mule-drivers filled the court, and reduced its vegetable carpet to bareness. But what mattered to the proprietor of the House of Austria the loss of a few tufts of herbage, when he saw himself in fancy the proprietor of entire forests of trees whose bark was gold?

The arrival from the Bolivian frontier of half a dozen bark-searchers, or *cascarilleros*—flat-faced, sepia-colored, stolid Indians—in charge of a white leader, or *examinador de cascarilla*, brought all the activity to a focus, and precipitated the departure. Not the least of these preparations were the feasts of ceremony. It were too long to enumerate the lunches, collations and dinners which were offered during the last seven days by the chief of the House of Austria to his friends and acquaintances. It is enough to observe that at the last dinner of all, two priors of the monastery, whose names charity excuses us from giving, passed the night under the table, while the chief of police, proudly exposed on top of it, in an arm-chair surrounded with candles, and crowned with preserved fruits from the dessert, slept soundly, oblivious of the dance which the other guests conducted around him, his secretary at their head.

At last came the day of departure. The fact of the hour of six having been fixed for the start was a sufficient reason, in Peru, for a delay which was only brought to a close at high noon. At twelve o'clock, as all the timepieces in the city were sounding, the master of the House of Austria put foot in stirrup to place himself at the head of his cavalcade and conduct it a suitable distance out of town. As the troop of men, horses and mules clattered through the streets, the inhabitants of Cuzco, according to their hostility or sympathy with Don Juan, saluted the caravan with laughter or with cheers. In half an hour the last house of the suburb of the Recoleta was passed. A vast plain, sown with white houses, gardens and fields, stretched before the travelers toward the mountains. The Spaniards, at the time of the conquest, found this expanse peopled with forty Inca villages, the satellites of the great city of Cuzco.

The last appurtenance of the city of Cuzco was the Tree of Farewells (Cha-

chacu-mayoc), whose perforated trunk and sparse foliage soon greeted the excursionists on a slope at the side of the road. No citizen can undertake a journey without an impressive leave-taking, performed under this tree, with the relations and friends who have so far borne him company. Don Juan Sanz de Santo Domingo was not the man to omit so noble a ceremony, wherein pathos might be advantageously joined with splendor. A whole case of champagne, at six dollars the bottle, was dissipated on the occasion, leaving only boards, straw and corks beneath the historic tree, planted by the fifth Inca, Capac Yupanqui. Santo Domingo drank his glass with a graceful toast to the travelers he was so soon to dismiss. Colonel Perez emptied his with disdainful gravity, instantly making signal for another. Marcoy, alone perhaps of all the company, gave a thought, as he lifted on high the beaded nectar, to the past splendors and hapless fall of the city whose clock-towers flashed on the horizon.

It is not necessary here to supplement the many interesting accounts of Cuzco that have now and again been published. Founded in the eleventh century by Manco Capac, its walls, containing a measure of thirty-three thousand square yards, exist at the present time, and form the mould into which the modern city is poured, similar in plan and extent to the Inca capital. It is today the ordinary, rich, slatternly, priest-infested town of Spanish America, with a cathedral fabulously wealthy, fifteen churches and thirteen convents and religious retreats.

" HE FOUND HIMSELF IN THE ILLUMINATED CHAPEL OF LAURAMARCA."—P. 12.

Nor is it necessary to tell again of the fabulous avatar of Manco Capac as he springs like a Neptune from the waters of Lake Titicaca, attended by his divine sister, Mama Ocllo, and follows the pointings of his golden rod to the centre of the plain of Cuzco. The splendors of Inca civilization, magnified by reflection as they pass into the tales of the

Spanish historian, have left few visible remnants except an old fortress or two, some walls of monstrous stones, and relics of pottery which adorn the parlors of the rich merchants of the town.

"It is time to move," at last said Santo Domingo, shattering his glass against the wrinkled bark of the tree. "It is a long road to Huaro, and we shall be puzzled to make it before daylight fails."

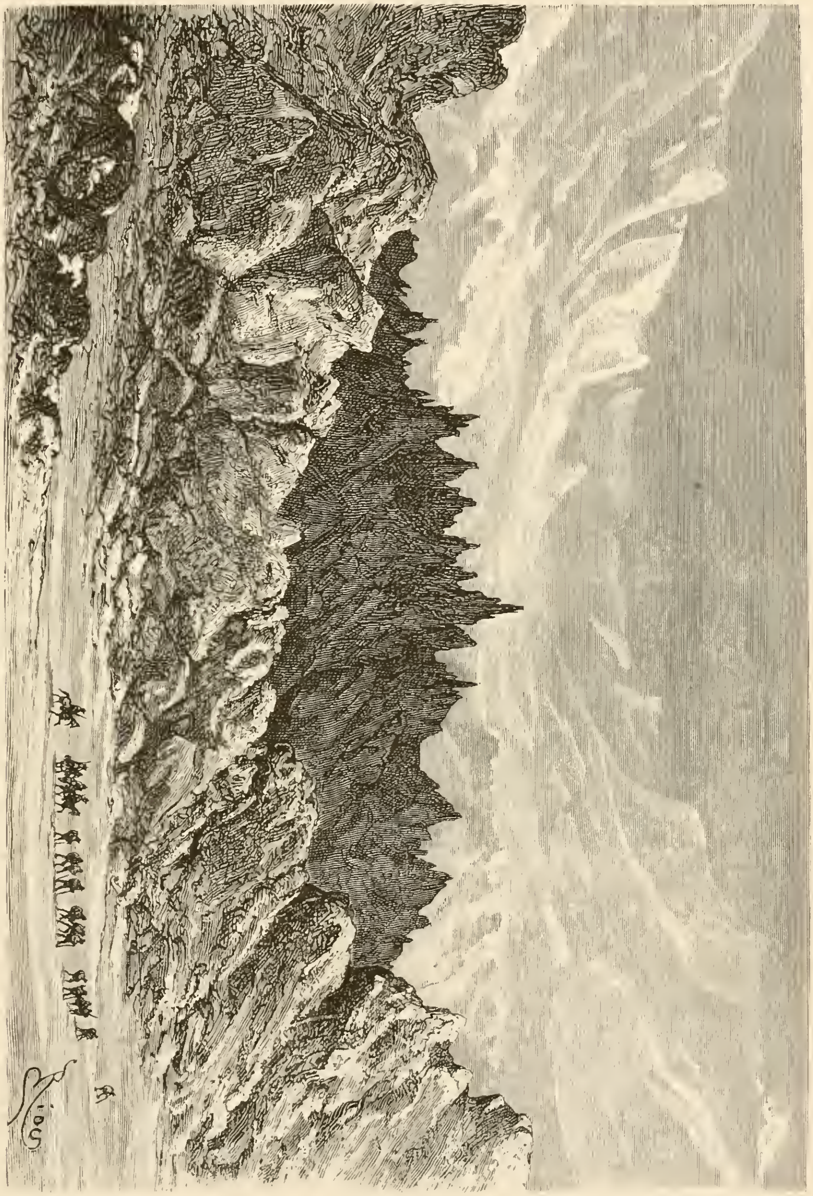
In fact, the evening prayer, the Angelus, was sounding from the village church as the cavalcade entered Huaro, a hamlet of nine hundred inhabitants at the foot of the sierras. The travelers instantly reined up their steeds and lifted their hats, and listened, in a silence so profound that the buzz of an insect would have been audible, to the conclusion of the oracion. When the bell had stopped vibrating in the square tower of the little church, and the llamas in the dooryards had ceased to prick up their sensitive ears at the sound, the caravan recovered its hats: each one bowed gravely to his neighbor in Spanish fashion, and exchanged with him the customary salute, "Buenas noches, señor."

In the whole of Spanish America, but especially in the larger towns, the moment of the Angelus has a strange attraction for the stranger. As the usage requires every one to halt, no matter where he may be, at the first stroke of the bell, to interrupt his conversation however important, and listen without stirring until the conclusion of the chime, the singularity of a whole population surprised in a moment as it comes and goes, held in a state of petrifaction, and paralyzed as if by an enchanter, may be imagined. On every side you see gestures interrupted, mouths half opened for the arrested remark, smiles oddly lingering or passing into an expression of prayer. You would fancy a nation of statues. A town in South America, at the tinkle of the Angelus, resembles the city in the *Arabian Nights* whose inhabitants were turned into stones. The magician here is the bell-ringer. But hardly has the vibration ceased when a universal murmur arises from these thousands of oppressed lungs. Hand meets hand, question seeks answer, conversations resume their course; horses feel the loosened bridle and paw the ground; dogs bark, babies cry, the fathers swear and the mothers chatter. The accidental turns thus given to conversation are many, and sometimes striking. Thus, on the present occasion, the never-satisfied patriot Perez happened to have been conversing, at the entrance of the village, on his favorite subject with the lawyer of Don Juan, who was accompanying the first stage of the excursion as a matter of politeness.

"We are masters of the situation," the man of parchments was saying: "we can win the people, and we have possession of half the arms. At a given moment we march upon the palace, we demand the person of the incumbent— *Ave Maria purissima*," continued the lawyer, with a remnant of his severe expression, as the first note of the bell of Huaro smote upon the air. When the last sound had expired, the revolutionist jerked his head with the quickness of a water-wagtail, and continued furiously the sentence interrupted five minutes before — "to be hung in the public square!"

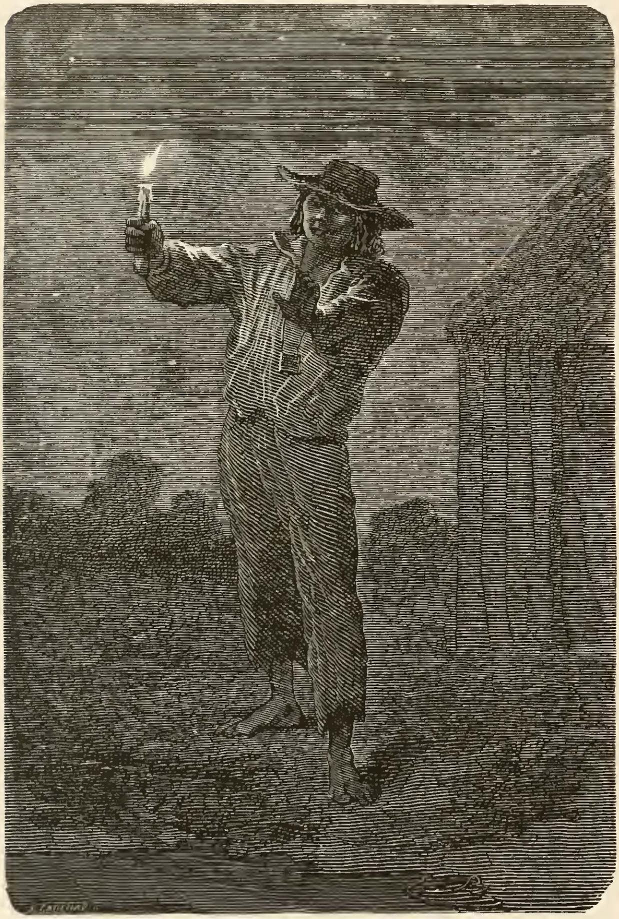
Passing with a hospitable inhabitant of Huaro a night that had some of the characteristics of an orgy, Don Juan and his train crossed the river betimes next day, and ascended their first mountain-pass. Vertigo, oppression and headache were the price paid by some of these inexperienced mountaineers for their initiation into the mysteries of the clouds. Recovering, however, before these unpleasant symptoms were very distinctly pronounced, they found themselves, at the end of three hours, masters of the summit, and then began to dip into the great plain beyond, taking their course toward the south-south-east, in the direction of Lauramarca. Passing through the ever-mellowing temperatures of a descending plain, they found themselves, among the fresh scents of a circle of enormous farms, and entered the streets of the town amid the cheers and salutes of the inhabitants.

At Lauramarca, a town of some importance as a centre of agriculture—the richest department in the presidency of Cuzco—the explorers found, as everywhere else, that the reputation of Don Juan had preceded him, and that his presence was the signal for a splendid manifestation. While the more vulgar part of the troop, however, attended the ball given in his honor by the principal



"IT WAS A NODUS, OR ROCKY KNOT, AMONG THE AVISCA ANDES."—P. 13.

woolen-manufacturer of the place, and the more practical explored the old gold- and silver-mines of the neighborhood, Marcoy, artist and scribbler, betook himself to a more pensive employment. Leaving the dance at its height, he stole out into the cool evening air, and bent his steps toward a tall, simply-shaped building, whose roof-windows, streaming with light, attracted his attention. A latch in the wooden door gave him easy entrance. He found himself in the illuminated chapel of Lauramarca. The walls, entirely without ornament, were covered with a stucco mixed with glue from the cactus, which shone with the precise lustre of polished ivory. A life-sized image of the Virgin, carved in a white, translucent, alabaster-like stone from Verenguela, stood upon a cube of gray granite which served for altar. A multitude of candles, set upon the floor, pierced the pale tops of a forest of lilies. The perfume of these plants, warmed by the lights, filled the room to the point of enervation. The traveler could not recognize without a thrill of feeling the familiar odor of these flowers, brought by the Spanish colonists to the feet of the Andes, and now filling their churches everywhere with a perfume that seems sacred to Rome and Italy. Between the odorous silence of this neglected chapel and the feast near by, where everybody had gone to drink and dance, the contrast was so striking that the coldest mind would have been seized by it.



"THIS MAN, BAREFOOT AND RAGGED, WAS THE GOBERNADOR OF MARCAPATA."—P. 14.

The next chain to cross was that of the Andes of Avisca, the attainment of which cost the travelers several hours of hard climbing, for which their dissipations overnight had but ill prepared them. However sleepy were the eyes that gazed upon the snow-capped summits, they could not but expand with wonder at the spectacle of the two enormous peaks which formed the gateway of this new land of mountains, and rose into the pure air like two slender and immeasurable obelisks, dwarfing the minor tops around them. These imposing giants, of well-defined quadrangular form, and smoothed over with bluish-colored ice, stood at each side of the pass as if they supported the sky. The Indians name them the Old Grandfather and Old Uncle—Ausargate and Tayangate.

"'IT IS MY AMA DE LLAVES' (HOUSEKEEPER), SAID THE PRIEST."—P. 14.

In this elevated region, where the strangers were surprised with every possible caprice of mountainous outline, the scientific spirit of the historiographer was attracted by a curious complication among the secondary formations of the rock. It was a *nodus*, or rocky knot, among the Avisca Andes, of the sort that elicits from the wiseacres of those regions the opinion that the veins of the rock are "tied up." This nodus was funnel-shaped, eight miles across, and seemed to be a dry crater emerging from the snow. Peaks of trachite, rough and jagged, stood up like blackened fangs out of the unsullied white, forming a most peculiar and impressive effect. Here too, out of the mouth of a beautiful crystal lake among the peaks, the party watched the issue of the river Paucartampu, an affluent, as they supposed, of the Ucayali, but, as the English traveler Markham asserts, of the Madre de Dio—at any rate, one of the streams whose easterly-flowing courses prove to the traveler that he has crossed the watershed of the Andes, parted company with the rivers flowing to the western coast, and begun to trace the meanders of the feeders of the Amazon.

The Andes were now behind them, and the landscape closed around them to the north, the south and the west. Only the east lay open to their steps, and retained, as the day closed, a reflection of sunset at the rim of the sky. Pushing forward their weary beasts, the travelers made for their next stopping-place, Marcapata. The rills from the summits began to gather volume and form considerable streams: the lichens of the snowy uplands were exchanged for bushes and trees. There was a twilight vision of roofs and walls enclosed in the green of orchards and farms: then the night shut down as in an instant, and the valley filled up with fog. For a short time the footsteps of the beasts broke through the sheet of mist and the veil of silence, and then the cry of one of the muleteers was heard. The troop halted: a few straggling lights were seen and a huddled group of thatched roofs. The party were at Marcapata, the key of the valleys to the east, the point where they proposed to give up their horses and hire porters for the carriage of their provisions into the wilderness—the end, in fact, of their connection with the civilization of the coast. Here too, their patron and inspiring genius, the splendid Don Juan Sanz de Santo Domingo, intended to bid them adieu.

Although the mules and horses made sufficient jingle as the cavalcade entered the village, no one seemed to be disturbed by the intrusion. The muleteers therefore began to lift up their voices of Stentor, and call upon the people whose names they knew, at the same time striking with their wooden stirrups the doors past which they rode. At this racket a door opened, and an individual, candle in hand, appeared. This man, barefoot and ragged, was the gobernador of Marcapata. He came up and asked if these might be the honorable travelers who were expected at his humble village. Reassured on this point, he offered to guide the party at once to the house of the priest, who he assured them was much more commodiously lodged than himself. The intention was evident, but Don Juan, with cruel promptness, relieved him of his inhospitable illusion. From the height of his saddle he read aloud the order of the prefect of Cuzco, written on paper stamped with the Peruvian arms, enjoining on him the care of the travelers and their beasts, and the performance of every duty that might further their object.

The governor, quite crushed, humbly opened the door of his hut. The interior had the effect of completely relieving the travelers of all desire for the hospitality they had so frankly invoked. An unfurnished hole, riddled for the admission of the winds, and containing for furniture a heap of dirty sheepskins, was all the poor governor could offer them. The visitors hastily asked to be guided to the priest.

This ecclesiastic inhabited a small house connected with the church. A discreet knock at the door was hazarded, which had two responses—the whine of a woman and the bark of a dog. The former asked with much bitterness who was there at that hour of the night. The hour was hardly seven. The governor himself undertook to respond.

At the familiar voice the door was half opened, and a female head appeared: "Holy Virgin! What are all those men here for?"

The inhospitality of this demand, set down to the account of feminine bashfulness, was readily excused, and the governor, resting outside, sent the travelers in to find the priest. That worthy man, who was supping with two or three cats by his side, executed a sort of somersault, and received the self-introduction of Don Juan with his mouth half open and half full. The merchant explained the desire of the party for shelter, board and beds.

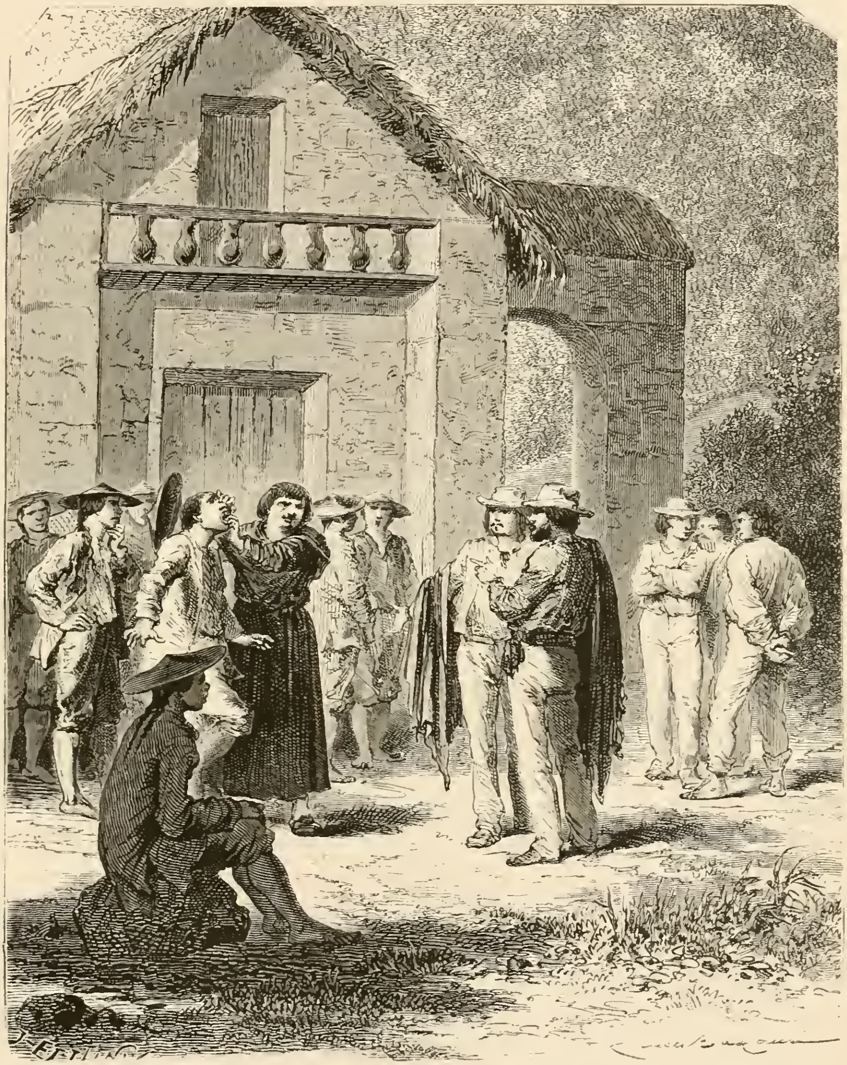
The round visage of the pastor clouded over. "I am poor, and very slenderly lodged here," was all the unhappy man could say. Santo Domingo had in reserve, however, for the spiritual power an argument as powerful as that which had just so effectually tamed the temporal. "Your poverty afflicts me very much, my father," said he to the priest, "but it will be a far greater sorrow to his grace the bishop of Cuzco, who has sent me to your address with the notion that you might be able to serve me."

"What!" cried the holy man, "our illustrious bishop has deigned to talk to you about me?—me, who never saw him in my life!"

The priest was assured that he was well known to his glorious superior, and that his amiable hospitality would be taken by the latter as a favor to himself. On this the poor man of prayer insisted that the whole party should enter and sup with him. "Pescua! Pescua!" cried he. "It is my ama de llaves" (housekeeper), said the priest. The woman, frowning, entered for her instructions.

In short, the party, by adroit manipulation of the governor and the padre, were able to lodge with sufficient comfort. Half the gentlemen quartered themselves upon the Church, half upon the State, and the mozos and muleteers were distributed through the village.

To this holy father the explorer applied for aid in engaging the Indian

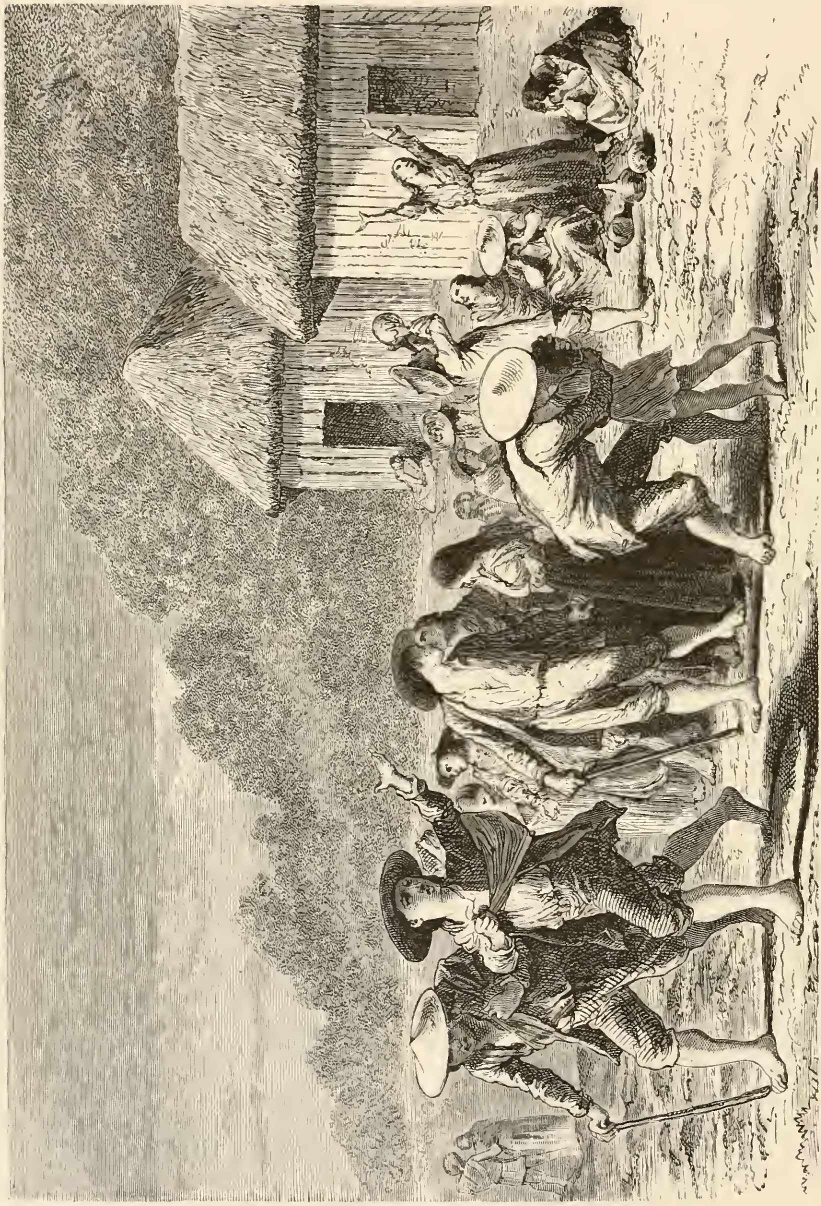


"IMMEDIATELY BEGAN THE INSPECTION OF THE RECRUITS AT THE CHURCH DOOR."—P. 17.

porters who were to take the place of their beasts of burden. The relations of the good man with the aborigines were of a peaceful character, and were inspired by a maxim admirable for its breadth and laconism. "Do no harm to the Indian," said the curator of souls —"God's law forbids it—but take care to do him no good, for he is a brute that is not worth the trouble." Under the influence of this moderate alliance the Indians were in the habit of coming to the church at service-time, not for worship, but from curiosity and in the hope of occasional employment.

The day after the arrival the priest was notified by Santo Domingo that he could render a service by engaging the

Indians to remain after the mass: it happened to be Sunday. The party attended the church, and were surprised to hear, during an interval of the observances, an address from the priest to the Indians, who were squatting rather than kneeling in the nave. He described the project of the strangers for an exploration of the valley, intimated the duty which was expected of the natives,



"WITH MANY FAREWELLS TO THEIR WIVES AND COMRADES, THE INDIANS PREPARED TO START."—P. 17.

and begged them to remain in the plaza after mass, instead of going off to get drunk and play at skittles. Mass over, the Indians, conformably to this order, assembled in the square and waited the pleasure of the travelers. The priest hurried off his sacerdotal robes, and was quickly among them. Immediately began the inspection of the recruits at the church door. Each individual, planted square on both feet, broad-shouldered and bulbous of chest, was introduced by the sacred purveyor, who mentioned his name, took him up by the chin, and gave a list of his physical and moral qualities. The Indian for his part allowed himself to be punched, felt and turned about with a sort of simple smile, rather proud than otherwise of this public recognition of his points. In this way the tale of assistants was quickly and advantageously made up.

There was little more to do at Marcapata. On the next morning, Don Juan, his lawyer and the eight or nine others who had formed the escort sprang into their saddles and set their faces toward the inclement mountains for a return to Cuzco. Of the party of bark-explorers there remained but three individuals. These were Manuel Perez, the former colonel in the Spanish army, of the Royal Alexander regiment, a resident of Cuzco, who retained enough of his old habits of vagabondage to wish to join the expedition; the writer and artist, Mr. Paul Marcoy; and the examinador of barks from Bolivia, who accompanied his band of bark-strippers or cascarilleros. The remaining trio, in their loneliness and desire for change of scene, would have departed immediately, with but slight adieux to the governor and the priest. But the Indian porters engaged at Marcapata exclaimed, with one accord and with a strong sense of insult, that they could never leave without a parting debauch with their friends. A night of unintermitted *chicha* and a morning of dismal reaction ensued on the part of these savage servitors. At length, excited by a few buckets of water judiciously thrown over their heads, the Indians, with many farewells to their wives and comrades, prepared to start. They rejoined the chiefs of the party, who, their spurs laid aside and their saddles exchanged for a light walking equipment, were impatiently summoning their attendance.

PART SECOND.

THE crystal peaks of the Andes were behind our explorers: before, were their eastward-stretching spurs and their eastward-falling rivers. On the mountain-flanks, as the last landmark of Christian civilization, nestled the village of Marcapata, whose square, thatched belfry faded gradually from sight, reminding the travelers of the ghostly ministrations of the padre and the secular protection of the gobernador. Neither priest nor edile would they encounter until their return to the same church-tower. Their patron, Don Juan Sanz de Santo Domingo, was already picking his way along the snowy defiles of the mountains to attain again his luxurious home in Cuzco. Behind the adventurers lay companionship and society—represented by the dubious orgies of the House of Austria—and the security of civil government — represented by the mortal ennui of a Peruvian city. Before them lay difficulties and perhaps dangers, but also at least variety, novelty and possible wealth.

Colonel Perez, Marcoy and the examinador retained their horses, and a couple of the mozos their mules, the remainder of the beasts being kept at livery in Marcapata, and the muleteers volunteering to accompany the troupe as far as Chile-Chile: at this point the bridle-path came to an end, and the gentlemen would have to dismount, accompanying thenceforth their peons on a literal "footing" of equality.

Two torrents which fall in perpendicular cataracts from the mountains, the Kellunu ("yellow water") and the Ccachi ("salt"), run together at the distance of a league from their place of precipitation. They enclose in their approach the hill on which Marcapata is perched, and they form by their confluence the considerable river which our travelers were about to trace, and which is called by the Indians Cconi ("warm"), but on the Spanish maps is termed the river of Marcapata.

"THE FIRST FORD OF THE CCONI WAS PASSED JUST OUTSIDE THE TOWN."—P. 18.

The first ford of the Cconi was passed just outside the town, at a point where the right bank of the river, growing steeper and steeper, became impracticable, and necessitated a crossing to the left. The ford allowed the peons to stagger through at mid-leg on the uneven pavement afforded by the large pebbles of the bed. At this point the valley of the Cconi was seen stretching indefinitely outward toward the east, enclosed in two chains of conical peaks: their regular forms, running into each other at the middle of their height, clothed with interminable forests and bathed with light, melted regularly away into the perspective. Indian huts buried in gardens of the white lily which had seemed so beautiful in the chapel of Lauramarca, hedges of aloe menacing the intruder with their millions of steely-looking swords, slender bamboos daintily rocking themselves over the water, and enormous curtains of creepers hanging from the hillsides and waving to the wind in vast breadths of green, were the decorations of this Peruvian paradise.

The pretty lilies gradually disappeared, and the thatched cabins became more and more sparse, when from one of the latter, at a hundred paces from the caravan, issued a human figure. The man struck an attitude in the pathway of the travelers, his carbine on his shoulder, his fist on his hip and his nose saucily turned up in the air. Neither his Metamora-like posture nor his dress inspired confidence.

"He is evidently waiting for us," remarked Colonel Perez, an heroic yet prudent personage: "fortunately, it is broad day. I would not grant an interview to such a *salteador* (brigand) alone at night and in a desert."

The salteador wore a low broad felt, on whose ample brim the rain and sun had sketched a variety of vague designs. A gray sack buttoned to the throat and confined by a leathern belt, and trowsers of the same stuffed into his long coarse woolen stockings, completed his costume. He was shod, like an Indian, in *ojotas*, or sandals cut out of raw leather and laced to his legs with thongs. Two ox-horns hanging at his side contained his ammunition, and a light haversack was slung over his back. This mozo, who at a distance would have passed for a man of forty, appeared on examination to be under twenty-two years of age. It was likewise observable on a nearer view that his skin was brown and clear like a chestnut, and that his lively eye, perfect teeth and air of decision were calculated to please an Indian girl of his vicinity. To complete his rehabilitation in the eyes of the party, his introductory address was delivered with the grace of a Spanish cavalier.

"The gentlemen," said he, gracefully getting rid of his superabundant hat, "will voluntarily excuse me for having waited so long with my respects and offers of service. I should have gone to meet them at Marcapata, but my uncle the gobernador forbade me to do so for fear of displeasing the priest. Gentlemen, I am Juan the nephew of Aragon. It is by the advice of my uncle that I have come to place myself in your way, and ask if you will admit me to your company as mozo-assistant and interpreter."

The colonel, whose antipathy to the salteador did not yield on a closer acquaintance, roughly asked the youth what he meant by his assurance. Mr. Marcoy, however, was disposed to temporize.

"If you are Juan the nephew of Aragon," said he, "you must have already learned from your uncle that we have engaged an interpreter, Pepe Garcia of Chile-Chile."

"Precisely what he told me, señor," replied the young man; "but, for my part, I thought that if one interpreter would be useful to these gentlemen on their journey, two interpreters would be a good deal better, on account of the fact that we walk better with two legs than with one: that is the reason I have intercepted you, gentlemen."

This opinion made everybody laugh, and as Juan considered it his privilege to laugh five times louder than any one, a quasi engagement resulted from this sudden harmony of temper. Colonel Perez shrugged his shoulders: Marcoy as literary man, took down the name of the new-comer. The nephew of Aragon was so delighted that he gave vent to a little cry of pleasure, at the same time cutting a pirouette. This harmless caper allowed the party to detect, tied to his haversack, the local banjo, or *charango*, an instrument which the Paganinis of the country make for themselves out of half a calabash and the unfeeling bowels of the cat.

"GENTLEMEN, I AM JUAN THE NEPHEW OF ARAGON."—P. 19.

The priest, who had recommended Pepe Garcia, had made mention of that person's fine voice, with which the church of Marcapata was edified every Sunday.

The gobernador, while putting in a word for his nephew, and particularizing the beauty of his execution on the guitar, had insinuated doubts of the baritone favored by the padre. Happy land, whose disputes are like the disputes of an opera company, and where people are recommended for business on the strength of their musical execution!

Aragon quickly understood that his friend in the expedition was not Colonel Perez, who had insultingly dubbed him the Second Fiddle (or Charango). He attached himself therefore with the fidelity of a spaniel to Mr. Marcoy, walking alongside and resting his arm on the pommel of his saddle. After an hour's traverse of a comparatively desert plateau called the Pedregal, covered with rocks and smelling of the patchouli-scented flowers of the mimosa, Aragon pointed out the straw sheds and grassy plaza of Chile-Chile. This rustic metropolis is not indicated on many maps, but for the travelers it had a special importance, bearing upon the inca history and etymological roots of Peru, for it was the residence of their interpreter-in-chief, Pepe Garcia.

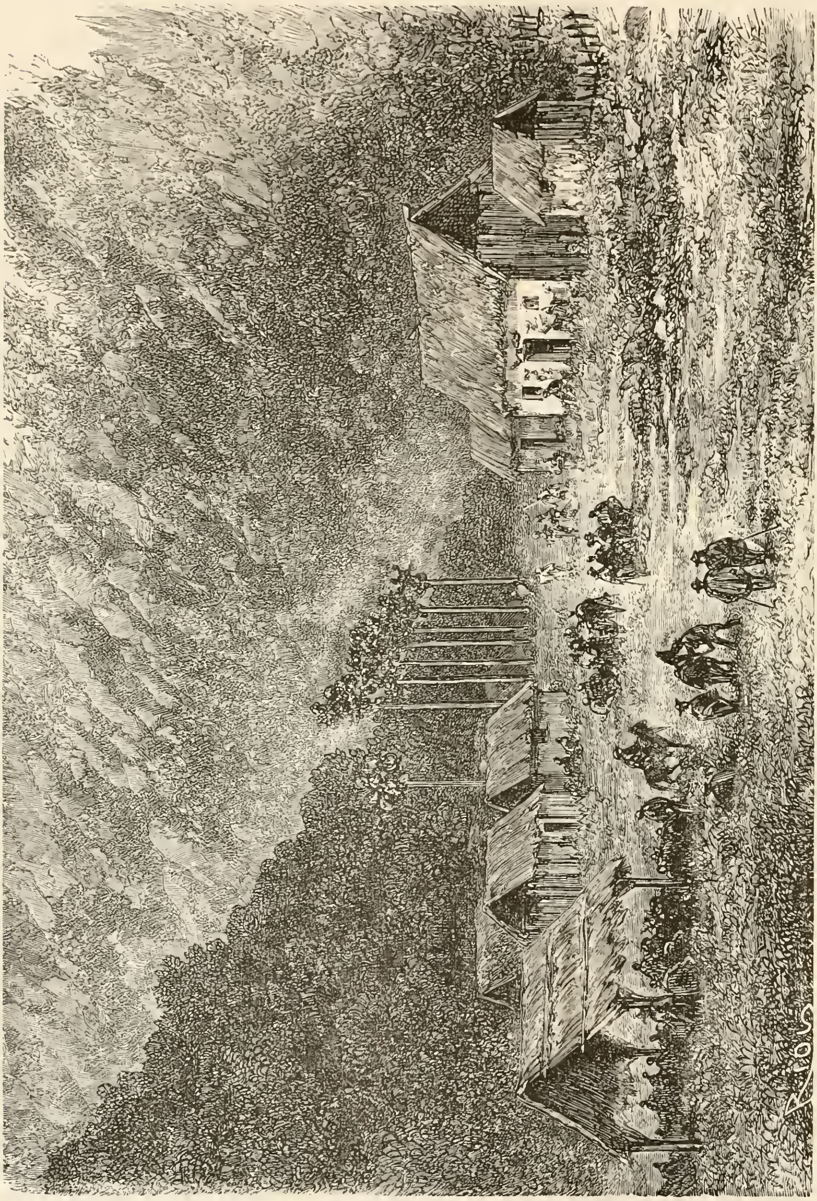
Introduced by the latter, our explorers made a kind of triumphal entry into the village. The old Indian women dropped their spinning, the naked children ceased to play with the pigs and began to play with the garments and equipage of the visitors, and a couple of blind men, who were leading each other, remarked that they were glad to see them.

Garcia the polyglot, radiant with importance, lost no time in dragging his guests toward his own residence, a large straw thatch surmounting walls of openwork, which took the fancy of the travelers from the singular trophy attached above the door. This trophy was composed of the heads of bucks and rams, with those of the fox and the ounce, where the shrunken skin displayed the pointed *sierra* of the teeth, while the horns of oxen and goats, set end to end around the borders, formed dark and rigid festoons: all vacancies were filled up with the forms of bats, spread-eagled and nailed fast, from the smallest variety to the large, man-attacking *vespertilio.* As a contrast to this exterior decoration, the inside was severely simple: it was even a little bare. A partition of bamboo divided the hut into kitchen and bed-room, and that was all. Into the latter of these apartments Pepe Garcia dragged the saddles of his guests, and in the former his two twin-daughters, melancholy little half-breeds in ragged petticoats, assisted their father to prepare for the wanderers a hunter's supper.

Every moment, in a dark corner or behind the backs of the company, Garcia was observed caressing these little girls in secret. Being rallied on his tenderness, he observed that the twins were the double pledge of a union "longer happy than was usual," and the only survivors of fifteen darlings whom he had given to the world in the various countries whither his wandering fortunes had led him. Still explaining and multiplying his caresses, the man of family went on with his exertions as cook, and in due time announced the meal.

This festival consisted of sweet potatoes baked in the ashes, and steaks of bear broiled over the coals. The latter viand was repulsed with horror by the colonel, who in the effeminacy of a city life at Cuzco had never tasted anything more outlandish than monkey. Seeing his companions eating without scruple, however, the valiant warrior extended his tin plate with a silent gesture of application. The first mouthful appeared hard to swallow, but at the second, looking round at his fellow-travelers with surprise and joy, he gave up his prejudices, and marked off the remainder of his steak with wonderful swiftness. Standing behind his boarders, Pepe Garcia had been watching the play of jaws and expressions of face with some uneasiness, but when the colonel gave in his adhesion his doubts were removed, and he smiled agreeably, flattered in his double quality of hunter and cook.

The beds of the gentlemen-travelers were spread side by side in the adjoining room, and Garcia gravely assured them that they would sleep like the Three Wise Men of the East. Unable to see any personal analogy between themselves and the ancient Gaspar, Melchior and Balthazar, the tired cavaliers turned in without remarking on the subject. They paused a moment, however, before taking up their candle, to set forth to Garcia in full the circumstances and nature of Juan of Aragon's engagement. This explanation, which the close quarters of the troop had made impos-



"THE STRAW SHEDS AND GRASSY PLAZA OF CHILE-CHILE."—P. 21.

sible during the journey, was received in excellent part by the interpreter-in-chief.

"Oh, I am not at all jealous of Aragon," said he, "and the gentlemen have done very well in taking him along. He will be of great use. He is a bright, capable mozo, who would walk twenty miles on his hands to gain a piastre. As an interpreter, I think he is almost as good as I am."

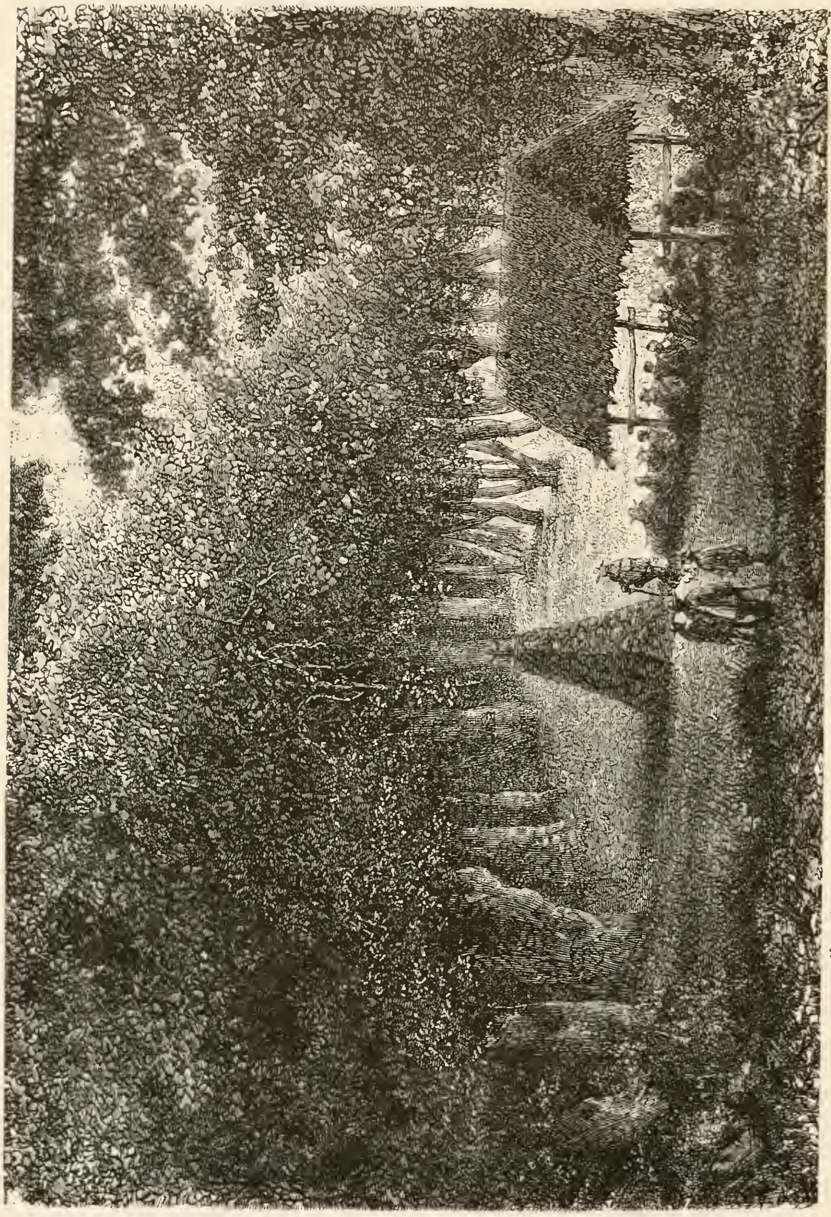
Having thus smoothed away all grounds of rivalry, the colonel, the examinador and Marcoy took possession of their sleeping-room. Here, long after their light was put out, they watched the scene going on in the apartment they had just left, whose interior, illuminated by a candle and a lingering fire, was perfectly visible through the partition of bamboo. The dark-skinned girls, on their knees in a corner, were gathering together the shirts and stockings destined for the parental traveling-bag. Garcia, for his part, was occupied in cleaning with a bit of rag a portentous, long-barreled carbine, apparently dating back to the time of Pizarro, which he had been exhibiting during the day as his hunting rifle, and which he intended to carry along with him.

The sleep under the thatched roof of Pepe Garcia, though somewhat less sound than that of the Three Magi in their tomb at Cologne, lasted until a ray of the morning sun had penetrated the open-work walls of the hut. The colonel rapidly dressed himself, and aroused the others. A disquieting silence reigned around the modest mansions of Chile-Chile. The interpreter was away, Juan of Aragon was away, the muleteers had returned, according to instructions received over-night, to Marcapata with the animals, and the peons were found dead-drunk behind the mud wall of the last house in the village.

After three hours of impatient waiting there appeared—not Garcia and Aragon, whose absence was inexplicable, but—the faithful Bolivian bark-hunters in a body. Not caring to stupefy themselves with the peons, they had gone out for a reconnoissance in the environs. Contemplating the nodding forms of their comrades, they now let out the discouraging fact that these tame Indians, madly afraid of their wild brothers the Chunchos, had been fortifying themselves steadily with brandy and chicha all the way from Marcapata. Disgusted and helpless, Perez and the examinador betook themselves to reading tattered newspapers issued at Lima a month before, and Marcoy to his note-book. Suddenly a ferocious wild-beast cry was heard coming from the woods, and while the Indian porters tried to run away, and the white men looked at each other with apprehension, Pepe Garcia and Aragon appeared in the distance. Their arms were interlaced in a brother-like manner, they were poising themselves with much care on their legs, and they were drunk. Well had the elder interpreter said that he was not jealous of Aragon. They rolled forward toward the party, repeating their outrageous duet, whose reception by the staring peons appeared to gratify them immensely.

The mozo, feeling his secondary position, had enervated himself slightly—the superior was magisterially tipsy. He wore a remarkable hat entirely without a brim, and patched all over the top with a lid of leather. His face, marked up to the eyes with the blue stubble of that beard which filled him with pride as a sign of European extraction, was swollen and hideous with drunkenness. He carried, besides the fearful blunderbuss of the night before, a belt full of pistols and hatchets. A short infantry-sword was banging away at his calves, and two long ox-horns rattled at his waist. The interpreters had been partaking of a little complimentary breakfast with the muleteers in whose care the animals had gone off to Marcapata.

A concentration of energy on the part of the chiefs of the expedition was required to set in movement this unpromising assemblage. The examinador undertook the peons: he rapped them smartly and repeatedly about the head and shoulders, until they staggered to their feet and declared that they were a match for whole hordes of Indians: this courage, borrowed from the flask, gave strong assurance that at the first alarm from genuine Chunchos they would take to their heels. Mr. Marcoy, feeling unable to do justice to the case of the nephew, turned him over to Perez, whose undisguised dislike made the work of correction at once grateful and thorough. Marcoy himself confronted the stolid and sullen Pepe Garcia, insisting upon



"CHAUPICHACA WAS MARKED WITH A SQUARE TERMINAL PILLAR."—P. 26.

the example he owed to the Indian porters and the responsibility of his Caucasian blood. The half-breed listened for a minute, his eyes fixed upon the ground: he then shook himself, looked an instant at his employer, and planted himself firmly on his legs. Then, determined to prove by a supreme effort that he was clear-headed and master of his motions, he suddenly drew his sword, hustled the Indians in a line by two and two, pointed out to Aragon his position as rear-guard, and cried with a voice of thunder, "*Adelante!*" The porters and peons staggered forward, knocking against each other's elbows and tottering on their stout legs. The three white men, burdenless, but regretting their horses, walked as they pleased, keeping the train in sight. And John the nephew of Aragon's guitar, dangling at his back, brought up the rear, with its suggestions of harmony and the amenities of life.

The first trait of aboriginal character (after this parenthetical alacrity at drunkenness) was shown after some hours of marching and the passage of a dozen streams. The porters, weakened by their drink and the extreme heat, squatted down on the side of a hill by their own consent and with a single impulse. With that lamb-like placidity and that mule-like obstinacy which characterize the antique race of Quechuas, they observed to the chief interpreter that they were weary of falling on their backs or their stomachs at every other step, and that they were resolved to go no farther. Pepe Garcia caused the remark to be repeated once more, as if he had not understood it: then, convinced that an incipient rebellion was brewing, he sprang upon the fellow who happened to be nearest, haled him up from the ground by the ears, and, shaking him vigorously, proceeded to do as much for the rest of the band. In the flash of an eye, much to their astonishment, they found themselves on their feet.

A judicious if not very discriminating award of blows from the sabre then followed, causing the Indians to change their resolve of remaining in that particular spot, and to show a lively determination to get away from it as quickly as possible. Each porter, forgetting his fatigue, and seeming never to have felt any, began to trot along, no longer languidly as before, but with a precision of step and a firmness in his round calves which surprised and charmed the travelers. Pepe Garcia, much refreshed by this exercise of discipline, and perspiring away his intoxication as he marched, began to give grounds for confidence from his steady and authoritative manner. By nightfall the whole troop was in harmony, and the strangers retired with hopeful hearts to the privacy of the hammocks which Juan of Aragon slung amongst the trees on the side of Mount Morayaca.

No effect could seem finer, to wanderers from another latitude, than this first night-bivouac in the absolute wilderness. The moon, seeming to race through the clouds, and the camp-fire flashing in the wind, appeared to give movement and animation to the landscape. The Indians, grouped around the flame, seemed like swarthy imps tending the furnace of some fantastic pandemonium. Meanwhile, amidst the constant murmurs of the trees, the nephew of Aragon was heard drawing the notes of some kind of amorous despair from the hollow of his melodious calabash. The examinador and Colonel Perez lulled themselves to sleep with a conversation about the beauties and beatitudes of their wives, now playing the part of Penelopes in their absence. To hear the eulogies of the examinador, an angel fallen perpendicularly from heaven could hardly have realized the physical and moral qualities of the spouse he had left in Sorata. The Castilian tongue lent wonderful pomp and magnificence to this portrait, and as the metaphors thickened and the superb phrases lost themselves in hyperbole, one would have thought the lady in question was about to fly back to her native stars on a pair of resplendent wings. Colonel Perez furnished an equally elaborate delineation of his own fair helpmate. As for the wife of Lorenzo, nobody knew what she was like, and the panegyric from the lips of her faithful lord rolled on in safety and success. But the personage called by Perez "his Theresa" was a female whom anybody who had passed through the small shopkeeping quarters of Cuzco might have seen every day, as well as heard designated by her common nickname (given no one knows why) of Malignant Quinsy; and, arguing in algebraic fashion from the known to the unknown, it was not difficult to be convinced that the poetic flights of the examinador were equally the work of fond flattery.

Surprised by a midnight storm, the camp was broken up before the early daylight, and our explorers' caravan moved on without breakfast. This necessary stop-gap was arranged for at the first pleasant spot on the route. An old clearing soon appeared, provided with the welcome accommodation of an *ajoupa*, or shed built upon four posts. At the command of *Alto allí!*—"Halt there!"—uttered by Perez in the tone he had formerly used in governing his troops, the whole band stopped as one person; the porters dumped their bales with a significant *ugh!* the Bolivian bark-hunters laid down their axes; and the gentlemen arranged themselves around the parallelogram of the hut, attending the commissariat developments of Colonel Perez. The site which hazard had so conveniently offered was named Chaupichaca. It was the scene of an ancient wood-cutting, around which the trunks of the antique forests showed themselves in a warm soft light, like the columns of a temple or the shafts of a mosque.

A detail which struck the travelers in arriving was very characteristic of these lands, filled so full of old traditions and inca customs. Chaupichaca was marked with a square terminal pillar, one of those boundaries of mud and stones, called *apachectas*, which Peruvian masonry lavishes over the country of Manco Capac. A rude cross of sticks surmounted this stone altar, on which some pious hand had laid a nosegay, now dried—signifying, in the language of flowers proper to masons and stone-cutters, that the work was finished and left. A little water and spirits spared from the travelers' meal gave a slight air of restoration to these mysterious offerings, and a couple of splendid butterflies, whether attracted by the flowers or the alcoholic perfume, commenced to waltz around the bouquet; but the corollas contained no honey for their diminutive trunks, and after a slight examination they danced contemptuously away.

At seven or eight miles' distance another streamlet was reached, named the Mamabamba. It is a slender affluent of the Cconi, to be called a rivulet in any country but South America, but here named a river with the same proud effrontery which designates as a *city* any collection of a dozen huts thrown into the ravine of a mountain. The Mamabamba was crossed by an extemporized bridge, constructed on the spot by the ingenuity of Garcia and his men. Strange and incalculable was the engineering of Pepe Garcia. Sometimes, across one of these continually-occurring streams, he would throw a hastily-felled tree, over which, glazed as it was by a night's rain or by the humidity of the forest, he would invite the travelers to pass. Sometimes, to a couple of logs rotting on the banks he would nail cross-strips like the rungs of a ladder, and, while the torrent boiled at a distance below, pass jauntily with his Indians, more sure-footed than goats. The wider the abyss the more insecure the causeway; and the terrible rope-bridges of South America, or the still more conjectural throw of a line of woven roots, would meet the travelers wherever the cleft was so wide as to render timbering an inconvenient trouble. Occasionally, on one of these damp and moss-grown ladders, a peon's foot would slip, and down he would go, the load strapped on his back catching him as he was passing through the aperture: then, using his hands to hold on by, he would compose, on the spur of the moment, a new and original language or telegraphy of the legs, *kicking* for assistance with all his might. Juan of Aragon was usually the hero to extricate these poor estrays from the false step they had taken, the other peons regarding the scene with their tranquil stolidity. A glass of brandy to the unfortunate would always compose his nerves again, and make him hope for a few more accidents of a like nature and bringing a like consolation.

"THE MAMABAMBA WAS CROSSED BY AN EXTEMPORIZED BRIDGE."—P. 26.

The bridge of the Mamabamba conducted the party to a site of the same name, through an interval of forest where might be counted most of the varieties of tree proper to the equatorial highlands. Up to this point the vegetation everywhere abounding had not indicated the presence, or even the vicinage, of the cinchona. The only circumstance which brought it to the notice of the inexperienced leaders of the expedition would be a halt made from time to time by the Bolivian bark-hunters. The examinador and his cascarilleros, touching one tree or another with their hatchets, would exchange remarks full of meaning and mysteriousness; but when the colonel or Mr. Marcoy came to ask the significance of so many hints and signals, they got the invariable answer of Sister Anna to the wife of Bluebeard: "I see nothing but the forest turning green and the sun turning red." The most practical reminder of the quest of cinchona which the travelers found was an occasional *ajoupa* alone in the wilderness, with a broken pot and a rusted knife or axe beneath it—witness that some eager searcher had traveled the road before themselves. The cascarilleros are very avaricious and very brave, going out alone, setting up a hut in a probable-looking spot, and diverging from their head-quarters in every direction. If by any accident they get lost or their provisions are destroyed, they die of hunger. Doctor Weddell, on one occasion in Bolivia, landed on the beach of a river well shaded with trees. Here he found the cabin of a cascarillero, and near it a man stretched out upon the ground in the agonies of death. He was nearly naked, and covered with myriads of insects, whose stings had hastened his end. On the leaves which formed the roof of the hut were the remains of the unfortunate man's clothes, a straw hat and some rags, with a knife, an earthen pot containing the remains of his last meal, a little maize and two or three *chuñus*. Such is the end to which their hazardous occupation exposes the bark-collectors—death in the midst of the forests, far from home; a death without help and without consolation.

It was not until after passing the elevated site of San Pedro, and clambering up the slippery shoulders of the hill called Huaynapata—the crossing of half a dozen intervening streamlets going for nothing—that the explorers were rewarded with a sight of their Canaan, the bark-producing region. To attain this summit of Huaynapata, however, the little tributary of Mendoza had to be first got over. This affluent of the Cconi, flowing in from the south-south-west, was very sluggish as far as it could be seen. Its banks, interrupted by large rocks clothed with moss, offered now and then promontories surrounded at the base with a bluish shade. At the end of the vista, a not very extensive one, a quantity of blocks of sandstone piled together resembled a crumbling wall. Other blocks were sprinkled over the bed of the stream; and by their aid the examinador and the colonel hopped valiantly over the Mendoza, leaving the peons, who were less afraid of rheumatism and more in danger of slipping, to ford the current at the depth of their suspender-buttons.

It was on the top of Huaynapata, while the interpreters built a fire and prepared for supper a peccary killed upon the road, that Marcoy observed the examinador holding with his Bolivians a conversation in the Aymara dialect, in which could be detected such words as *anaranjada* and *morada*. These were the well-known commercial names of two species of cinchona. The historiographer interrupted their conversation to ask if anything had yet been discovered.

"Nothing yet," replied the examinador; "and this valley of the Cconi must be bewitched, for with the course that we have taken we should long ago have discovered what we are after. But this place looks more favorable than any we have met. I shall beat up the woods to-morrow with my men, and may my patron, Saint Lorenzo, return again to his gridiron if we do not date our first success in quinine-hunting from this very hillock of Huaynapata!"

The above style of threatening the saints is thought very efficacious in all Spanish countries. Whether or no Saint Lawrence really dreaded another experience of broiling, at the end of certain hours the Bolivians reappeared, and their chief deposited in the hands of the colonel a few green and tender branches. At the joyful shout of Perez, the man of letters, who had been occupied in making a sketch, came running up. Two different species of cinchona were the trophy brought back by Lorenzo, like the olive-leaves in the beak of Noah's dove. One of these specimens was a

"THE EXAMINADOR AND THE COLONEL HOPPED VALIANTLY OVER THE MENDOZA."—P. 28.

variety of the *Carua-carua*, with large leaves heavily veined: the other was an individual resembling those quinquinas which the botanists Ruiz and Pavon have discriminated from the cinchonas, to make a separate family called the *Quinquina cosmibuena*. After all, the discovery was rather an indication than a conquest of value. The examinador admitted as much, but observed that the presence of these baser species always argued the neighborhood of genuine quinine-yielding plants near by.

In the presence of this first success on the part of the exploration set on foot by Don Juan Sanz de Santo Domingo, we may insert a few words on the nature of the wonderful plant toward which its researches were directed.

It is doubtful whether the aboriginal inhabitants of Peru, Bolivia and Ecuador were acquainted with the virtues of the cinchona plant as a febrifuge. It seeems probable, nevertheless, that the Indians of Loxa, two hundred and thirty miles south of Peru, were aware of the qualities of the bark, for there its use was first made known to Europeans. It was forty years after the pacification of Peru however, before any communication of the remedial secret was made to the Spaniards. Joseph de Jussieu reports that in 1600 a Jesuit, who had a fever at Malacotas, was cured by Peruvian bark. In 1638 the countess Ana of Chinchon was suffering from tertian fever and ague at Lima, whither she had accompanied the viceroy, her husband. The corregidor of Loxa, Don Juan Lopez de Canizares, sent a parcel of powdered quinquina bark to her physician, Juan de Vega, assuring him that it was a sovereign and infallible remedy for "tertiana." It was administered to the countess, who was sixty-two years of age, and effected a complete cure. This countess, returning with her husband to Spain in 1640, brought with her a quantity of the healing bark. Hence it was sometimes called "countess's bark" and "countess's powder." Her famous cure induced Linnæus, long after, to name the whole genus of quinine-bearing trees, in her honor, *Cinchona*. By modern writers the first *h* has usually been dropped, and the word is now almost invariably spelled in that way, instead of the more etymological *Chinchona*. The Jesuits afterward made great and effective use of it in their missionary expeditions, and it was a ludicrous result of their patronage that its use should have been for a long time opposed by Protestants and favored by Catholics. In 1679, Louis XIV. bought the secret of preparing quinquina from Sir Robert Talbor, an English doctor, for two thousand louis-d'or, a large pension and a title. Under the Grand Monarch it was used at dessert, mingled with Spanish wine. The delay of its discovery until the seventeenth century has probably lost to the world numbers of valuable lives. Had Alexander the Great, who died of the common remittent fever of Babylon, been acquainted with cinchona bark, his death would have been averted and the partition of the Macedonian empire indefinitely postponed. Oliver Cromwell was carried off by an ague, which the administration of quinine would easily have cured. The bigotry of medical science, even after its efficacy was known and proved, for a long time retarded its dissemination. In 1726, La Fontaine, at the instance of a lady who owed her life to it, the countess of Bouillon, composed a poem in two cantos to celebrate its virtues; but the remarkable beauty of the leaves of the cinchona and the delicious fragrance of its flowers, with allusions to which he might have adorned his verses, were still unknown in Europe.

The cinchonas under favorable circumstances become large trees: at present, however, in any of the explored and exploited regions of their growth, the shoots or suckers of the plants are all that remain. Wherever they abound they form the handsomest foliage of the forest. The leaves are lanceolate, glossy and vividly green, traversed by rich crimson veins: the flowers hang in clustering pellicles, like lilacs, of deep rose-color, and fill the vicinity with rich perfume. Nineteen varieties of cinchonæ have been established by Doctor Weddell. The cascarilleros of South America divide the species into a category of colors, according to the tinge of the bark: there are yellow, red, orange, violet, gray and white cinchonas. The yellow, among which figure the *Cinchona calisaya*, *lancifolia*, *condaminea*, *micrantha*, *pubescens*, etc., are placed in the first rank: the red, orange and gray are less esteemed. This arrangement is in proportion to the abundance of the alkaloid *quinine*, now used in medicine instead of the bark itself.

The specimens found by the examinador were carefully wrapped in blankets, and the march was resumed. After a slippery descent of the side of Huaynapata and the passage of a considerable number of babbling streams—each of which gave new occasion for the colonel to show his ingenuity in getting over dryshod, and so sparing his threatening rheumatism — the cry of "Sausipata!" was uttered by Pepe Garcia. Two neat mud cabins, each provided with a door furnished with the unusual luxury of a wooden latch, marked the plantation of Sausipata. The situation was level, and within the enclosing walls of the forest could be seen a plantation of bananas, a field of sugar-cane, with groves of coffee, orange-orchards and gardens of sweet potato and pineapple. The white visitors could not refrain from an exclamation of surprise at the neatness and civilization of such an Eden in the desert. At this point, Juan of Aragon, who had been going on ahead, turned around with an air of splendid welcome, and explained that the farm belonged to his uncle, the gobernador of Marcapata, who prayed them to make themselves at home. Introducing his guests into the largest of the houses, Juan presented them with some fine ripe fruit which he culled from the garden. Colonel Perez, who never lost occasion to give a sly stab to the mozo, asked, as he peeled a banana, if he was duly authorized to dispose so readily of the property of his uncle: the youth, without losing a particle of his magnificent adolescent courtesy, replied that as nephew and direct heir of the governor of Marcapata it was a right which he exercised in anticipation of inheritance; and that just as Pepe Garcia, the interpreter-in-chief, had regaled the party in his residence, he, Juan of Aragon, proposed to do in the family grange of Sausipata.

Meantime, the examinador, who had pushed forward with his men, returned with a couple more specimens of quinquina, which they had discovered close by in clambering amongst the forest. Neither had flowers, but the one was recognizable by its flat leaf as the species called by the Indians *ichu-cascarilla*, from the grain *ichu* amongst which it is usually found at the base of the Cordilleras; and the other, from its fruit-capsules two inches in length, as the *Cinchona acutifolia* of Ruiz and Pavon. To moderate the pleasures of this discovery, the examinador came up leaning upon the shoulder of his principal assistant, Eusebio, complaining of a frightful headache, and a weakness so extreme that he could not put one foot before the other.

The sudden illness of their botanist-in-chief cast a gloom upon the party, and utterly spoiled the festive intentions of young Aragon. Lorenzo was put to bed, from which retreat, at midnight, his fearful groans summoned the colonel to his side. The latter found him tossing and murmuring, but incapable of uttering a word. His faithful Eusebio, at the head of the bed, answered for him. The honest fellow feared lest his master might have caught again a touch of the old fever which had formerly attacked him in searching for cascarillas in the environs of Tipoani in Bolivia. These symptoms, recurring in the lower valleys of the Cconi, would make it impossible for the brave explorer safely to continue with the party. As the mestizo propounded this inconvenient theory, a new burst of groans from the examinador seemed to confirm it. The grave news brought all the party to the sick bed. Colonel Perez, whom the touching comparison of wives made in the hammocks of Morayaca had sensibly attached to Lorenzo, endeavored to feel his pulse; but the patient, drawing in his hand by a peevish movement, only rolled himself more tightly in his blanket, and increased his groans to roars. Presently, exhausted by so much agony, he fell into a slumber.

In the morning the examinador, in a dolorous voice, announced that he should be obliged to return to Cuzco. This resolution might have seemed the obstinate delirium of the fever but for the mournful and pathetic calmness of the victim. Eusebio, he said, should return with him as far as Chile-Chile, where a conveyance could be had; and he himself would give such explicit instructions to the cascarilleros that nothing would be lost by his absence to the purposes of the expedition. Yielding to pity and friendship, the colonel gave in his adhesion to the plan, and even proposed his own hammock as a sort of palanquin, and the loan of a pair of the peons for bearers. They could return with Eusebio to Sausipata, where the party would be obliged to wait for the three. After sketching out his plan, Colonel Perez looked for approval to Mr. Marcoy, and received an affirmative nod. The proposition seemed so agreeable to the sick man that already an alleviation of his misery appeared to be superinduced. He even smiled intelligently as he rolled into the hammock. In a very short time he made a sort of theatrical exit, borne in the hammock like an invalid princess, and fanned with a palm branch out of the garden by the faithful Eusebio.

"Poor devil!" said Perez as the mournful procession departed: "who knows if he will ever see his dear wife at Sorata, or if he will even live to reach Chile-Chile?"

"Do you really think him in any such danger?" asked the more suspicious Marcoy.

"Danger! Did you not see his miserable appearance as he left us?"

"I saw an appearance far from miserable, and therefore I am convinced that the man is no more sick than you or I."

On hearing such a heartless heresy the colonel stepped back from his comrade with a shocked expression, and asked what had given him such an idea.

"A number of things, of which I need only mention the principal. In the first place, the man's sickness falling on him like a thunder-clap; next, his haste in catching back his hand when you tried to feel his pulse; and then his smile, at once happy and mischievous, when you offered him the peons and he found his stratagem succeeding beyond his hopes."

"Why, now, to think of it!" said the colonel sadly; "but what could have been his motive?"

"This gentleman is too delicate to sustain our kind of life," suggested Marcoy. "He is tired of skinning his hands and legs in our service, and eating peccary, monkey and snails as we do. His Bolivians are perhaps quite as useful for our service, and while he is rioting at Cuzco we may be enriching ourselves with cinchonas."

In effect, on the return of the peons ten days after, the examinador was reported to have got quit of his fever shortly after leaving Sausipata, and to have borne the journey to Chile-Chile remarkably well. He charged his men to take back his compliments and the regrets he felt at not being able to keep with the company.

Nothing detained the band longer at Sausipata. The ten days of hunting, botanizing, butterfly-catching and sketching had been an agreeable relief, and young Aragon had assumed, with sufficient grace, the task of attentive host and first player on the charango. The returning porters had scarcely enjoyed two hours of repose when the caravan took up its march once more.

As usual, the interpreters assumed the head of the command: the Indians followed pellmell. Observing that some of them lingered behind, Mr. Marcoy had the curiosity to return on his steps. What was his surprise to find these honest fellows running furiously through the farm, and devastating with all their might those plantations which were the pride and the hope of the nephew of Aragon! They had already laid low several cocoa groves, torn up the sugar-canes, broken down the bananas, and sliced off the green pineapples.

Indignant at such vandalism, Marcoy caught the first offender by the plaited tails at the back of the neck. "What are you doing?" he cried.

"I am neither crazy nor drunk, Taytachay" (dear little father), calmly explained the peon with his placid smile. "But my fellows and I don't want to be sent any more to work at Sausipata." As the white man regarded him with stupefaction, "Thou art strange here," pursued the Indian, "and canst know nothing about us. Promise not to tell Aragon, and I will make thee wise."

"Why Aragon more than anybody else?" asked Marcoy.

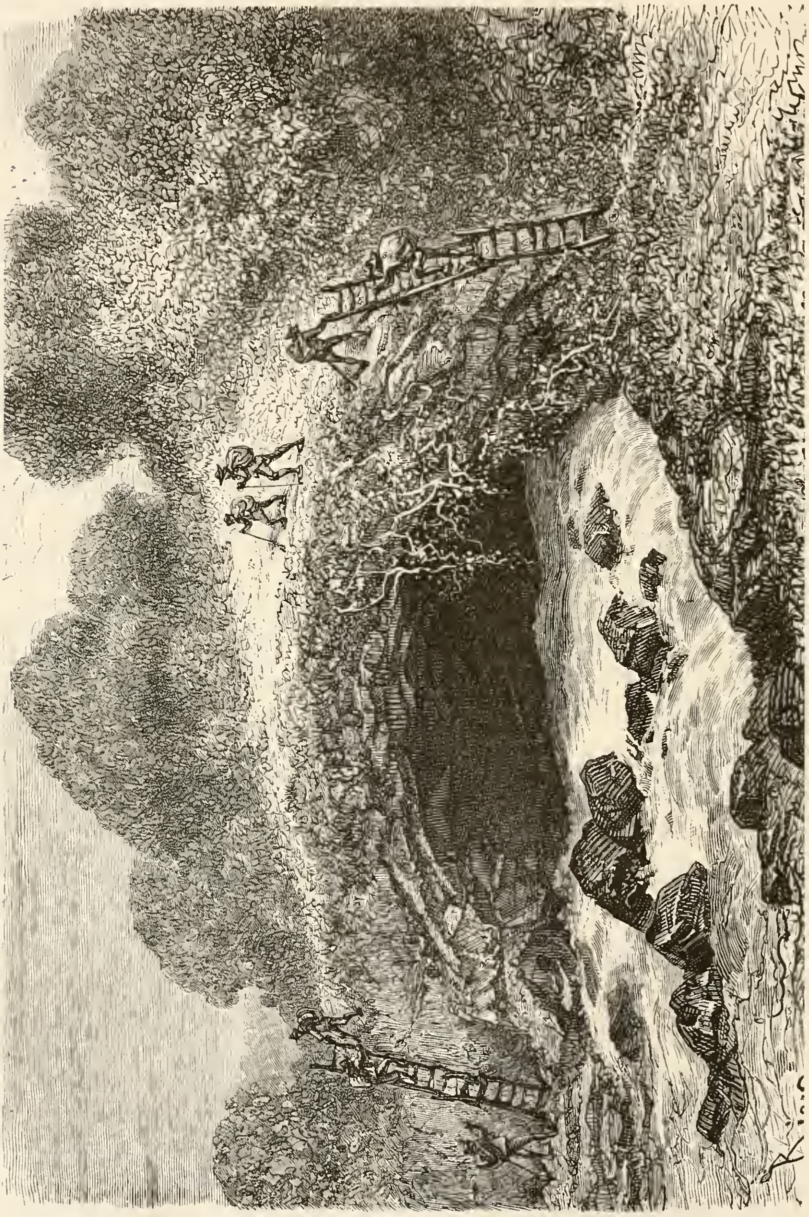
"Because Señor Aragon is nephew to Don Rebollido, the governor, and Sausipata belongs to Rebollido; and if he were to learn what we have done, we should be flogged and sent to prison to rot."

The explanation, drawn out with many threats when the Indians had been driven from their work of ruin and placed once more in line of march, was curious.

The able gobernador of Marcapata had had the sagacious idea of making the local penitentiary out of his farm of Sausipata! It was cultivated entirely by the labor of his culprits. When culprits were scarce, the chicha-drinkers, the corner-loungers, became criminals and disturbers of the peace, for whom a sojourn at Sausipata was the obvious cure. Aragon, the nephew, shared his uncle's ability, and visited the plantation month by month. But the life in this paradise was not relished by the convicts. The regimen was strict, the food everywhere abounding was not for them, and the vicinity of the wild Chunchos was not reassuring. Often a peon would appear in the market-place of Marcapata wrapped merely in a banana leaf, which, cracking in the sun, reduced all pretence of decent covering to an irony. This evidence of the spoliation of a Chuncho would be received in the worst possible part by the gobernador, who would beat the complainant back to his servitude, remarking with ingenuity that Providence was more responsible for the acts of the savages than he was.

This strange history, told with profound earnestness, was enough to make any one laugh, but Marcoy could not be blind to its side of oppression and tyranny. This was the way, then, that the humble and primitive gobernador, who had presented himself to the travelers barefoot, was enriching himself by the knaveries of office! Marcoy could not take heart to inform Juan of Aragon of the devastation behind him, but on the other hand he resolved to correct the abuse on his return by appeal, if necessary, to the prefect of Cuzco.

A frightful night in a deserted hut on a site called Jimiro—where Marcoy had for mattress the legs of one of the porters, and for pillow the back of a bark-hunter—followed the exodus from Sausipata. The Guarapascana, the Saniaca, the Chuntapunco, flowing into the Cconi on opposite sides, were successively left behind our adventurers, and they bowed for an instant before the tomb of a stranger, "a German from Germany," as Pepe Garcia said, "who pretended to know the language of the Chunchos, and who interpreted for himself, but who starved in the wilderness near the heap of stones you see." Leaving this resting-place of an interpreter who had interpreted so little, the party attained a stream of rather unusual importance. The reputed gold-bearing river of Ouitubamba rolled from its tunnel before them, exciting the most visionary schemes in the mind of Colonel Perez, to whom its auriferous reputation was familiar. Nothing would do but that the California process of "panning" must be carried out in these Peruvian waters, and the peons, *multum reluctantes*, were summoned to the task, with all the crowbars and shovels possessed by the expedition, supplemented by certain saucepans and dishes hypothecated from the culinary department. The issue of the stream from under a crown of indigenous growths was the site of this financial speculation. Pepe Garcia was placed at the head of the enterprise. A long ditch was dug, revealing milky quartz, ochres and clay. The deceptive hue of the yellow earth made the search a long and



"THE REPUTED GOLD-BEARING RIVER OF OUITUBAMBA ROLLED FROM ITS TUNNEL."—P. 33.

tantalizing one. At the moment when the colonel, attracted by something glistening in the large frying-pan which he was agitating at the edge of the stream, uttered an exclamation which drew all heads into the cavity of his receptacle, an answering sound from the heavens caused everybody suddenly to look up. An equatorial storm had gathered unnoticed over their heads. In a few minutes a solid sheet of warm rain, accompanied by a furious tornado sweeping through the valley, caused whites and Indians to scatter as if for their lives. The golden dream of Colonel Perez and the similar vision entertained by Pepe Garcia were dissipated promptly by this answer of the elements. On attaining the neighboring sheds of Maniri the gold-seekers abandoned their implements without remark to the services of the cooks, and betook themselves to wringing out their stockings as if they had never dreamed of walking in silver slippers through the streets of Cuzco. They made no further attempt to wring gold from the mouth of the Ouitubamba. As for Maniri, it was the last site or human resting-place of any, the very most trivial, kind before the opening of the utter wilderness which proceeded to accompany the course of the Cconi River.

The Bolivians imagined an exploration of a little stream on the left bank, the Chuntapunco, which they thought might issue from a quinine-bearing region. They built a little raft, and departed with provisions for three or four days. They returned, in fact, after a week's absence, with seven varieties of cinchona—the *hirsuta*, *lanceolata*, *purpurea* and *ovata* of Ruiz and Pavon, and three more of little value and unknown names.

During the absence of the cascarilleros a flat calm reigned in the ajoupa of Maniri. Garcia and the colonel, the day after their unproductive gold-hunt, betook themselves into the forest, ostensibly for game, but in reality to review their hopeful labors by the banks of the Ouitubamba. Aragon was detailed by Mr. Marcoy to accompany him in his botanical and entomological tours. On these excursions the acquaintance between the mozo and the señor was considerably developed. The youth had naturally a gay and confident disposition, and added not a little to the liveliness of the trips. Marcoy profited by their stricter connection to converse with him about the cultivation of the farm at Sausipata, making use of a venial deception to let him think that the plan of operations had been communicated by the governor himself. Aragon modestly replied that the plantation in question was only the first of a series of similar clearings contemplated by his uncle at various points in the valley. Arrangements made for this purpose with the governors of Ocongata and Asaroma, who were pledged with their support in return for heavy presents, would enable him soon to cultivate coffee and sugar and cocoa at once in a number of haciendas. The enterprise was a splendid one; and if God—Aragon pronounced the name without a particle of diffidence—deigned to bless it, the day was coming when the fortune of his uncle, solidly established, would make him the pride and the joy of the region.

It may as well be mentioned here that the subsequent career of the chestnut-colored interpreter is not entirely unknown. In 1860, Mr. Clement Markham, collecting quinine-plants for the British government, came upon a splendid hacienda thirty miles from the village of Ayapata, in a valley of the Andes near the scene of this exploration. Here, on the sugar-cane estate named San José de Bellavista, he discovered "an intelligent and enterprising Peruvian" named Aragon, who appears to have been none other than our interpreter escaped from the chrysalis. His establishment was very large, and protected from the savages by two rivers, Aragon had made a mule-road of thirty miles to the village. He found the manufacture of spirits for the sugar-cane more profitable than digging for gold in the Ouitubamba or hunting for cascarillas along the Cconi. In 1860 he sent an expedition into the forest after wild cocoa-plants. An india-rubber manufactory had only failed for want of government assistance. He contemplated the establishment of a line of steamers on the neighboring rivers to carry off the commerce of his plantations. "Any scheme for developing the resources of the country is sure to receive his advocacy," says Mr. Markham: "it would be well for Peru if she contained many such men."

(END OF PART SECOND.)

PART THIRD.

EARLY on a brilliant morning, with baggage repacked, and the lessening amount of provisions more firmly strapped on the shoulders of the Indians, the explorers left their pleasant site on the banks of the Maniri. The repose allowed to the bulk of the party during the absence of their Bolivian companions had been wholesome and refreshing. The success of the bark-hunters in their search for cinchonas had cheered all hearts, and the luxurious supper of dried mutton and chuño arranged for them on their return gave a reminiscence of splendor to the thatched hut on the banks of the stream. This edifice, the last of civilized construction they expected to see, had the effect of a home in the wilderness. The bivouac there had been enjoyed with a sentiment of tranquil carelessness. Little did the travelers think that savage eyes had been peeping through the forest upon their fancied security, and that the wild people of the valleys who were to work them all kinds of mischief were upon their track from this station forth.

The enormous fire kindled for breakfast mingled with the stain of sunrise to cast a glow upon their departure. Across the vale of the Cconi, as though a pair of sturdy porters had arisen to celebrate their leavetaking, the cones of Patabamba caught the first rays of the sun and held them aloft like hospitable torches. These huge forms, soldered together at the waist like Chang and Eng, and clothed with shaggy woods up to the top, had been the guardian watchers over their days in the ajoupa at Maniri The sun just rising empurpled their double cones, while the base and the surrounding landscape were washed with the neutral tints of twilight.

After passing the narrow affluent after which the camping-ground of Maniri was named, the party pursued the course of the Cconi through a more level tract of country. The stones and precipices became more rare, but in revenge the sandy banks soon began to reflect a heat that was hardly bearable. As the implacable sun neared its zenith the party walked with bent heads and blinded eyes, now dashing through great plains of bamboos, now following the hatchets of the peons through thickets of heated shrubbery.

Whenever the country became more wooded in its character, the bark-hunters, whose quest obliged them to stray in short flights around the wings of the column, redoubled their mazes. The careless air of these Bolivian retrievers, their voluntary doublings through the most difficult jungles, and their easy way of walking over everything with their noses in the air, proved well their indifference to the obstacles which were almost insurmountable to the rest.

THE CONES OF PATABAMBA.—P. 36.

Nothing could be more singular and interesting than to see them consulting one by one the indications scattered around them, and deciding on their probabilities or promises. Where the height and thickness of the foliage prevented them from seeing the sky, or even the shade of the surrounding green, they walked bent toward the ground, stirring up the rubbish, and choosing among the dead foliage certain leaves, of which they carefully examined the two sides and the stem. When by accident they found themselves near enough to speak to each other—a rare chance, for each peon undertook a separate line of search—they asked their friends, showing the leaves they had found, whether their discoveries appertained to the neighboring trees or whether the wind had brought the pieces from a distance. This kind of investigation, pursued by men who had prowled through forests all their lives, might seem slightly puerile if the reader does not understand that it is often difficult, or even impossible, to recognize the growing tree by its bark, covered as it is from base to branches with parasitic vegetation of every sort. In those forests whatever has a stout stem is used without scruple by the bignonias and air-plants, which race over the trunk, plant their root-claws in the cracks, leap over the whole tree at a single jet, or strangle it with multiplied knots, all the while adorning it with a superb mantle of leaves and blossoms. This is a difficulty which the most experienced *cascarilleros* are not able to overcome. As an instance, the history is cited of a *practico* or speculator who led an exploration for these trees in the valley of Apolobamba. After having caused to be felled, barked, measured, dried and trimmed all the cinchonas of one of those natural thickets called *manchas*—an operation which had occupied four months—he was about to abandon the spot and pursue the exploration elsewhere, when accident led him to discover, in the enormous trunk buried in creepers against which he had built his cabin, a *Cinchona nitida*, the forefather of all the trees he had stripped.

In this kind of search the caravan pursued the borders of the river, sometimes on this side and sometimes on that, now passing the two-headed mountain Camanti, now sighting the tufted peak of Basiri, now crossing the torrent called the Garote. In the latter, where the dam and hydraulic works of an old Spanish gold-hunter were still visible in a state of ruin, the sacred golden thirst of Colonel Perez once more attacked him. Two or three pins' heads of the insane metal were actually unearthed by the colonel and displayed in a pie-dish; but the business of the party was one which made even the finding of gold insignificant, and they pursued their way.

The flanks of these mountains, however, were really of importance to the botanical motive of the expedition. Along the side of the Camanti, where the yellow Garote leaked downward in a rocky ravine, the Bolivians were again successful. They brought to Marcoy specimens of half a dozen cinchonas, for him to sketch, analyze and decorate with Latin names. The colors of two or three of these barks promised well, but the pearl of the collection was a specimen of the genuine *Calisaya*, with its silver-gray envelope and leaf ribbed with carmine. This proud discovery was a boon for science and for commerce. It threw a new light upon the geographical locality of the most precious species of cinchona. It was incontestably the plant, and the Bolivians appeared amazed rather than pleased to have discovered outside of their own country a kind of bark proper only to Bolivia, and hardly known to overpass the northern extremity of the valley of Apolobamba. This discovery would rehabilitate, in the European market, the quinine-plants of Lower Peru, heretofore considered as inferior to those of Upper Peru and Bolivia. The latter country has for some time secured the most favorable reputation for its barks—a reputation ably sustained by the efforts of the company De la Paz, to whom the government has long granted a monopoly. This reputation is based on the abundance in that country of two species, the *Cinchona calisaya* and *Boliviana*, the best known and most valued in the market. But for two valuable cinchonas possessed by Bolivia, Peru can show twenty, many of them excellent in quality, and awaiting only the enterprise of the government and the natural exhaustion of the forests to the south.

This magnificent bit of luck, the finding of the calisaya, awakened in the susceptible bosom of Mr. Marcoy an ardent desire to explore for himself the site of its discovery. But Eusebio, the chief of the cascarilleros, assuming a mysterious and warning expression, informed the traveler that the place was quite inaccessible for a white man, and that he had risked his own neck a score of times in descending the ravine which separated the route from the hillside where the fortunate plants were growing. He promised, however, to point out the locality from afar, and to show, by a certain changeable gloss proper to the leaf, the precise stratum of the calisaya amongst the belts of the forest. This promise he forgot to execute more particularly, but it appeared that the locality would never be excessively hard to find, marked as it was by Nature with the gigantic finger-post of Mount Camanti. Placing, then, in security these precious specimens among their baggage, the explorers continued their advance along the valley.

The footing was level and easy. Rocks and precipices were left behind, and were displaced by a soft, slippery sort of sand, where from space to space were planted, like so many oases in a desert, clumps of giant reeds. By a strange but natural caprice these beds of rustling verdure were cut in an infinity of well-defined geometric forms. Seen from an eminence and at a distance, this arrangement gave a singular effect. In the midst of these native garden-beds were cut distinct and narrow alleys, where the drifting sands were packed like artificial paths. It is unnecessary to add that the soft footways, notwithstanding their advertisement of verdure and shade, proved to be of African temperature.

The last hours of daylight surprised the travelers among the labyrinths of these strange gardens. A suitable spot was chosen for the halt. As the porters were preparing to throw down their packs, Pepe Garcia, who marched ahead, announced the print of a South American tiger. The first care of the Indians, on hearing this news, was to send forth a horrible cry and to throng around the marks. The footprints disappeared at the thickest part of the jungle. After an examination of the traces, which resembled a large trefoil, they precipitated themselves on the interpreter-in-chief, representing how impossible it was to camp out in the neighborhood of the dreaded animal. But Pepe Garcia, accustomed as he was by profession to try his strength with the ferocious bear and the wily boar, was not the man to be afraid of a tiger, even of a genuine tiger from Bengal. To prove to the porters how slight was the estimation he placed on the supposed enemy, and also to drill them in the case of similar rencounters, he pushed the whole troop pellmell into the thickest part of the reeds, with the surly order to cut down the canes for sheds. Drawing his own knife, he slashed right and left among the stems, which the Indians, trembling with fear, were obliged to make into sheaves on the spot and transport to the beach selected for the bivouac. Double rows of these *arundos*, driven into the sand, formed the partitions of the cabins, for which their interwoven leaves made an appropriate thatch. The green halls with matted vaults were picturesque enough: each peon, seeing how easily they were constructed, chose to have a house for himself; and the Tiger's Beach quickly presented the appearance of a camp disposed in a long straight line, of which the timorous Indians occupied the extremity nearest the river.

No "tiger" appeared to justify the apprehensions of the porters; but what was lacking to their fears from beasts with four feet was made up to them by beasts with wings. The night closed in dry and serene. Since leaving Maniri, whether because of the broadening of the valley, the rarity of the water-courses or the decreasing altitude of the hills, the adventurers had been little troubled with fogs at night. The fauna of the region, too, had offered nothing of an alarming complexion, except the footprints of the tiger in question: an occasional tapir or peccary from the woods, and otters and fish from the streams, had attracted the shots of the party, but merely as welcome additions to their game-bags, not as food for their fears. To-night, however, the veritable bugbear of the trop-

"PEPE GARCIA, WHO MARCHED AHEAD, ANNOUNCED THE PRINT OF A SOUTH AMERICAN TIGER."—P. 39.

ical forest paid them a visit, and left a real souvenir of his presence. As the Indian servants stretched themselves out in slumber under the bright stars and in the partial shelter of their ajoupas, a bat of the vampire species, attracted by the emanations of their bodies, came sailing over them, and emboldened by the silence reigning everywhere, selected a victim for attack. Hovering over the fellow's exposed foot, he bit the great toe, and fanning his prey in the traditional yet inevitable manner by the natural movement of his wings, he gorged himself with blood without disturbing the mozo. The latter, on awakening in the morning, observed a slight swelling in the perforated part, and on examination discovered a round hole large enough to admit a pea. Without rising, the man summoned his companions, who formed a group around him for the purpose of furnishing a certain natural remedy in the shape of a secretion which each one drew out of his ears. With this the patient made himself a plaster for his wound, and appeared to think but little of it. Questioned as to his sensations by the white travelers, who found themselves a good deal more disturbed with the idea of the vampire than they had been by any indications of tigers or wild-boars, the fellow explained that he had felt no sensation, unless it might have been an agreeable coolness to his sand-baked feet. The incident seemed so disagreeable and so likely of recurrence that Colonel Perez ever afterward slept with his feet rolled up in a variety of fantastic draperies, while Mr. Marcoy for several nights retained his boots.

The path along the river-sands would have been voluntarily followed by all the more irresponsible portion of the party, notwithstanding the blinding heats, on account of its smoother footing. The cascarilleros, however, objected that its tufts of canes and passifloras offered no promise for their researches. A compromise was effected. The porters, under the command of Juan of Aragon, were allowed to follow the shore, and were armed with a supply of fish-hooks to induce them to add from time to time to the alarmingly diminished supply of provisions. The grandees of the party followed the Bolivians, whose specialty entitled them to control practically the direction of the route, and plunged into the woods to botanize, to explore and to search for game. A system of conversation by means of shouts and pistol-shots was established between the two divisions. The next night proved the wisdom of this bifurcation. The united booty of earth, air and water, under the form of a squirrel, a pair of toucans and a variety of fish, afforded a meal which the porters described as *comida opipara*, or a sumptuous festival. Lulled and comforted by the sensation which a contented stomach wafts toward the brain, the explorers, after washing their hands and rinsing their mouths at the riverside, betook themselves to a cheerful repose *sub jove*, the locality offering no reeds of the articulated species with which to construct a shelter.

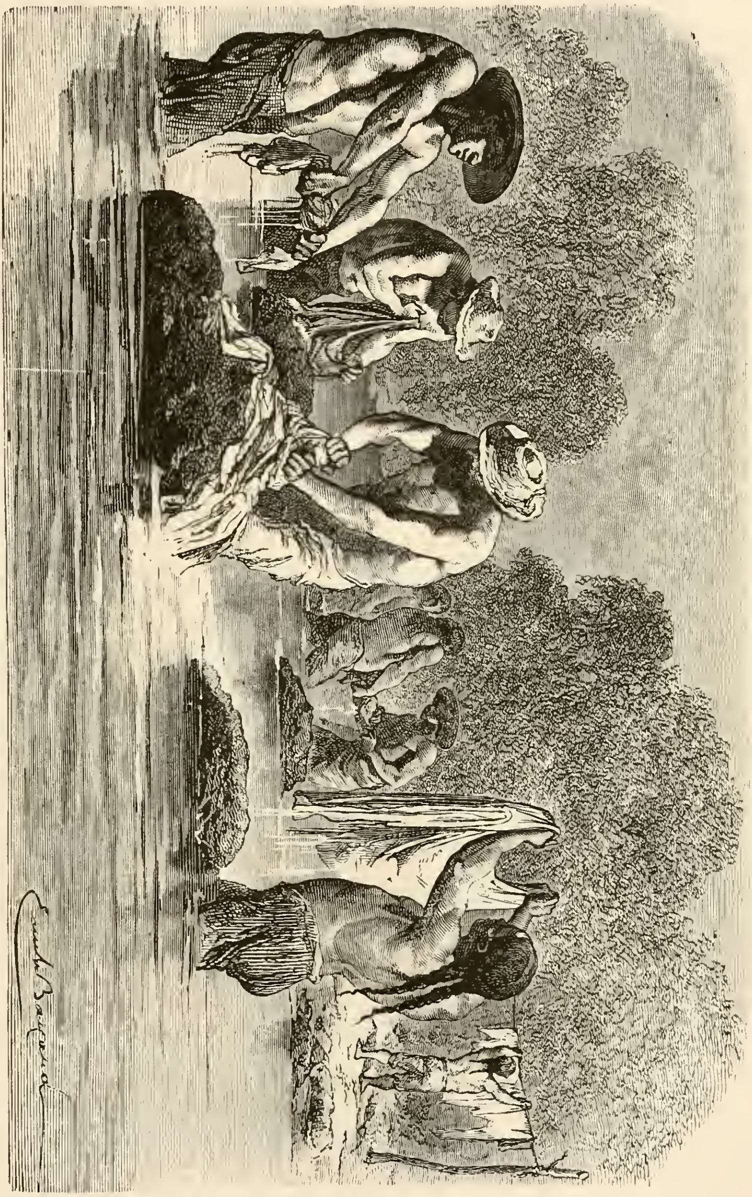
The party, then, betook themselves to slumber with unusual contentment, repeating the splendid supper in their dreams, with the addition of every famous wine that Oporto and Rheims could dispense, when they were awakened by a sudden and terrible storm. A waterspout stooped over the forest and sucked up a mass of crackling branches. The camp-fire hissed and went out in a fume of smoke. A continuity of thunder, far off at first, but approaching nearer and nearer, kept up a constant and increasing fusillade, to whose reports was soon added the voice of the Cconi, lashed in its bed and bellowing like the sea. The surprising tumult went on in a *crescendo*. The hardly-interrupted charges of the lightning gave to the eye a strange vision of flying woods and soaring branches. Startled, trembling and sitting bolt upright, the adventurers asked if their last hour were come. The rain undertook to answer in spinning down upon their heads drops that were like bullets, and which for some time were taken for hail. Fearing to be maimed or blinded as they sat, the party crowded together, placing themselves back to back; and, unable to lay their heads under their wings like the birds, sheltered them upon their knees under the protection of their crossed arms. The fearful deluge of heated shot lasted until morning. Then, as if in laughter, the sun came radiantly out, the landscape readjusted its disheveled beauties, and the ground, covered with boughs distributed by the whirlwind, greedily drank in the waters from heaven. Soon there remained nothing of the memorable tempest but the diamonds falling in measured cadence from the refreshed and stiffened leaves.

Up to sunrise the unfortunates rested stoically silent, their knees in their mouths, and receiving the visitation like a group of statuary. The rain ceasing with the same promptitude with which it had risen, they raised their heads and looked each other in the face, like the enemies over the fire in Byron's *Dream*. Each countenance was blue, and decorated with long flat locks of adhesive hair. The teeth of the whole party were chattering like a concert of castanets. The sun, like a practical joker, laughed ironically at the general picture.

The first hours of morning were consecrated to a general examination of the stores, especially the precious specimens of cinchona. Bundles were restrapped, the damp provisions laid out in the sun, and the clothing of the party, even to the most intimate garment, was taken down to the river to be refreshed and furbished up. A common disaster had created a common cause amongst the whole troop, and with one accord everybody—peons, mozos, interpreters, bark-strippers and gentlemen—set in motion a grand cleaning-up day. Napoleon-like, they washed their dirty linen in the family. Whoever had seen the strangers coming and going from the beach to the woods, clothed in most abbreviated fashion, and seeming as familiar to the uniform as if they had always worn it under the charitable mantle of the woods, would have taken them for a savage tribe in the midst of its encampment. It is probable they were so seen.

Thanks to the intense heat of the sunshine, the garments and baggage of the expedition were quickly dried. The first were donned, the last was loaded on the porters, and the line of march was taken up. Up to noon the road lay along the blazing sands under a sun of fire. All the members of the party felt fresh and hardy after the involuntary bath, except one of the Indians, who was affected with a kind of ophthalmia. This attack, which Mr. Marcoy attributed partly to the glare, partly to the wet, and partly to a singular hobby peculiar to the individual of sleeping with his eyes wide open, was of no long duration. The pain which he complained of disappeared with a few hours of exercise and with the determination he showed in staring straight at the god of day, who, as if in memory of the worship formerly extended toward him in the country, deigned to serve as oculist for the sufferer. A little before sunset halt was made for the night-camp in the centre of a beach protected by clumps of reeds in three quarters of the wind. The Indian porters, despatched for fish and firewood, returned suddenly with a frightened mien to say that they had fallen into the midst of a camp of savages. The white men quickly rejoined them at the spot indicated, where they found a single hut in ruins, made of reeds which appeared to have been cut for the construction some fortnight before, and strewn with firebrands, banana skins and the tail of a large fish. Pepe Garcia, consulted on these indications, explained that it was in reality the camping-place of some of the savage Siriniris, but that the narrowness of the hut seemed to indicate that not more than two of the Indians, probably a man and woman, had resided there during a short fishing-excursion.

This discovery cast a shade over the countenances of the porters. After having collected the provisions necessary for a slender supper, they drew apart, and, while cooking was going on, began to converse with each other in a low voice. No notice was taken of their behavior, however, though it would have required little imagination to guess the subject of their parliament. The tired eyes of the explorers were already closed, while their ears, more alert, could hear the confused murmur proceeding from the Indians' quarter, where the disposition seemed to be to prolong the watch indefinitely.



"NAPOLEON-LIKE, THEY WASHED THEIR DIRTY LINEN IN THE FAMILY."—P. 42.

The dark hours filed past, and jocund day, according to Shakespeare and Romeo, stood tiptoe on the mountain-tops of Camanti and Basiri, when the travelers were awakened by a fierce and terrible cry. Lifting their heads in astonishment, they perceived the faithful Pepe Garcia, his face disfigured with rage, and his fist shaking vigorously in the direction of the Indians, who sat lowering and sullen in their places. Aragon and the cascarilleros, collected around the chief interpreter, far from trying to

"ARAGON AND HIS MEN FELL UPON THE DESERTERS WITHOUT MERCY."—P. 45.

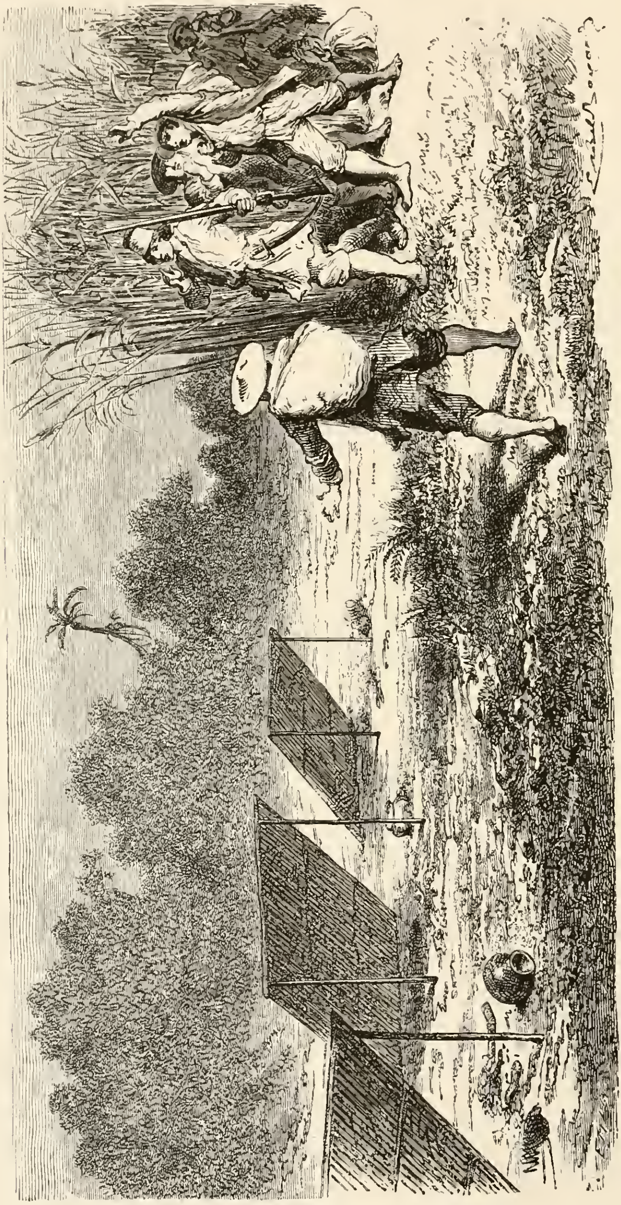
calm his anger, appeared to feed it by their suggestions. An explanation of the scene was demanded. Eight of the bearers, it appeared, had deserted, leaving to their comrades the pleasure of watching over the packages of cinchona, but assuming for their part the charge of a good fraction of the provisions, which they had disappeared with for the relief of their fellow-porters. This copious bleeding of the larder drew from Colonel Perez a terrible oath, and occasioned a more vivid sentiment in the entrails of Marcoy than the defection of the men. If the evil was grand, the remedy was correspondingly difficult. Indolent or mercurial at pleasure, the Indians had doubtless threaded the woods with winged feet, and were now far away. Mr. Marcoy proposed therefore to continue the march without them, but to set down a heavy account of bastinadoes to their credit when they should turn up again at Marcapata. This proposition, as it erred on the side of mercy, was unanimously rejected, and a scouting-party was ordered in pursuit, consisting of the bark-hunters and Juan of Aragon, to whom for the occasion Pepe Garcia confided his remarkable fowling-piece.

In the afternoon the extemporized police reappeared. The fugitives had been found tranquilly sitting on the banks of the river, distending their abdomens with the stolen preserves and chocolate. Aragon and his men fell upon the deserters without mercy. The former, battering away at them with the stock of his gun, and the latter, exercising upon their shoulders whatever they possessed in the way of lassoes, axe-handles and sabre-blades, maintained the argument effectually for some time in this way, and did not descend to questions until muscular fatigue caused them to desist. The catechism subsequently put to the porters elicited the reply, from the spokesman of the recusants, that they were tired of being afraid of the wild Indians; that they objected to marching into the dens of tigers; that, perceiving their rations diminished from day to day, they had imagined the time not far distant when the same would be withdrawn altogether. It was curious, as it seemed to Marcoy when the argument was rehearsed to him presently, that the fellows made no complaint of being footsore, overcharged with burdens or conducted into paths too difficult for them. A larking admiration for the vigor with which, after all, they played their crushing part of beasts of burden, procured them immunity from further punishment after their return. Their bivouacs were simply watched on the succeeding nights by Bolivian sentinels.

After a few minutes allowed the strayed sheep to rub their bruises, the march was continued. The afternoon afforded a succession of the same sandy river-banks, dressed with reeds, false maize, calceolarias and purple passion-flowers, and yielding for sole booty a brace of wild black ducks, and an opossum holding in her pouch five saucy and scolding little ones. The natural civet employed as a cosmetic by this animal forbade the notion of using it for food, and it was thrown with its family into the river, after being deprived of its glossy skin.

As evening approached, and as all eyes were exploring the banks for a suitable camping-ground, a spacious and even beach was fixed upon as offering all the requisite conveniences. It was agreed to halt there. Attaining the locality, however, they were amazed to find all the traces of a previous occupation. Several sheds, formed of bamboo hurdles set up against the ground with sticks, like traps, were grouped together. Under each was a hearth, a simple excavation, two feet across and a few inches deep, and filled with ashes. A few arrows, feathers and rude pieces of pottery were scattered around. They greeted these Indian relics as Crusoe did the footprints of the savages. Nor was it more reassuring to observe, among other callers like themselves who had left their visiting-cards at the doors since the departure of the proprietors, the sign-manual of jaguars and tapirs, whose footprints were plainly visible on the gravel.

A close examination was made of every detail pertaining to the huts and their accessories, and the interpreters were asked if it would be prudent to encamp in a spot thus leased in advance. Pepe Garcia and Aragon were of opinion that it would be better to pass the night there, assuring their employers that there would be no danger in sleeping among the teraphim of the savages, provided that nothing was touched or displaced Their motion was promptly adopted, to the great discomfiture of the porters, who



"THEY GREETED THESE INDIAN RELICS AS CRUSOE DID THE FOOTPRINTS OF THE SAVAGES."—P. 45.

were poised on one foot ready for flight. A salute of five shots was fired, with a vague intention of giving any listeners the highest possible opinion of the white explorers as a military power. An enormous fire was kindled, sentinels were posted, and the party turned in, taking care, however, during the whole night to close but one eye at a time.

Day commenced to blush, when all ears were assaulted by a concerted howl, proceeding from behind a bed of canes on the other side of the river. "*Alerta! los Chunchos!*" cried the sentinel. The three words produced a startling effect: the porters sprang up like frightened deer; Mr. Marcoy grasped a sheaf of pencils and a box of water-colors with a warlike air, and the colonel's lips were crisped into a singular smile, indicative of lively emotions. Hardly were the travelers clothed and armed when the reeds parted with a rattling noise, and three nude Indians, sepia-colored and crowned with tufts of hair like horses' tails, leaped out like jacks-in-the-box. At sight of the party standing to receive them they redoubled their clamor, then, flourishing their arms and legs and turning continually round, they gradually revolved into the presence of the explorers. They selected as chiefs and sachems of the party such as bore weapons, being the colonel, Marcoy and the two interpreters. These they clasped in a warm, fulsome embrace: they were smeared from head to foot with rocoa (crude arnotta), and their passage through the river having dissolved this pigment, they printed themselves off, in this act of amity, upon the persons and clothing of their hosts. While the white men, with a very bad grace, were cleaning off these tokens of natural affection, the new-comers went on to present their civilities all around. Two of the porters they recognized at once, with their eagle eyesight, from having relieved them of their shirts while the latter were working out some penalty at the governor's farm of Sausipata, and proceeded to claim a warm acquaintance on that basis; but the bearers, with equally lively memories of the affront, responded simply with a frown and the epithet of *Sua-sua*—double thief.

Pepe Garcia undertook a colloquy, and Aragon, not to be behindhand, flashed a few words across the conversation, right and left as it were, his expressions appearing to be in a different tongue from those used by the chief interpreter, and both utterly without perceptible resemblance to the rolling consonants and gutturals of the savages. Marcoy imbibed a strong impression that the only terms understood in common were the words of Spanish with which the palaver was thickly interlarded. This was the first time the interpreters were put on their mettle in a strictly professional sense, and the test was not altogether triumphant. However, by a careful raising of the voice in all difficult passages, and a wild, expressive pantomime, an understanding was arrived at.

The visitors belonged to the tribe of Siriniris, inhabiting the space comprised between the valleys of Ocongate and Ollachea, and extending eastwardly as far as the twelfth degree. They lived at peace with their neighbors, the Huatchipayris and the Pukiris. For several days the reports of the Christian guns (*tasa-tasa*) had advertised them of the presence of white men in the valley, and, curious to judge of their numbers, they had approached. They had formed a cunning escort to the party, always faithful but never seen, since the encampment at Maniri: every camping-ground since that particular bivouac they faithfully described. They were, of course, in particular and direful need of *sirutas* and *bambas* (knives and hatchets), but their fears of the *tasa-tasa*, or guns, was still stronger than their desires, and their courage had not, until they saw the strangers domiciled as guests in their own habitations, attained the firmness and consistency necessary for a personal approach. The three dancing ambassadors were ministers plenipotentiary on the part of their tribe, located in a bamboo metropolis five miles off.

The white men could not well avoid laying down their *tasa-tasa* and disbursing *sirutas* and *bambas*. The savages, after this triumph of diplomacy, suddenly turned, and, thrusting their fingers in their mouths, emitted a shrill note, which had the effect of enchanting the forest of rushes across the river, and causing it to give birth to a whole ballet of naked coryphei. Nine men, seven women and three dogs composed the spectacle, of which the masculine part, the human and the canine, proceeded to swim the stream and fraternize with the strangers. The women rested on the bank like river-nymphs: their costume was somewhat less prudish than that of the men, the coat of rocoa being confined to their faces, which were further decorated with joints of reed thrust through the nose and ears. A glance of curiosity darted across the water by the colonel was surprised in its flight by the ambassadors, who addressed a hasty word or two to their ladies: the latter, with one quick and cat-like gesture, whipped off each a branch of the nearest foliage, and were dressed in a single instant.

To reward all these vociferous mendicants with the invaluable cutlery was hardly prudent. Seeing the hesitation of their visitors, the savages adopted other tactics. Hurling themselves across the river, they quickly reappeared, armed with all the temptations they could think of to induce the strangers to barter. The scene of these savages coming to market was a picturesque one. Entering the water, provided with their objects of exchange, which they held high above their heads, and swimming with the right arm only, they began to cut the river diagonally. The lifting of the waves and the dash of spray almost concealed the file of dusky heads. Nothing could be plainly seen but the left arms, standing out of the water as stiff and inflexible as so many bars of bronze, relieved against the silvery brightness of the water. These advancing arms were adorned with the material of traffic—bird-skins of variegated colors, bows and arrows, and live tamed parrots standing upon perches of bamboo. The white spectators could not but admire the native vigor, elegance and promptitude of their motions as they rose from the water like Tritons, and, throwing their treasures down in a heap, bounded forward to give their visitors the conventional signals of friendship. A rapid bargain was concluded, in which the sylvan booty of the wild men (not forgetting the prudent exaction of their weapons) was entirely made over to the custody of the explorers in exchange for a few Birmingham knives worth fourpence each.

However curious and amicable might be their new relations with the savages, the party were desirous to put an end to them as soon as possible. Pepe Garcia announced that the pale chiefs, wishing to resume their march, were about to separate from them. This decision appeared to be unpleasant or distressful in their estimation, and they tried to reverse it by all sorts of arguments. No answer being volunteered, they shouted to their women to await them, and betook themselves to walking with the party. One of the three ambassadors, a graceful rogue of twenty-five, marked all over with rocoa and lote, so as to earn for himself the nickname of "the Panther," gamboled and caracoled in front of the procession as if to give it an entertainment. His two comrades had garroted with their arms the neck of the chief interpreter: another held Juan of Aragon by the skirt of his blouse, and regulated his steps by those of the youth. This accord of barbarism and civilization had in it something decidedly graceful, and rather pathetic: if ever the language natural to man was found, the medium in circulation before our sickly machinery of speech came to be invented, it was in this concert of persuasive action and tender cooing notes. The main body of the Siriniris marched pellmell along with the porters, whom this vicinage made exceedingly uncomfortable, and who were perspiring in great drops.

At the commencement of a wood the whites embraced the occasion to take formal leave of their new acquaintances. As they endeavored to turn their backs upon them they were at once surrounded by the whole band, crying and gesticulating, and opposing their departure with a sort of determined playfulness

At the same time a word often repeated, the word *Huatinmio*, began to enter largely into their conversation, and piqued the curiosity of the historiographer. Marcoy begged the interpreter to procure him the explanation of this perpetual shibboleth. Half by signs, half in the polyglot jargon which he had been employing with the Sirinirís, Garcia managed to understand that the word in question was the name of their village, situated at a small distance and in a direction which they indicated. In this retreat, they said, no inhabitants remained but women, children and old men, the rest of the braves being absent on a chase. They proposed a visit to their capital, where the strangers, they said, honored and cherished by the tribe, might pass many enviable days.

The proposed excursion, which would cause a loss of considerable time and a deflection from the intended route, was declined in courteous terms by Marcoy through the interpretation of Pepe Garcia. Among civilized folk this urbane refusal would have sufficed, but the savages, taking such a reply as a challenge to verbal warfare, returned to the charge with increased tenacity. It were hard to say what natural logic they put in practice or what sylvan persuasions they wrought by, but their peculiar mode of stroking the white men's backs with their hands, and the softer and still softer inflections which they introduced into their voices, would have melted hearts of marble. In brief, the civilized portion adopted the more weakly part and allowed themselves to be led by the savage portion.

The colonel and Pepe Garcia were still more easily persuaded than Mr. Marcoy, and only awaited his adhesion. When it was finally announced the Sirinirís renewed their gambols and uttered shouts of delight. They then took the head of the excursion. A singularity in their guides, which quickly attracted the notice of the explorers, was the perfect indifference with which they took either the clearings or the thickets in their path. Where the strangers were afraid of tearing their garments, these unprotected savages had no care whatever for their skins. It is true that their ingenuity in gliding through the labyrinth resembled magic. However the forest might bristle with undergrowth, they never thought of breaking down obstacles or of cutting them, as the equally practiced Bolivians did, with a knife. They contented themselves with putting aside with one hand the tufts of foliage as if they had been curtains or draperies, and that with an easy decision of gesture and an elegance of attitude which are hardly found outside of certain natural tribes.

The city of Huatinmio proved to be a group of seven large sheds perched among plaintains and bananas, divided into stalls, and affording shelter for a hundred individuals. The most sordid destitution—if ignorance of comfort can be called destitution — reigned everywhere around. The women were especially hideous, and on receipt of presents of small bells and large needles became additionally disagreeable in their antics of gratitude. The bells were quickly inserted in their ears, and soon the whole village was in tintinnabulation.

A night was passed in the hospitality of these barbarians, who vacated their largest cabin for their guests. A repast was served, consisting of stewed monkey: no salt was used in the cookery, but on the other hand a dose of pimento was thrown in, which brought tears to the eyes of the strangers and made them run to the water-jar as if to save their lives. The evening was spent in a general conversation with the Sirinirís, who were completely mystified by the form and properties of a candle which Mr. Marcoy drew from his baggage and ignited. The wild men passed it from hand to hand, examining it, and singeing themselves in turn. Still another marvel was the sheet of paper on which the artist essayed a portrait of one of his hosts. The finished sketch did not appear to attract them at all, or to raise in their minds the faintest association with the human form, but the texture and whiteness of the sheet excited their lively admiration, and they passed it from one to another with many exclamations of wonder. Meantime, a number of questions were suggested and proposed through the interpreter.

The formality of marriage among the Sirinirís was found to be quite unknown; the most rudimentary idea of divine worship could not be discovered; the treatment of the aged was shown to be contemptuous and neglectful in the extreme; and the lines of demarcation with the beasts seemed to be but feebly traced. Finally, Mr. Marcoy begged the interpreter to propound the delicate inquiry whether, among the viands with which they nourished or had formerly nourished themselves, human flesh had found a place. Garcia hesitated, and at first declined to push the interrogation, but after some persuasion consented. The Sirinirís were not in the least shocked at the question, and answered that the flesh of man, especially in infancy, was a delicious food, far better than the monkey, the tapir or the peccary; that their nation, in the days of its power, frequently used it at the great feasts; but that the difficulty of procuring such a rarity had increased until they were now forced to strike it from their bill of fare.

The night passed without disturbance, and the next day's parting was accompanied by reiterated requests for a repetition of the visit. The Panther, who since their arrival had oppressed the travelers with a multitude of officious attentions, escorted them into the woods, and there took leave of them with a gesture of his hand, relieving their eyes of his slippery, snake-like robe of spots. A knife from their stores, slung round his neck like a locket, smote his breast at each step as he danced backward, and a couple of large fish-hooks glanced in his ears.

With a feeling of relief and satisfied curiosity the exploring party left behind them the traces of these children of Nature, and returned toward the river. The cascarilleros, all for their business, had regretted the waste of time, and now betook themselves to an examination of the woods with all their energy. After several hours of march their efforts were crowned with success. Eusebio presently rejoined his employers, showing leaves and berries of the *Cinchona scrobiculata* and *pubescens:* the peons, on their side, had discovered isolated specimens of the *Calisaya*, which, joined with those found on Mount Camanti, indicated an extended belt of that precious species. This was not the best. A veritable treasure which they had unearthed, worth all the others put together, was a line of those violet cinchonas which the native exporters call *Cascarilla morada*, and the botanists *Cinchona Boliviana*. The trees of this kind were grouped in threes and fours, and extended for half a mile. This repeated proof that the most valuable of all the cinchonas, together with nearly every one of the others, were to be discovered in a small radius along the valley of the Cconi, filled the explorers with triumph, and demonstrated beyond a doubt the sagacity of Don Santo Domingo in organizing the expedition.

The purpose and intention of the journey was now abundantly fulfilled. Had the travelers rested satisfied with the liberal indications they had found, and consented to place themselves between the haunts of the savages and the abodes of civilization, with a tendency and determination toward the latter, they might have returned with safety as with glory. The estimate made by Eusebio, however, of the trend or direction of the calisaya groves, induced him to forsake the bed of the Cconi, and strike southeastwardly, so as to cross the Ollachea and the Ayapata.

"But the mountains are disappearing," hazarded Mr. Marcoy. "Will not the cinchonas disappear with them?"

"Oh," answered the majordomo, like a pedagogue to a confident school-boy, "the señor knows better how to put ink or color on a sheet of paper than how to judge of these things. The plain, the *campo llano*, is far enough to the east. Before we should see the disappearance of the mountains, we should have to cross as many hills and ravines as we have left behind us."

"What do you think of doing, then?" naturally demanded Marcoy, who had long since begun to feel that the expedition had but one chief, and that was the sepia-colored cascarillero from Bolivia.

"Everything and nothing," answered Eusebio.

These enigmas always carry the day. The apparatus of march was once more set in motion toward the adjacent watersheds. After a considerable journey—rewarded, it must be said, with a succession of cinchona discoveries—they halted near a clearing in the forest, where large heaps of stones and pebbles, arranged in semicircles, attracted their attention. The cascarilleros explained this appearance as due to former arrangements for gold-washing in an old river-bed, the San Gavan or the Ayapata, that had now changed its locality.

While examining the unusual appearance an abominable clamor burst from the woods around, and a band of Siriniris appeared, led by a lusty ruffian crowned with oriole feathers, whom the travelers recognized as having been among their previous acquaintances.

The encounter was very disagreeable, but the strangers determined to make the best of it. The manner of this band of Indians was somewhat different from that of the others. They brought nothing for barter, and had an indescribably coarse and hardy style of behavior.

The travelers determined to buy a little information, if nothing better, with their knives and fish-hooks. Garcia was accordingly instructed to demand the meaning of the heaps and causeways of stones. The savages laughed at first, but finally informed the visitors that the constructions which puzzled them so had been made by people of their own race many years ago, for the purpose of gathering gold from the river which used to run along there, but which now flowed seven miles off.

This information was dear to the historic instinct of Marcoy. He spoke, by his usual proxy, to the Indian of the oriole, commanding him not to begin every explanation by laughing, as he had been doing, but to answer intelligently, promising a reward of several knives. The savage exchanged a rapid glance with his fellows, and then he and they stood up as stiff and mute as the trees. Marcoy then asked him if he had never heard his father or his grandfather speak of the great city of San Gavan, built hereabouts formerly by the Spanish chevaliers, and which the Caranga and Suchimani Indians from the Inambari River had destroyed by fire.

The evident recognition of this legend by the savages, and their rapid exchange among themselves of the words *sacapa huayris Ipaños*, induced Marcoy to ask if they could guide them to the site of the former city. They answered that a day's march would be sufficient, and pointed with their arms in the direction of north-north-west.

The temptation to see the place whose golden renown, after having made the tour of the American continent, had reached Spain and the world at large, was too strong to be resisted. Colonel Perez, besides the magic attraction which the mention of gold had for him, felt his national pride touched by the idea of a place where his compatriots had added such magnificence to the Spanish name, and gained so many ingots of gold by paddling in the streams. The cascarilleros were delighted to extend their journey, in hopes of yet larger discoveries. As for the porters, since the manifestations of the savages they clung to the party with as much anxiety as they had ever shown to escape from it.

In 1767 the city of San Gavan, remaining intact amid the ruin of all its neighbors, was the sole disburser of the riches of the Caravaya Valley. The gold-dust, collected throughout the whole territory on a government monopoly, was brought thither upon the backs of Indians, melted into ingots, and distributed to Lima and the world at large. On the night of the 15th and 16th of December in that year the wealthy city was fired by the Carangas and the Suchimanis, and all the inhabitants slain with arrows or clubs. The first lords of the soil had resumed their rights.

When the news of the event was brought to Lima, the viceroy of the period, Antonio Amat, swore on a piece of the true cross to exterminate every Indian in Peru. It is to the persuasions of his favorite, Mariquita Gallegas, that the preservation of the native tribes from a bloody extirpation is due. This woman, *La Perichola*, whose caricatured likeness we see in the most agreeable of Offenbach's operas, and whose deeds of mercy and edifying end in a convent entitle her to some charitable consideration, persuaded her royal lover to operate on the natives with missionaries and teachers rather than with fire and sword. Antonio Amat yielded, and the Indians have survived.

Let no traveler go to South America and cross the Andes with the idea of unearthing a Nineveh or a Babylon on the site of San Gavan. The emissaries of Don Santo Domingo were quickly standing, among the grinning and amused Indians, on the locality of the Golden Dépôt of San Gavan. But Nature had thoroughly reclaimed her own, and the place, indicated again and again by the savages with absolute unanimity, showed nothing but mounds of fern and moss under canopies of forest trees.

A day's rest and a sketch or two were consecrated by Marcoy to this historic spot, the grave of a civilization. It had been well if he had restrained his feelings of romance, and betaken himself with his companions to the homeward track.

As the explorers were breakfasting in the morning on a squirrel and a couple of birds shot among the vanished streets of San Gavan, a disagreeable incident supervened. The wild Indians had disappeared over-night. But now, seemingly born instantaneously from the trees, a throng of Siriniris burst upon the scene, rushing up to the travelers, straining them repeatedly in a rude embrace, then leaving them, then assaulting them again, and accompanying every contact with the eternal cry, *Siruta inta menea*—"Give me a knife." Each member of the troop had now six savages at his heels, and they were not those of the day before, but a new and rougher band. The chiefs of the party rushed together and brandished their muskets. This forced the savages to retire, but gave to the rencounter that hostile air which, in consideration of the disparity of numbers, ought at all hazards to have been avoided. The wild men quickly formed a circle around the

"ANOTHER SAVAGE HAD FOUND A PAIR OF LINEN PANTALOONS."—P. 53.

artillery. The latter, fearing for their porters and the precious baggage, leaped through this circle and joined their servants, making believe to cock their firearms. Upon this the Indians, half afraid of the guns, vanished into the woods, first picking up whatever clothing and utensils they could lay their hands on. In an instant they were showing these trophies to their rightful owners from a safe distance, laughing as if they would split their sides. One of the naked rascals had seized a flannel undershirt of the colonel's, which was drying on a branch. His efforts to introduce his great feet into the sleeves were excruciating. Another savage had found a pair of linen pantaloons, which he was endeavoring to put on like a coat, appearing much embarrassed with the posterior portion, which completely masked his face. Aragon had seen a young reprobate of his own age make off with a pair of socks of his property. Detecting the rogue half hidden by a tree, the mozo made a sortie, seized the Indian, and by a violent shake brought the property out of his mouth, where it had been concealed as in a natural pocket.

The travelers immediately threw themselves into marching order and took up their line of route. The savages followed. At the first obstacle, a mass of matted trees, they easily rejoined the party of whites.

Then, for the first time, the idea of their power seemed to strike them, and they precipitated themselves upon the porters, who took to flight, rolling from under their packs like animals of burden. In a moment every article of baggage, every knife and weapon, was seized, and the red-skins, singing and howling, were making off through the woods. Among them was now seen the Siriniri with orioles' feathers, who must have guided them to their prey.

The expedition was pillaged, and pillaged as a joke. The thieves were heard laughing as they scampered off like deer through the woods.

It was hard to realize at once the gravity of the misfortune. No one was hurt, no one was insulted. But provisions, clothing, articles of exchange and weapons were all gone, except such arms and ammunition as the travelers carried on their persons. A collection of cinchonas was in possession of one of the Bolivians, though it represented but a fraction of the species discovered. The besiegers, however, had disappeared, and a westerly march was taken up. Good time was made that day, and a heavy night's sleep was the consequence. With the morning light came the well-remembered and hateful cry, and the little army found itself surrounded by a throng of merry naked demons, among whom were some who had not profited by the distribution of the spoils. At the magic word *siruta* all these new-comers rushed in a mass upon the white men. Marcoy managed to slip his fine ivory-handled machete within his trowser leg, but every other cutting tool disappeared as if by magic from the possession of the explorers. The shooting-utensils the savages, believing them haunted, would not touch. Then, half irritated at the exhaustion of the booty, the amiable children of Nature burst out into open derision. The artists of the tribe, filling their palms with rocoa, and moistening the same with saliva, went up to their late patrons and began to decorate their faces. The latter, judging patience their best policy, sat in silence while the delicate fancy of the savages expended itself in arabesques and flourishes. Perez and Aragon had their eyes surrounded with red spectacles. The face of Marcoy, covered with a heavy beard, only allowed room for a "W" on the forehead, and Pepe Garcia was quit for a set of interlacings like a checkerboard. Having thus signed their marks upon their visitors, the aborigines retired, catching up here and there a stray ball of cord or a strip of beef, saluting with the hand, and vanishing into the woods with the repeated compliment, *Eminiki*—"I am off."

The victims rested motionless for fifteen minutes: then pellmell, through the thickest of the brush and down the steepest of the hill, blotted out under gigantic ferns and covered by umbrageous vines, stealing along water-courses and skirting the sides of the mountains, they rushed precipitately westward.

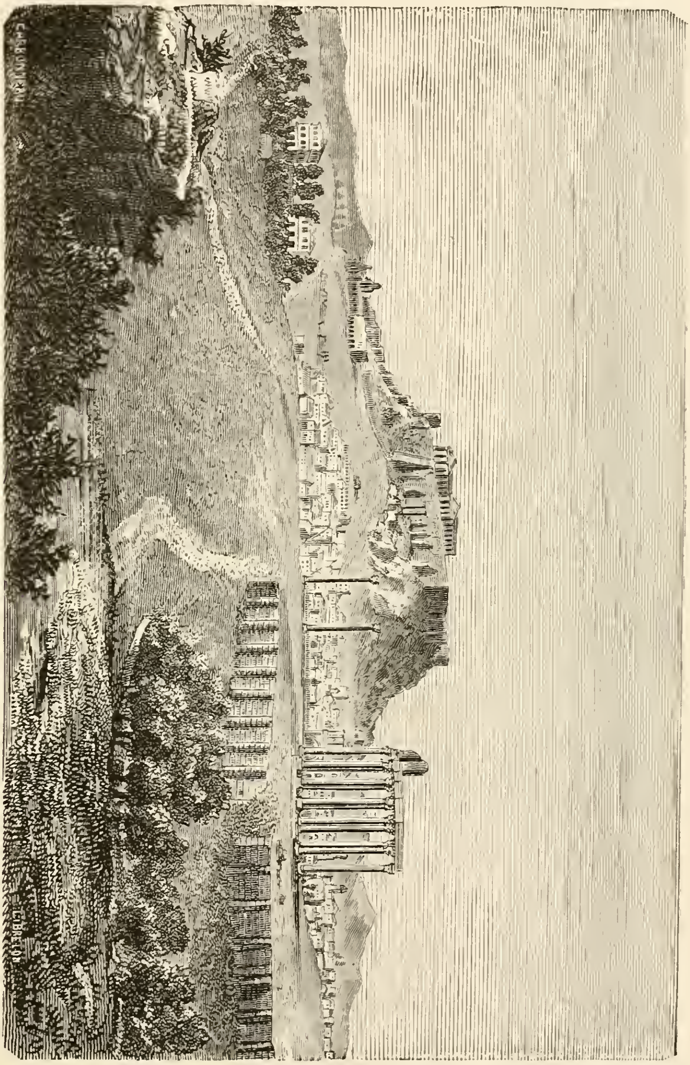
Two months after the priest of Marcapata had dismissed with his benediction the party of confident and enthusiastic explorers, he received again his strayed flock, but this time in rags, armed with ammunitionless guns and one poor knife, wasted by hunger, baked by the sun, and tattooed like Polynesians by the briers and insects. The good man could not repress a tear. "Ah, my son," said he as he clasped Marcoy's hand, "see what it costs to go hunting the cascarilla in the land of the infidels!"

The explorations started by Don Juan Sanz de Santo Domingo came to profitable result, but not to his advantage. Three weeks after the pioneers arrived again in Cuzco, Don Juan started another expedition, on a much larger scale, to accomplish the working of the cinchona valleys, under charge of the same Bolivians, who could make like a bee for every tree they had discovered. A detachment of soldiers was to protect the party, and the working force was more than double. Finally, the night before the intended start, the Bolivian cascarilleros, with their examinador, disappeared together. It is probable that Don Juan's scheme, nursed, according to custom, with too much publicity, had attracted the attention of the merchants of Cuzco, who had found it profitable to buy off the bark-searchers for their own interest.

The crash of this immense enterprise was too much for Don Juan. Threatened with creditors, Jews, *escribanos* and the police, he retired to a silver-mine he was opening in the province of Abancay. This mine, in successful operation, he depended on for satisfying his creditors. He found it choked up, destroyed with a blast of powder by some enemy. Unable to bear the disappointment, Don Juan blew out his brains in the office belonging to his mine. A month afterward, Don Eugenio Mendoza y Jara, the bishop of Cuzco, sent a couple of Indians for the body, with instructions to throw it into a ditch: the men attached a rope to the feet and dragged it to a ravine, where dogs and vultures disposed of the unhallowed remains.

A GLANCE AT THE SITE AND ANTIQUITIES OF ATHENS.

THE day is a happy one to the student-traveler from the Western World in which he first looks upon the lovely plain of Athens. Rounding the point where Hymettus thrusts his huge length into the sea, the long, featureless mountain-wall of Southern Attica suddenly breaks down, and gives place to a broad expanse of fertile and well-cultivated soil, sloping gently back with ever-narrowing bounds until it reaches the foot-hills of lofty Pentelicus. The wooded heights of Parnes enclose it on the north, while bald Hymettus rears an impassable barrier along the south. In front of the gently recurved shore stretch the smooth waters of the Gulf of Salamis, while beyond rises range upon range of lofty mountain-peaks with strikingly varied outline, terminating on the one hand in the towering cone of Egina, and on the other in the pyramidal, fir-clad summit of Cithæron. Upon the plain, at the distance of three or four miles from the sea, are several small rocky hills of picturesque appearance, isolated and seemingly independent, but really parts of a low range parallel to Hymettus. Upon one of the most considerable of these, whose precipitous sides make it a natural fortress, stood the Acropolis, and upon the group of lesser heights around and in the valleys between clustered the dwellings of ancient Athens.



VIEW OF THE ACROPOLIS AND THE COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER OLYMPUS.

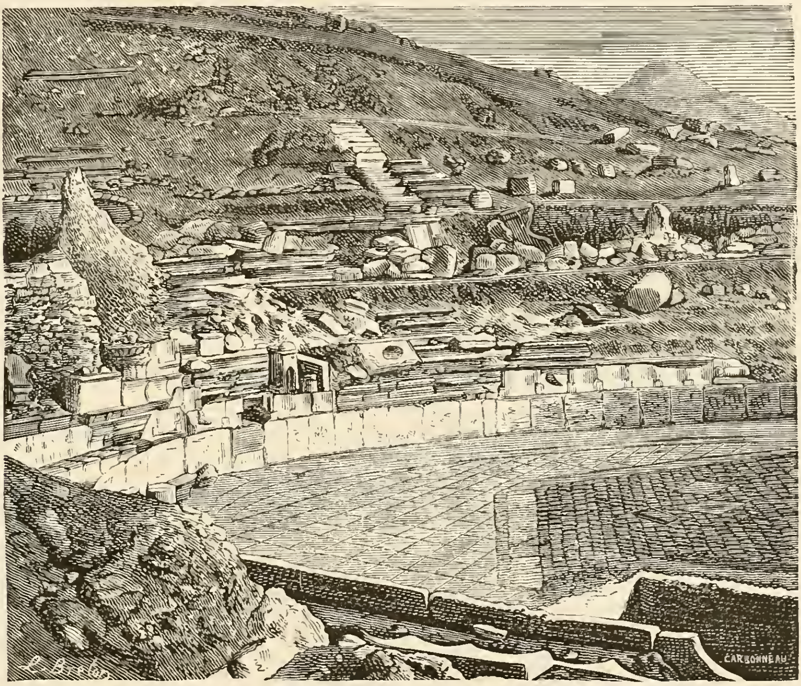
It was a fitting site for the capital of a people keenly sensitive to beauty, and destined to become the leaders of the world in matters of taste, especially in the important department of the Fine Arts. Nowhere are there more charming contrasts of mountain, sea and plain—nowhere a more perfect harmony of picturesque effect. The sea is not a dreary waste of waters without bounds, but a smiling gulf mirroring its mountain-walls and winding about embosomed isles, yet ever broadening as it recedes, and suggesting the mighty flood beyond from which it springs. The plain is not an illimitable expanse over which the weary eye ranges in vain in quest of some resting-place, but is so small as to be embraced in its whole contour in a single view, while its separate features—

the broad, dense belt of olives which marks the bed of its principal stream, the ancient Cephissus, the vineyards, the grain-fields and the sunny hillside pastures—are made to produce their full impression. The mountains are not near enough to be obtrusive, much less oppressive; neither are they so distant as to be indistinct or to seem insignificant. Seen through the clear air, their naked summits are so sharply defined and so individual in appearance as to seem almost like sculptured forms chiseled out of the hard rock.

The city which rose upon this favored spot was worthy of its surroundings. The home of a free and enterprising race endowed with rare gifts of intellect and sensibility, and ever on the alert for improvement, it became the nurse of letters and of arts, while the luxury begotten of prosperity awakened a taste for adornment, and the wealth acquired by an extended commerce furnished the means of gratifying it. The age of Pericles was the period of the highest national development. At that time were reared the celebrated structures in honor of the virgin-goddess who was the patron of Athens—the Parthenon, the Propylæa, the Erechtheum—which crowned the Acropolis, and were the glory of the city as they were the masterpieces of Grecian architecture. During the preceding half century many works of utility and of splendor had been constructed, and the city now became renowned not only in Greece, but throughout the ancient world, for the magnificence of its public buildings. Thucydides, writing about this time, says that should Athens be destroyed, posterity would infer from its ruins that the city had been twice as populous as it actually was. Demosthenes speaks of the strangers who came to visit its attractions. But the changes of twenty-three centuries have passed upon this splendor—a sad story of violence and neglect—and the queenly city has long been in the condition of ruin imagined by Thucydides. Still, the spell of her influence is not broken, and the charm which once drew so many visitors to her shrines still acts powerfully on the hearts of scholars in all lands, who, having looked up to her poets, orators and philosophers as teachers and loved them as friends, long to visit their haunts, to stand where they stood, to behold the scenes which they were wont to view, and to gaze upon what may remain of the great works of art upon which their admiration was bestowed.

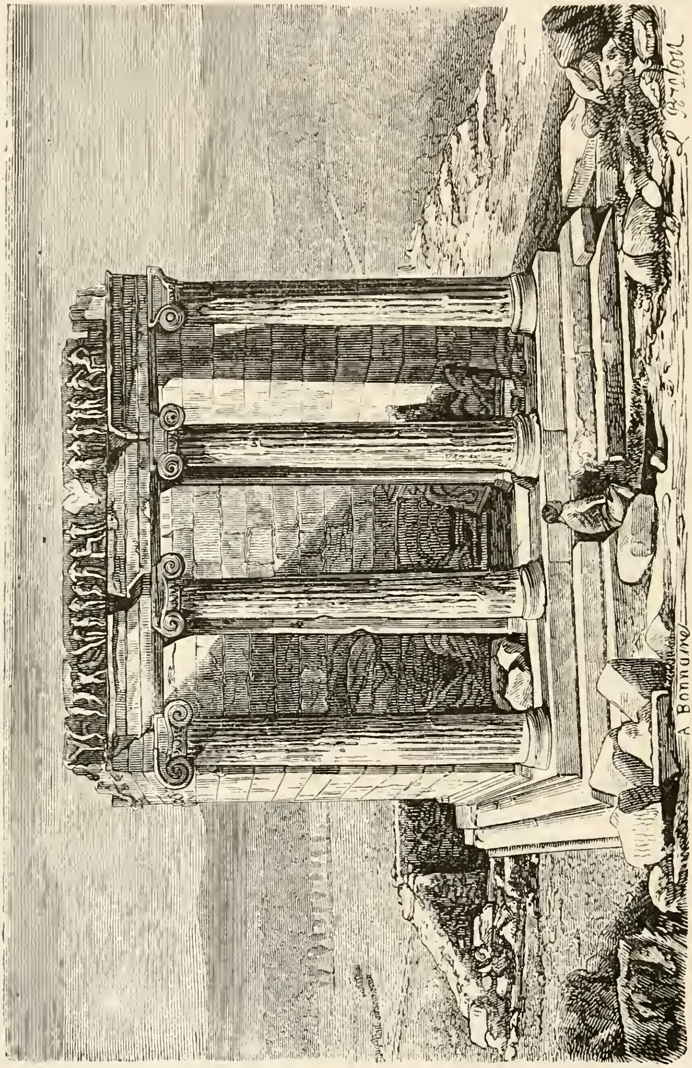
So the student-pilgrim from the Western World with native ardor strains his sight to catch the first glimpse of the Athenian plain and city. He is fresh from his studies, and familiar with what books teach of the geography of Greece and the topography of Athens. He needs not to be informed which mountain-range is Parnes, and which Pentelicus—which island is Salamis, and which Egina. Yet much of what he sees is a revelation to him. The mountains are higher, more varied and more beautiful than he had supposed, Lycabettus and the Acropolis more imposing, Pentelicus farther away, and the plain larger, the gulf narrower, and Egina nearer and more mountainous, than he had fancied. He is astonished at the smallness of the harbor at Peiræus, having insensibly formed his conception of its size from the notices of the mighty fleets which sailed from it in the palmy days when Athens was mistress of the seas. He is not prepared to see the southern shore of Salamis so near to the Peiræus, though it explains the close connection between that island and Athens, and throws some light upon the great naval defeat of the Persians. In short, while every object is recognized as it presents itself, yet a more correct conception is formed of its relative position and aspect from a single glance of the eye than had been acquired from books during years of study.

Arrived at the city, his experience is the same. He needs no guide to conduct him to its antiquities, nor cicerone to explain in bad French or worse English their names and history. Still, unexpected appearances present themselves not unfrequently. Hastening toward the Acropolis, he will first inspect the remains of the great theatre of Dionysus, so familiar to him as the place where, in the presence of all the people and many strangers, were acted the plays of his favorite poets, Eschylus and Sophocles, and where they won many prizes. Hurrying over the eastern brow of the hill, he comes suddenly upon the spot, enters at the summit, as many an Athenian did in the olden time, and is smitten with amazement at the first glance, and led to question whether this be indeed the site of the ancient theatre. He finds, it is true, the topmost seats cut in the solid rock, row above row, stripped now of their marble lining and weather-worn, but yet the genuine ancient seats of the upper tier. These he expected to find. But whence are those fresh seats which fill the lower part of the hollow, arranged as neatly as if intended for immediate use? and whence the massive stage beyond? He bethinks himself that he has heard of recent excavations under the patronage of the government, and closer inspection shows that these are actually the lower seats of the theatre in the time of the emperor Hadrian, whose favorite residence was Athens, and who did so much to embellish the city. The front seats consist of massive stone chairs, each inscribed with the name of its occupant, generally the priestess of some one of the numerous gods worshiped by that people so given to idolatry. In the centre of the second row is an elevated throne inscribed with the name of Hadrian. The stage is seen to be the ancient Greek stage enlarged to the Roman size to suit the demands of a later style of theatrical representation.



THEATRE OF DIONYSUS (BACCHUS).

After looking in vain for the seat occupied by the priestess of the Unknown God, our traveler passes on and enters with a beating heart the charmed precincts of the Acropolis itself. The Propylæa, which he has been accustomed to regard too exclusively as a mere entrance-gate to the glories beyond, impresses him with its size and grandeur, and the little temple of Victory by its side with its elegance.* But the steepness of the ascent perplexes him. It seems impracticable for horses, yet he knows by unexceptionable testimony that the Athenian youth prided themselves upon driving their matched steeds in the great Panathenaic procession which once every four years wound up the hill, bearing the sacred peplus to the temple of the goddess. A closer examination reveals the transverse creases of the pavement designed to give a footing to the beasts, as well as the marks of the chariot-wheels. Nevertheless, the ascent (and much more the descent) must have been a perilous undertaking, unless the teams



TEMPLE OF VICTORY.

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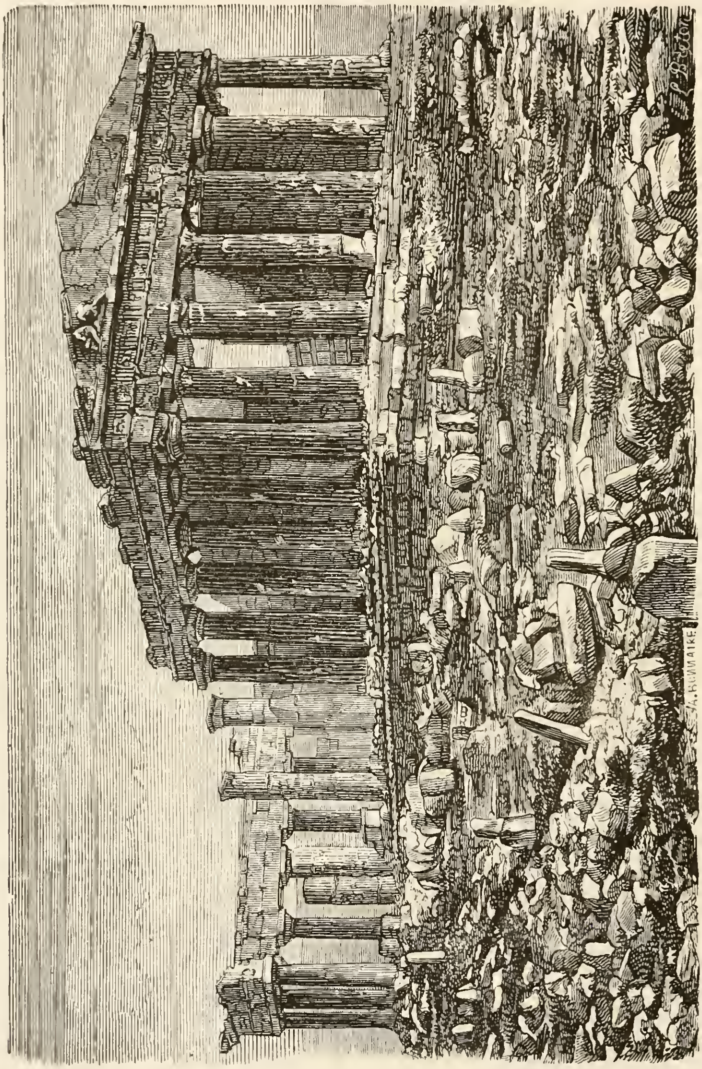
* The latter contains, among other relics of a balustrade which protected and adorned the platform of the temple, the exquisitely graceful torso of Victory untying her sandals, of which casts are to be seen in most of the museums of Europe

were better broken than the various accounts of chariot-races furnished by the poets would indicate. Entering beneath the great gate, a little distance forward to the left may readily be found the site of the colossal bronze statue of the warrior-goddess in complete armor, formed by Phidias out of the spoils taken at Marathon. The square base, partly sunk in the uneven rock, is as perfect as if just put in readiness to receive the pedestal of that famous work. A road bending to the right and slightly hollowed out of the rock leads to the Parthenon. The outer platform which sustains this celebrated temple is partly cut from the rock of the hill and partly built up of common limestone. The inner one of three courses, as well as the whole superstructure, is formed of Pentelic marble of a compact crystalline structure and of dazzling whiteness. Long exposure has not availed to destroy its lustre, but only to soften its tone. The visitor, planting himself at the western front, is in a position to gain some adequate idea of the perfection of the noble building. The interior and central parts suffered the principal injury from the explosion of the Turkish powder maga-

VICTORY UNTYING HER SANDALS.

zine in 1687. The western front remains nearly entire. It has been despoiled, indeed, of its movable ornaments. The statues which filled the pediment are gone, with the exception of a fragment or two. The sculptured slabs have been removed from the spaces between the triglyphs, and the gilded shields which hung beneath have been taken down. Of the magnificent frieze, representing the procession of the great quadrennial festival, only the portion surrounding the western vestibule is still in place.* Still, as these were strictly decorations, and wholly subordinate to the organic parts of the structure, their presence, while it would doubtless greatly enhance the effect of the whole, is not felt to be essential to its completeness. The whole



THE PARTHENON.

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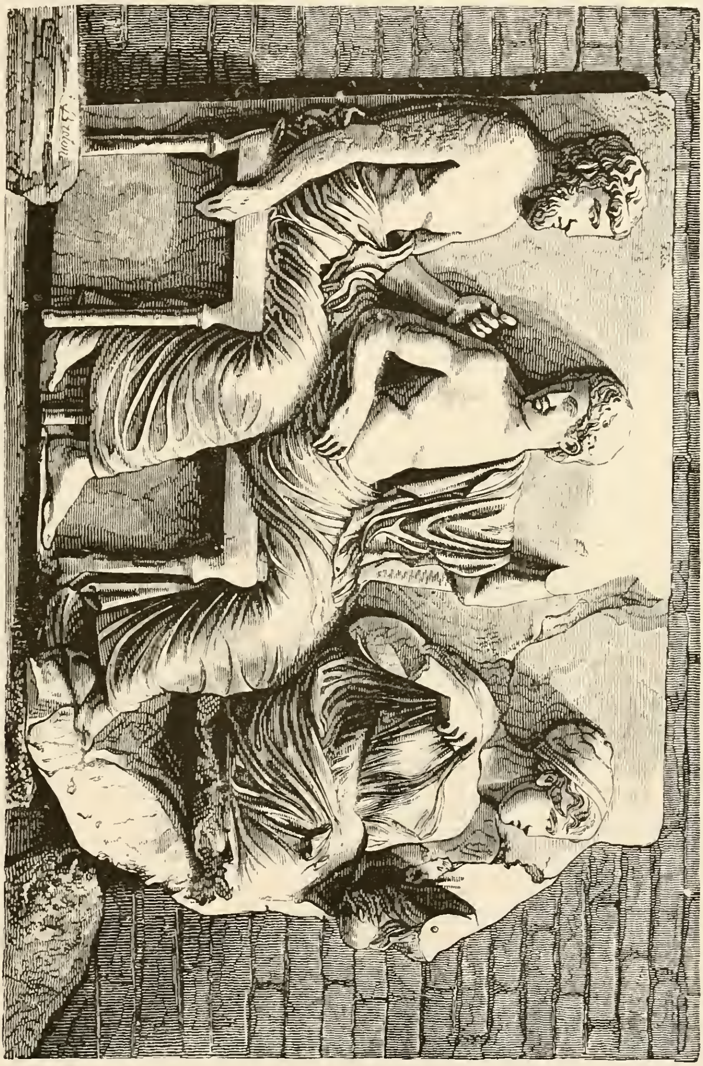
* Among the figures of this bas-relief, twelve are recognized by their lofty stature and sitting posture as those of divinities. One group is represented in the engraving.

Doric columns still bear the massive entablature sheltered by the covering roof. The simple greatness of the conception, the just proportion of the several parts, together with the elaborate finishing of the whole work, invest it with a charm such as the works of man seldom possess — the pure and lasting pleasure which flows from apparent perfection. Entering the principal apartment of the building, traces are seen of the stucco and pictures with which the walls were covered when it was fitted up as a Christian church in the Byzantine period. Near the centre of the marble pavement is a rectangular space laid with dark stone from the Peiræus or from Eleusis. It marks the probable site of the colossal precious statue of the goddess in gold and ivory—one of the most celebrated works of Phidias. The smaller apartment beyond, accessible only from the



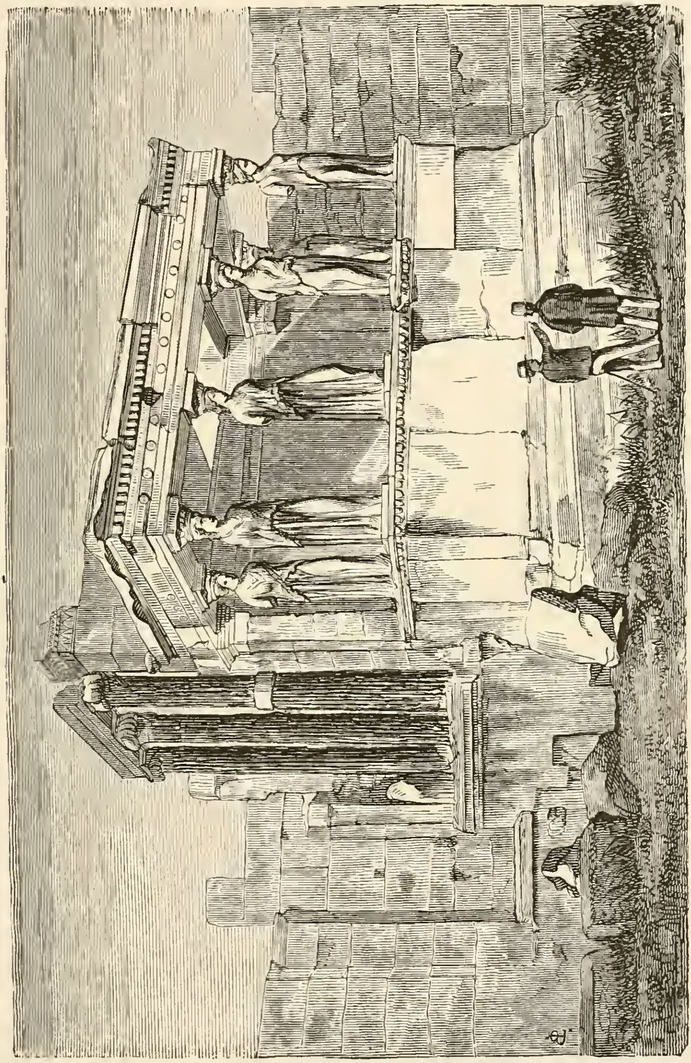
BAS-RELIEF OF THE GODS (FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON).

opposite front of the temple, was used by the state as a place of deposit and safekeeping for bullion and other valuables in the care of the state treasurer.

Having examined the great temple, and tested the curvature of its seemingly horizontal lines by sighting along the unencumbered platform, and having stopped at several points of the grand portico to admire the fine views of the city and surrounding country, the traveler picks his way northward, across a thick layer of fragments of columns, statues and blocks of marble, toward the low-placed, irregular but elegant Erechtheum, the temple of the most ancient worship and statue of the patron-goddess of the city. This building sits close by the northern as the Parthenon does by the southern wall of the enclosure. It has suffered equally with the other from the ravages of time, and its ruins, though less grand, are more beautiful. Most of the graceful Ionic columns are still standing, but large portions of the roof and entablature have fallen. Fragments of decorated cornice strew the ground, some of them of considerable length, and afford a near view of that delicate ornamentation and exquisite finish so rare outside the limits of Greece. The elevated porch of the Caryatides, lately restored by the substitution of a new figure in place of the missing statue now in the British Museum, attracts attention as a unique specimen of Greek art, and also as showing how far a skillful treatment will overcome the inherent difficulties of a subject. The row of fair maidens looking out toward the Parthenon do not seem much oppressed by the burden which rests upon them, while their graceful forms lend a pleasing variety to the scene. Passing out by the northern wing of the Propylæa, a survey is had of the numerous fragments of sculpture discovered among the ruins upon the hill, and temporarily placed in the ancient Pinacotheca. The eye rests upon sweet infant faces and upon rugged manly ones. Sometimes a single feature only remains, which, touched by the finger of genius, awakens admiration. A naked arm severed from the trunk, of feminine cast, but with muscles tightly strained and hand clenched as in agony, will arrest attention and dwell in the memory.

North-west of the Acropolis, across a narrow chasm, lies the low, rocky height of the Areopagus, accessible at the south-east angle by a narrow flight of sixteen rudely-cut steps, which lead to a small rectangular excavation on the summit, which faces the Acropolis, and is surrounded upon three sides by a double tier of benches hewn out of the rock. Here undoubtedly the most venerable court of justice at Athens had its seat and tried its cases in the open air. Here too, without doubt, stood the great apostle when, with bold spirit and weighty words, he declared unto the men of Athens that God of whom they confessed their ignorance; who was not to be represented by gold or silver or stone graven by art and man's device; who dwelt not in temples made with hands, and needed not to be worshiped with men's hands. In no other place can one feel so sure that he comes upon the very footsteps of the apostle, and on no other spot can one better appreciate his high gifts as an orator or the noble devotion of his whole soul to the work of the Master. How poor in comparison with his life-work appear the performances of the greatest of the Athenian thinkers or doers!

A little more than a quarter of a mile west of the Acropolis is another rocky hill—the Pnyx—celebrated as the place where the assembly of all the citizens met to transact the business of the state. A large semicircular area was formed, partly by excavation, partly by building up from beneath, the bounds of which can be distinctly traced. Considerable remains of the terrace-wall at the foot of the slope exist—huge stones twelve or fourteen feet in length by eight or ten in breadth. The chord of the semicircle is near the top of the hill, formed by the perpendicular face of the excavated rock, and is about four hundred feet in length by twenty in depth. Projecting from it at the centre, and hewn out of the same rock, is the bema or stone platform from which the great orators from the time of Themistocles and Aristides, and perhaps of Solon, down to the age of Demosthenes and the Attic Ten, addressed the mass of their fellow-citizens. It is a massive cubic block, with a linear edge of eleven feet, standing upon a graduated base of nearly equal height, and is mounted on either side by a flight of nine stone steps. From its connection with the most celebrated efforts of some of the greatest orators our race has yet seen, it is one of the most interesting relics in the world, and its solid structure will cause it to endure as long as the world itself shall stand, unless, as there is some reason to apprehend will be the case, it is knocked to pieces and carried off in the carpet-bags of travelers. No traces of the Agora, which occupied the shallow valley between the Pnyx and the Acropolis, remain. It was the heart of



PORCH OF THE CARYATIDES.

the city, and was adorned with numerous public buildings, porticoes, temples and statues. It was often thronged with citizens gathered for purposes of trade, discussion, or to hear and tell some new thing.

Half a mile or more to the south-east, on the banks of the Ilissus, stood a magnificent structure dedicated to Olympian Zeus—one of the four largest temples of Greece, ranking with that of Demeter at Eleusis and that of Diana at Ephesus. Its foundations remain, and sixteen of the huge Corinthian columns belonging to its majestic triple colonnade. One of these is fallen. Breaking up into the numerous disks of which it was composed—six and a half feet in diameter by two or more in thickness—and stretching out to a length of over sixty feet, it gives an impressive conception of the size of these columns, said to be the largest standing in Europe. The level area of the temple is now used as a training-ground for soldiers. Close by, and almost in the bed of the stream, which is dry the larger part of the year, issues from beneath a ledge of rock the copious fountain of sweet waters known to the ancients as Calirrhoe. It furnished the only good drinking-water of the city, and was used in all the sacrifices to the gods. A little way above, on the opposite bank of the Ilissus, is the site of the Panathenaic stadium, whose shape is perfectly preserved in the smooth grass-grown hollow with semicircular extremity which here lies at right angles to the stream, between parallel ridges partly artificial.

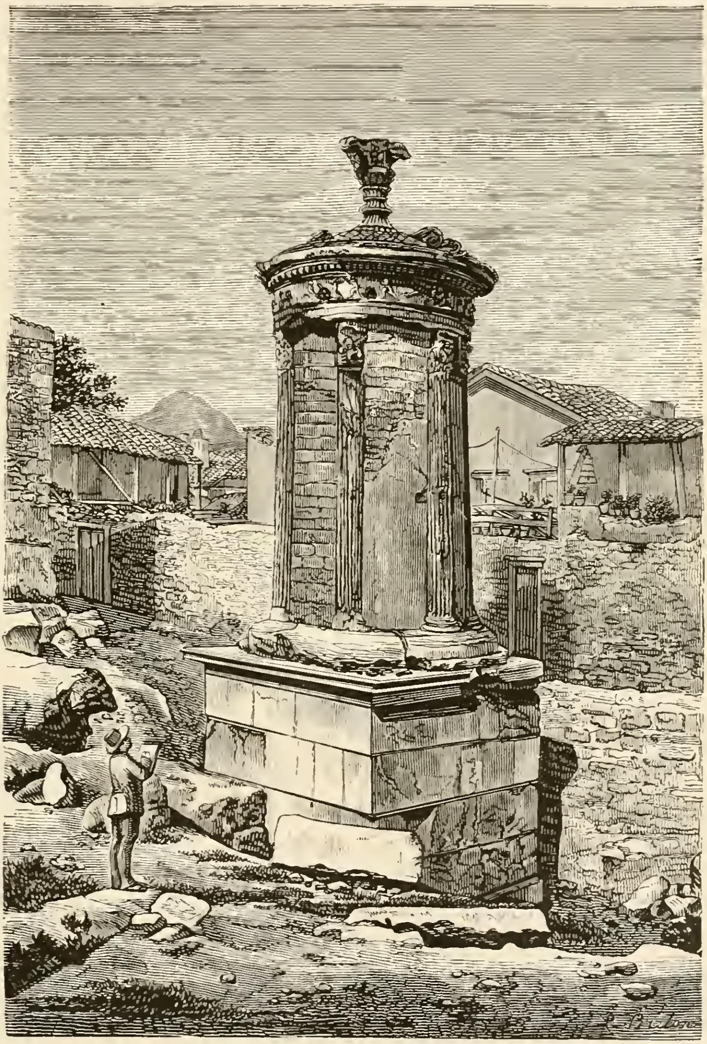
Northward from the Acropolis, on a slight elevation, is the best-preserved and one of the most ancient structures of Athens—the temple of Theseus, built under the administration of Cimon by the generation preceding Pericles and the Parthenon. It is of the Doric order, and shaped like the Parthenon, but considerably inferior to it in size as well as in execution. It has been roofed with wood in modern times, and was long used as a church, but is now a place of deposit for the numerous statues and sculptured stones of various kinds—mostly sepulchral monuments—which have been recently discovered in and about the city. They are for the most part unimportant as works of art, though many are interesting from their antiquity or historic associations. Among these is the stone which once crowned the burial-mound on the plain of Marathon. It bears a single figure, said to represent the messenger who brought the tidings of victory to his countrymen.

Near the Theseium was the double gate (Dipylum) in the ancient wall of the city whence issued the Sacred Way leading to Eleusis, and bordered, like the Appian Way at Rome, with tombs, many of them cenotaphs of persons who died in the public service and were deemed worthy of a monument in the public burying-ground. Within a few years an excavation has been made through an artificial mound of ashes, pottery and other refuse emptied out of the city, and a section of a few rods of this celebrated road has been laid bare. The sepulchral monuments are ranged on one side rather thickly, and crowd somewhat closely upon the narrow pavement. They are, for the most part, simple, thick slabs of white marble, with a triangular or pediment-shaped top, beneath which is sculptured in low relief the closing scene of the person commemorated, followed by a short inscription. The work is done in an artistic style worthy of the publicity its location gave it. On one of these slabs you recognize the familiar full-length figure of Demosthenes, standing with two companions and clasping in a parting grasp the hand of a woman, who is reclining upon her deathbed. The inscription is, *Collyrion, wife of Agathon*. On another stone of larger size is a more imposing piece of sculpture. A horseman fully armed is thrusting his spear into the body of his fallen foe—a hoplite. The inscription relates that the unhappy foot-soldier fell at Corinth *by reason of those five words of his!*—a record intelligible enough, doubtless, to his contemporaries, but sufficiently obscure and provocative of curiosity to later generations.

There are other noted structures at

Athens, such as the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates—the highest type of the Corinthian order of architecture, as the Erechtheum is of the Ionic and the Parthenon of the Doric—but want of space forbids any further description of them. Let the American traveler visit Athens with the expectation of finding a city occupying the most charming of sites, and containing by far the most interesting and important monuments of antiquity, in their original position, to be found in the whole world.

J. L. T. PHILLIPS.


MONUMENT OF LYSICRATES.

THE ROUMI IN KABYLIA.

PART FIRST.

ALGIERS FROM THE SEA.

A FACT need not be a fixed fact to be a very positive one; and Kabylia, a region to whose outline no geographer could give precision, has long existed as the most uncomfortable reality in colonial France. Irreconcilable Kabylia, hovering as a sort of thunderous cloudland among the peaks of the Atlas Mountains, is respected for a capacity it has of rolling out storms of desperate warriors. These troops disgust and confound the French by making every hut and house a fortress: like the clansmen of Roderick Dhu, they lurk behind the bushes, animating each tree or shrub with a preposterous gun charged with a badly-moulded bullet. The Kabyle, when excited to battle, goes to his death as carelessly as to his breakfast: his saint or marabout has promised him an immediate heaven, without the critical formality of a judgment-day. He fights with more than feudal faithfulness and with undiverted tenacity. He is in his nature unconquerable. So that the French, though they have riddled this thunder-cloud of a Kabylia with their shot, seamed it through and through with military roads, and established a beautiful *fort national* right in the middle of it, on the plateau of Souk-el-Arba, possess it to-day about as thoroughly as we Americans might possess a desirable thunder-storm which should be observed hanging over Washington, and which we should annex by means of electrical communications transpiercing it in every direction, and a resident governor fixed at the centre in a balloon. France has gorged Kabylia, with the rest of Algeria, but she has never digested it.

"IMPREGNABLE KABYLIA."

A trip through Algeria, such as we

now propose, belongs, as a pleasure-excursion, only to the present age. In the last it was made involuntarily. Only sixty years ago the English spinster or spectacled lady's-companion, as she crossed over from the mouth of the Tagus to the mouth of the Tiber, or from Marseilles to Naples, looked out for capture by "the Algerines" as quite a reasonable eventuality. (Who can forget Töpfer's mad etchings for *Bachelor Butterfly*, of which this little episode forms the incident?) Her respectable mind was filled with speculations as to how many servants "a dey's lady" was furnished with, and what was the amount of her pin-money. A stout, sound-winded Christian gentleman, without vices and kind in fetters, sold much cheaper than a lady, being worth thirty pounds, or only about one-tenth the value of Uncle Tom.

BOUGIE, AND HILL OF GOURAYA.

The opening up of Algeria to the modern tourist and Murray's guide-books is in fact due to the American nation. So late as 1815 the Americans, along with the other trading nations, were actually paying to the dey his preposterous tribute for exemption from piratical seizure. In this year, however, we changed our mind and sent Decatur over. On the 28th of June he made his appearance at Algiers, having picked up and disposed of some Algerine craft, the frigate Mashouda and the brig Estido. The Algerines gave up all discussion with a messenger so positive in his manners, and in two days Decatur introduced our consul-general Shaler, who attended to the release of American captives and the positive stoppage of tribute.

The example was followed by other nations. Lord Exmouth bombarded Algiers in 1816, and reduced most of it to ashes. In 1827 the dey opened war with France by hitting the French consul with his fan. Charles X. retorted upon the fan with thirty thousand troops and a fleet. The fort of Algiers was exploded by the last survivor of its garrison, a negro of the deserts, who rushed down with a torch into the powder-cellar. Algeria collapsed. The dey went to Naples, the janizaries went to Turkey, and Algeria became French.

From this time the country became more or less open, according as France could keep it quiet, to the inroads of that modern beast of ravin, the tourist. The Kabyle calls the tourist *Roumi* (Christian), a form, evidently, of our word Roman, and referable to the times when the bishop of Hippo and such as he identified the Christian with the Romanist in the Moorish mind.

Modern Algiers, viewed from the sea, wears upon its luminous walls small trace of its long history of blood. As we contemplate its mosques and houses flashing their white profiles into the sky, it is impossible not to muse upon the contrast between its radiant and picturesque aspect and its veritable character as the accomplice of every crime and every baseness known to the Oriental mind. To see that sunny city basking between its green hills, you would hardly think of it as the abode of bandits; yet two powerful tribes still exist, now living in huts which crown the heights of Boudjareah overlooking the sea, who formerly furnished the boldest of the pitiless corsairs. To the iron hooks of the Bab (or gate) of Azoun were hung by the loins our Christian brothers who would not accept the Koran; at the Bab-el-Oued, the Arab rebels, not confounded even in their deaths with the dogs of Christians, were beheaded by the yataghan; and in the blue depths we sail over, whose foam washes the bases of the temples, hapless women have sunk for ever, tied in a leather bag between a cat and a serpent.

The history, in truth, is the history—always a cruel one—of an overridden nation compelled to bear a part in the wickedness of its oppressors. This rubric of blood may be read in many a dismal page. Algeria was a slave before England was Christian. The greatest African known to the Church, Augustine, has left a pathetic description of the conquest of his country by the Vandals in the fifth century: it was attended with horrible atrocities, the enemy leaving the slain in unburied heaps, so as to drive out the garrisons by pestilence. When Spain overthrew the Moors she took the coast-cities of Morocco and Algeria. Afterward, when Aruch Barbarossa, the "Friend of the Sea," had seized the Algerian strongholds as a prize for the Turks, and his system of piracy was devastating the Mediterranean, Spain with other countries suffered, and we have a vivid picture of an Algerine bagnio and bagnio-keeper from the pen of the illustrious prisoner Cervantes. "Our spirits failed" (he writes) "in witnessing the unheard-of cruelties that Hassan exercised. Every day were new punishments, accompanied with cries of cursing and vengeance. Almost daily a captive was thrown upon the hooks, impaled or deprived of sight, and that without any other motive than to gratify the thirst of human blood natural to this monster, and which inspired even the executioners with horror."

While our fancy traces the figure of the author of *Don Quixote*, a plotting captive, behind the walls of Algiers, the steamer is withdrawing, and the view of the city becomes more beautiful at every turn of the paddles. We pass through a whole squadron of fishing-boats, hovering on their long lateen sails, and seeming like butterflies balanced upon the waves, which are blue as the petal of the iris. Algiers gradually becomes a mere impression of light. The details have been effaced little by little, and melted into a general hue of gold and warmth: the windowless houses and the walls extending in terraces confuse interchangeably their blank masses. The dark green hills of Boudjareah and Mustapha seem to have opened their sombre flanks to disclose a marble-quarry: the city, piled up with pale and blocklike forms, appears to sink into the mountains again as the boat retires, although the picturesque buildings of the Casbah, cropping out upon the summit, linger long in sight, like rocks of lime. As we pass Cape Matifou we see rising over its shoulder the summits of the Atlas range, among whose peaks we hope to be in a fortnight, after passing Bona, Philippeville and Constantina.

Sailing along this coast of the Mediterranean resembles an excursion on one of the Swiss lakes. Four hours after passing Algiers, in going eastwardly toward the port of Philippeville, we come in sight of Dellys, a little town of poor appearance, where the hussars of France first learned the peculiarities of Kabyle fighting. This warfare was something novel. In place of the old gusty sweeps of cavaliers on horseback, falling on the French battalions or glancing around them in whirlwinds, the soldiers had to extirpate the Kabyles hidden in the houses. It was not fighting—it was ferreting. Each house in Dellys was a fort which had to be taken by siege. Each garden concealed behind its palings the "flower" of Kabyle chivalry, only to be uprooted by the bayonet. The women fought with fury.

ROMAN RELICS AT PHILIPPEVILLE.

We follow our course along these exquisite blue waters, and soon have a glimpse, at three miles distance, of an isolated, abrupt cone, trimmed at the summit into the proportions of a pyramid. It is the hill of Gouraya, an enormous mass of granite which lifts its scarped summit over the port of Bougie, called Salda by Strabo. We approach and watch the enormous rock seeming to grow taller and taller as we nestle beneath it in the beautiful harbor. Bougie lies on a narrow and stony beach in the embrace of the mountain, white and coquettish, spreading up the rocky wall as far as it can, and looking aloft to the protecting summit two thousand feet above it. We abstain from dismounting, but sweep the city with field-glasses from the deck of the ship, recollecting that Bougie was bombarded in the reign of the Merrie Monarch by Sir Edward Spragg. We trace the ravine of Sîdi-Touati, which breaks the town in half as it splits its way into the sea. Here, in 1836, the French commandant, Salomon de Mussis, was treacherously shot while at a friendly conference with the sheikh Amzian, the pretext being the murder of a marabout by the French sentinels. The incident is worth mentioning, because it brought into light some of the nobler traits of Kabyle character. The sheikh, for killing a guest with whom he had just taken coffee, was reproached by the natives as "the man who murdered with one hand and took gifts with the other," and was forced by mere popular contempt from his sheikhship, to perish in utter obscurity.

Putting on steam again, we recede from Bougie, and passing Djigelly, with its overpoweringly large barracks and hospital, doubling Cape Bougarone and sighting the fishing-village of Stora, we arrive at the new port-city of Philippeville. This colony, a plantation of Louis Philippe's upon the site of the Roman Russicada, has only thirty-four years of existence, and contains twenty Frenchmen for every Arab found within it. It differs, however, from our American thirty-year-old towns in the interesting respect of showing the traces of an older civilization. French savants here examine the ruins of the theatre and the immense Roman reservoirs in the hill-side, and take "squeezes" of inscriptions marked upon the antique altar, column or cippus. On an ancient pillar was found an amusing grafita, the sketch of some Roman schoolboy, showing an *aquarius* (or water-carrier) loaded with his twin buckets. Philippeville, nursed among these glowing African hills, has the look of some bad melodramatic joke. Its European houses, streets laid out with the surveyor's chain, pompous church, and arcades like a Rue de Rivoli in miniature, make a foolish show indeed, in place of the walls, white, unwinking and mysterious, which ordinarily enclose the Eastern home or protect the Arab's wife behind their blinded windows.

LION-SHAPED ROCK, HARBOR OF BONA.

If we leave Philippeville in the evening, we find ourselves next morning in the handsome roadstead of Bona. This, for the present, will terminate our examination of the coast, for, however fond we may be of level traveling, we cannot reasonably expect to get over the Atlas Mountains by hugging the shore. The harbor of Bona, though broad and beautiful, is somewhat dangerous, concealing numbers of rocks which lurk at about the surface of the water. Other rocks, standing boldly out at the entrance of the port, offer a singular aspect, being sculptured into strange forms by the sea. One makes a very good statue of a lion, lying before the city as its guard, and looking across the waves for an enemy as the foam caresses its monstrous feet.

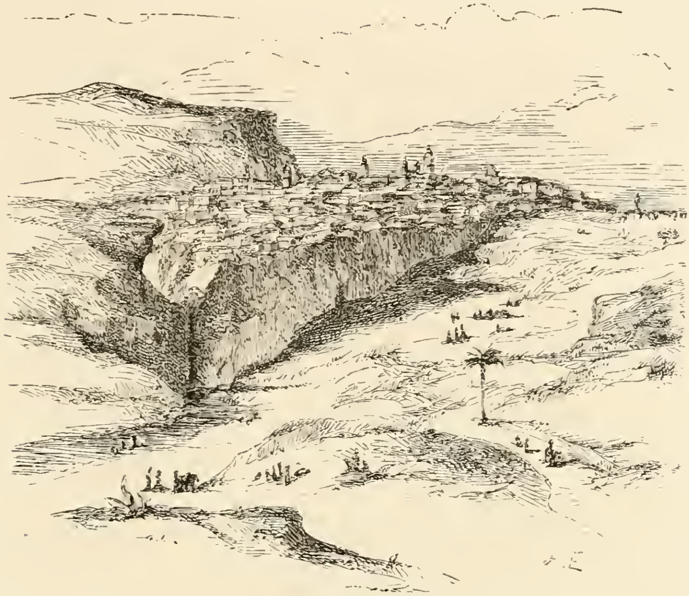
Dismounting from shipboard, we become landsmen for the remainder of our journey, and wave adieu to the steamboat which has brought us as we linger a moment on the mole of Bona. This city is named from the ancient Hippo, out of whose ruins, a mile to the southward, it was largely built. The Arabs call it "the city of jujube trees"—Beled-el-Huneb. To the Roumi (or Christian) traveler the interest of the spot concentrates in one historic figure, that of Saint Augustine. In the basilica of Hippo, of which the remains are believed to have been identified in some recent excavations, the sainted bishop shook the air with his learned and penetrating eloquence. Here he exhorted the faithful to defend their religious liberty and their lives, uncertain if the Vandal hordes of Genseric were not about to sweep away the faith and the language of Rome. Here, where the forest of El Edoug spreads a shadow like that of memory over the scene of his walks and labors, he brought his grand life of expiation to a holy close, praying with his last breath for his disciples oppressed by the invaders. We reach the site of Hippo (or Hippone) by a Roman bridge, restored to its former solidity by the French, over whose arches the bishop must have often walked, meditating on his youth of profligacy and vain scholarship, and over the abounding Divine grace which had saved him for the edification of all futurity.

Bona has a street named Saint Augustine, but it is, by one of the strange paradoxes which history is constantly playing us, owned entirely by Jews, and those of one sole family. This fact indicates how the thrifty race has prospered since the French occupancy Formerly oppressed and ill-treated, taxed and murdered by the Turks, and only permitted to dress in the mournfulest colors, the Jew of Algeria hid himself as if life were something he had stolen, and for which he must apologize all his days. Now, treated with the same liberality as any other colonist, the Jew indulges in every ostentation of dress except as to the color of the turban, which, in small towns like Bona, still preserves the black hue of former days of oppression. On Saturdays the children of Jacob fairly blaze with gold and gay colors. On their working days they line the principal streets, eyeing the passers-by with a cool, easy indifference, but never losing a chance of business. In Algeria this race is generally thought to present a picture of arrogance, knavery and rank cowardice not equaled on the face of the globe. An English traveler saw an Arab, after maddening himself with opium and absinthe, run a-mok among the shopkeepers who lined the principal street of Algiers. Selecting the Hebrews, he drove before him a throng of twenty, dressed in all the colors of the rainbow, who allowed themselves to be knocked down with the obedience of ninepins. A Frenchman stopped the maniac after he had killed one Jew and wounded several, none of them making any effort at defence.

SHOPKEEPER AT BONA.

A few narrow streets, bordered with Moorish architecture, contain the native industry of Bona. It is about equally divided between the Jews and the M'zabites, who, like the Kabyles, are a remnant of the stiff-necked old Berber tribe. The M'zabites preserve the pure Arab dress—the haik, or small bornouse without hood, the broad breeches coming to the knee, the bare legs, and the turban rolled up into a coil of ropes. Thus accoutred, and squatting in the ledges of their small booths, the jewelers, blacksmiths and tailors of Bona are found at their work.

Returning to Philippeville by land, and remaining as short a time as possible in this unedifying city, which is a bad and overheated imitation of a French provincial town, we concede only so much to its modern character as to hire a fine open carriage in which to proceed inland toward Constantina. This city is reached after a calm, meditative ride through sunny hills and groves. After so quiet a preparation the first view of Constantina is fairly astounding. Encircled by a grand curve of mountainous precipices, rises a gigantic rock, washed by a moat formed of the roaring cascades of the river Rummel. On the flat top of this naked rock, like the Stylites on his pillar, stands Constantina. The Arabs used to say that Constantina was a stone in the midst of a flood, and that, according to their Prophet, it would require as many Franks to raise that stone as it would of ants to lift an egg at the bottom of a milk-pot.



CONSTANTINA.

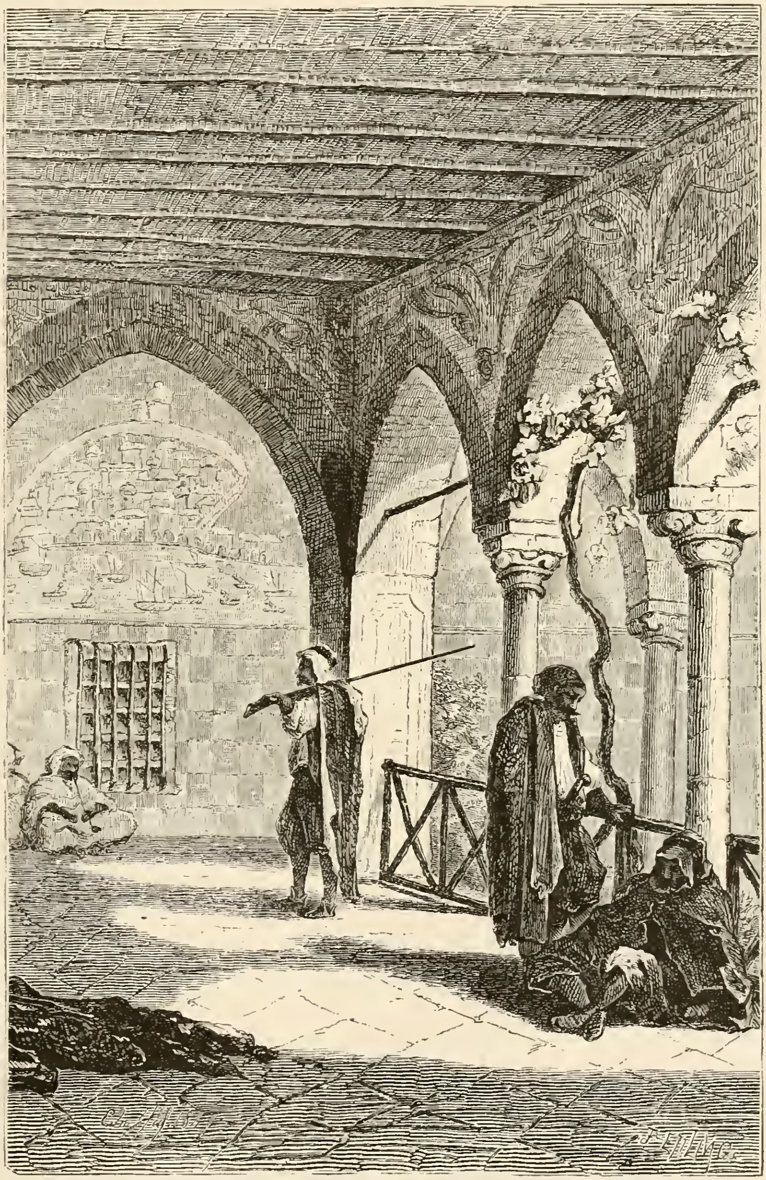
This city, under its old Roman name of Cirta, was one of the principal strongholds of Numidia. In 1837 it was one of the most hotly-defended strongholds of the Kabyles. The French have renamed, as "Gate of the Breach," the old Bab-el-Djedid, where Colonel Lamoricière entered at the head of his Zouaves. The city had to be conquered in detail, house by house. Lamoricière himself was wounded: the Kabyles, driven to their last extremity, evacuated the Casbah on the summit of the rock, and let down their women by ropes into the abyss; the ropes, overweighted by these human clusters, broke, piling the bodies and fragments of bodies in heaps beneath the precipice, while some of the natives descended the steep rock safely with the agility of goats.

Of all the large Algerian cities, Constantina is that which has best preserved its primitive signet. In most quarters it remains what it was under the Turks. These quarters are still undermined, rather than laid out, with close and crooked streets, where the rough white houses are pierced with narrow windows, closed to the inquisitive eye of the Roumi. The roofs are of tile, for the winters on the hills are too severe to permit the flat, terraced roofs of Algiers or Bona. These white houses, roofed with brown, give a perfectly original aspect to the city as seen from any of the neighboring eminences. The plateau of Mansourah is connected with the town by a magnificent Roman bridge, two stories in height, restored by the French.

ROMAN BRIDGE AT CONSTANTINA.

From this bridge, which is three hundred feet high by three hundred and fifteen feet in length, and has five arches, you look down into the bed of the Rummel, while the vultures and eagles scream around you, and you recite the words of the poet El Abdery, who called this river a bracelet which encircles an arm. The gorge opens out into a beautiful plain rich with pomegranates, figs and orange trees. The sea is forty-eight miles away.

The last bey of Constantina, not knowing that he was merely building for the occupancy of the French governors who were to come after him, decreed himself, some fifty years ago, a stately pleasure-dome, after the fashion of Kubla Khan. From the ruins of Constantina, Bona and Tunis, Ahmed Bey picked up whatever was most beautiful in the way of Roman marbles and carving. With these he built his halls, while the Rummel, through caverns measureless to man, ran on below. Some Frenchman of importance will now-a-days give you the freedom of this curious piece of Turkish construction, where, among storks and ibises gravely perched on one stilt, you examine the relics of Roman history, preserved by its very destroyers, according to the grotesque providence that watches over the study of archæology.



BEY'S PALACE, CONSTANTINA.

You are told how Ahmed, wishing to adorn the walls of his gallery or loggia with frescoes, of which he had heard, but which he had no artist capable of executing, whether Arab, Moor or Jew, applied to a prisoner. The man was a French shoemaker, who had never touched a brush: he vainly tried to decline the honor, but the bey was inflexible: "You are a vile liar: all the Christians can paint. Liberty if you succeed, death if you disobey me."

SHAMPOOING THE ROUMI.

Extremely nervous was the hand which the painter *malgré lui* applied to the unlooked-for task. From the laborious travail of his brain issued at length an odd mass of arabesques with which the walls were somehow covered. His invention exhausted, he awaited in an agony of fear the inspection of his Turkish master. He came, and was enchanted. The painter was free, and the bey observed: "The dog wanted to deceive me: I knew that all the Christians could paint."

You are amazed to find, in this nest of Islamite savagery and among these wild rocks, the uttermost accent of modern French politeness. Your presence is a windfall in quarters so retired, and you sit among orange plants and straying gazelles, while the military band throws softly out against the inaccessible crags the famous tower-scene from the fourth act of *Il Trovatore*. As night draws on, tired of your explorations, you seek a Moorish bath.

Let no tourist, experienced only in the effeminate imitations of the hummum to be found in New York or London, expect similar considerate treatment in Algeria. He will be more likely to receive the attention of the M'zabite bather after the fashion narrated in the following paragraph, which is a quotation from an English journalist in the land of the Kabyles:

"We were told to sit down upon a marble seat in the middle of the hall, which we had no sooner done than we became sensible of a great increase of heat: after this each of us was taken into a closet of milder temperature, where, after placing a white cloth on the floor and taking off our napkins, they laid us down, leaving us to the further operations of two naked, robust negroes. These men, newly brought from the interior of Africa, were ignorant of Arabic; so I could not tell them in what way I wished to be treated, and they handled me as roughly as if I had been a Moor inured to hardship. Kneeling with one knee upon the ground, each took me by a leg and began rubbing the soles of my feet with a pumice stone. After this operation on my feet, they put their hands into a small bag and rubbed me all over with it as hard as they could. The distortions of my countenance must have told them what I endured, but they rubbed on, smiling at each other, and sometimes giving me an encouraging look, indicating by their gestures the good it would do me. While they were thus currying me they almost drowned me by throwing warm water upon me with large silver vessels, which were in the basin under a cock fastened in the wall. When this was over they raised me up, putting my head under the cock, by which means the water flowed all over my body; and, as if this was not sufficient, my attendants continued plying their vessels. Then, having dried me with very fine napkins, they each of them very respectfully kissed my hand. I considered this as a sign that my torment was over, and was going to dress myself, when one of the negroes, grimly smiling, stopped me till the other returned with a kind of earth, which they began to rub all over my body without consulting my inclination. I was as much surprised to see it take off all the hair as I was pained in the operation; for this earth is so quick in its effect that it burns the skin if left upon the body. This being finished, I went through a second ablution, after which one of them seized me behind by the shoulders, and setting his two knees against the lower part of my back, made my bones crack, so that for a time I thought they were entirely dislocated. Nor was this all, for after whirling me about like a top to the right and left, he delivered me to his comrade, who used me in the same manner: and then, to my no small satisfaction, opened the closet door."

HAMMO-EL-ZOUAOUI.

This is the true Moorish bath. Meantime, the M'zabite or negro, as he dislocates your legs, cracks your spinal column or dances over you on his knees, drones forth a kind of native psalmody, which, melting into the steamy atmosphere of the place, seems to be the litany of happiness and of the pure in heart. Clean in body and soul as you never were before, skinned, depilated, dissected, you emerge for a new life of ideal perfection, feeling as if you were suddenly relieved of your body.

"BALEK!"

There is held every Friday at Constantina a grand assembly of the fire-eating marabouts, the fanatics who have given so much trouble to their French rulers. Every revolution among the Kabyles is a religious movement, set in motion by the wild enthusiasm of the "saints." The religious orders of Kabylia, all of them differing in various degrees from Turkish Mohammedanism, are of some half dozen varieties, adapted to minds of various cultivation. Some, as that of Sidi-Yusef-Hansali, are mild in their rites and of a purely didactic or religious nature. This latter sect originated in Constantina, comprises two thousand brothers or khouans, and was in 1865 under the authority of Hammo-el-Zouaoui, a direct descendant of Yusef-Hansali. An hour passed in the college of this order, where the whole formula of worship consists in saying a hundred times "God forgive!" then, a hundred other times, "Allah ill' Allah: Mohammed ressoul Allah!" may be monotonous, but it is not revolutionary. From this tautological brotherhood, through various degrees of emotional activity, you arrive at the wild doings of the fire-eaters, or followers of Mohammed-ben-Aissa. This Aissa was a native of Meknes in Morocco, where he died full of years and piety three hundred years ago. His legend states that being originally very poor, he attempted to support his family in the truly Oriental manner, not by working for them, but by spending his whole time at the mosque in prayer for their miraculous sustenance. His inertia and his faith were acceptable to Mohammed, who appeared to Aissa's wife with baskets of food, and to Aissa with the order to found a sect. The allegory expressed by the disgusting actions of the order would seem to be that anything is nourishment to the true believer. They therefore exhibit themselves as eating red-hot iron, scorpions and prickly cactus. Various travelers, some of them cool hands and accurate observers, have seen these khouans at their horrible feasts without being able to explain the imposture. A British soldier, an experienced Indian officer, happened to be in Kabylia just before the breaking out of the great Sepoy rebellion in India, and was introduced to one of the fire-eating orgies by Major Deval at Tizi-ouzou, where our journey into Kabylia is to terminate. With his own eyes he saw a khouan, excited by half an hour's chanting and beating the tom-tom, drive a sword four inches deep into his chest by

A STREET IN CONSTANTINA.

THE GREAT MOSQUE, CONSTANTINA.

hitting it with a tile. The man marched around and exhibited it to the congregation as it quivered in his naked body. Another seared his face and hands with a large red-hot iron, holding it finally with his mouth without other support. Another chewed up an entire leaf of a cactus with its dangerous spikes, which sting one's hands severely and remain rankling in the flesh. Another filled his mouth with live coals from a brazier, and walked around blowing out sparks. Another swallowed a living scorpion, a small snake, broken glass and nails. The spectator was in the midst of these enthusiasts, being touched by them in their antics, yet he could detect no foul play, except that he imagined the sword in the first-named experiment to have been driven into an old wound or between the skin and the flesh. It was to counteract the influence of the fire-eating marabouts that the French government sent over Robert Houdin, the ingenious mechanician, but though he eclipsed their wonders by tricks of electricity and sleight, he has left but a lame explanation of the "juggleries" of the Algerine saints.

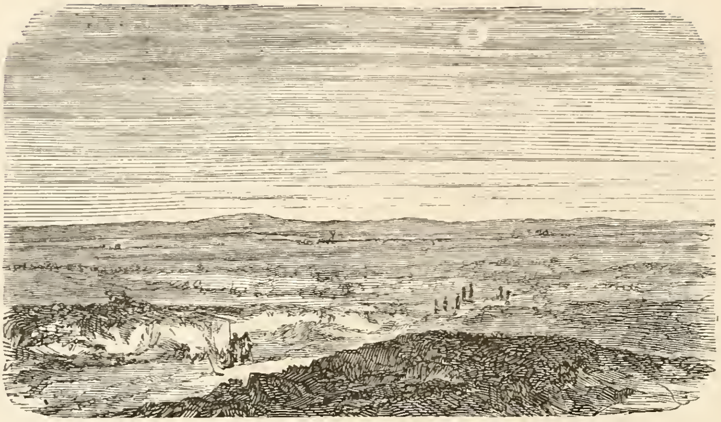
The worst attribute of these khouans is, that after having excited the ignorant Kabyles to many a losing war by their magnetism, they remain themselves behind the curtain, safe and sarcastic.

In the Moorish quarter of Constantina, where the streets are about five feet wide, you sit down to watch the perpetual come-and-go of the inhabitants. Taking a cup of fragrant coffee—which, as the reader knows, is in Eastern countries eaten at the same time that it is drunk—you sit on a stone bench of the coffee-house and contemplate mules, horses, asses, passengers, buyers, sellers, loungers, Arabs, Turks, Kabyles, Jews, Moors and spahis. On every side you hear the cry of "Balek! balek!" This means "Look out!" and the word is closely followed by the causative fact. The street is unpaved, the horse is unshod, the hoofs cannot be heard, and you have hardly time to efface yourself against a wall when a cavalier passes by like a careless torrent, scattering the white bornouses centrifugally from his pathway as he advances. The streets, as we observed, are very narrow. Each has its own manufacture. Here are the tailors; here, in this deafening alley, are the blacksmiths; farther on are the shoemakers, and you are driven mad with wonder at the quantities of slippers made for a people which goes eternally barefoot. Springing out of this dædal intricacy of booths and workshops rise the slender minarets of prayer, of which the principal one belongs to a mosque said to be the most beautiful in Algeria. The interior of this chief mosque is not deprived of ornament, having its columns of pink marble, its elliptical Moorish arches, and its tiles of painted fayence set in the walls. In the centre is the pulpit, coarsely painted red and blue, where the imaum recites his prayers. Three small, lofty windows are filled with carved lacework. The floor is spread with carpets for the knees of the rich, with matting for the poor. Over all rises the square, crescent-crowned minaret—no *belfry*, but a steeple where the chimes are rung by the human voice. Night and day, from the heights of their slender towers, the muezzins toll out their vibrating notes like a bell, inviting the faithful to prayers with the often-heard signal: "Allah ill' Allah: Mohammed resoul Allah!"

(END OF PART FIRST.)

THE ROUMI IN KABYLIA.

PART SECOND.



FROM CONSTANTINA TO SETIF.

THE Roumi who leaves Constantina for Setif has a choice of two routes—one picturesque, lively and covered with Roman remains; the other perfectly arid, and distinguished by the fact that in five miles there are just four trees.

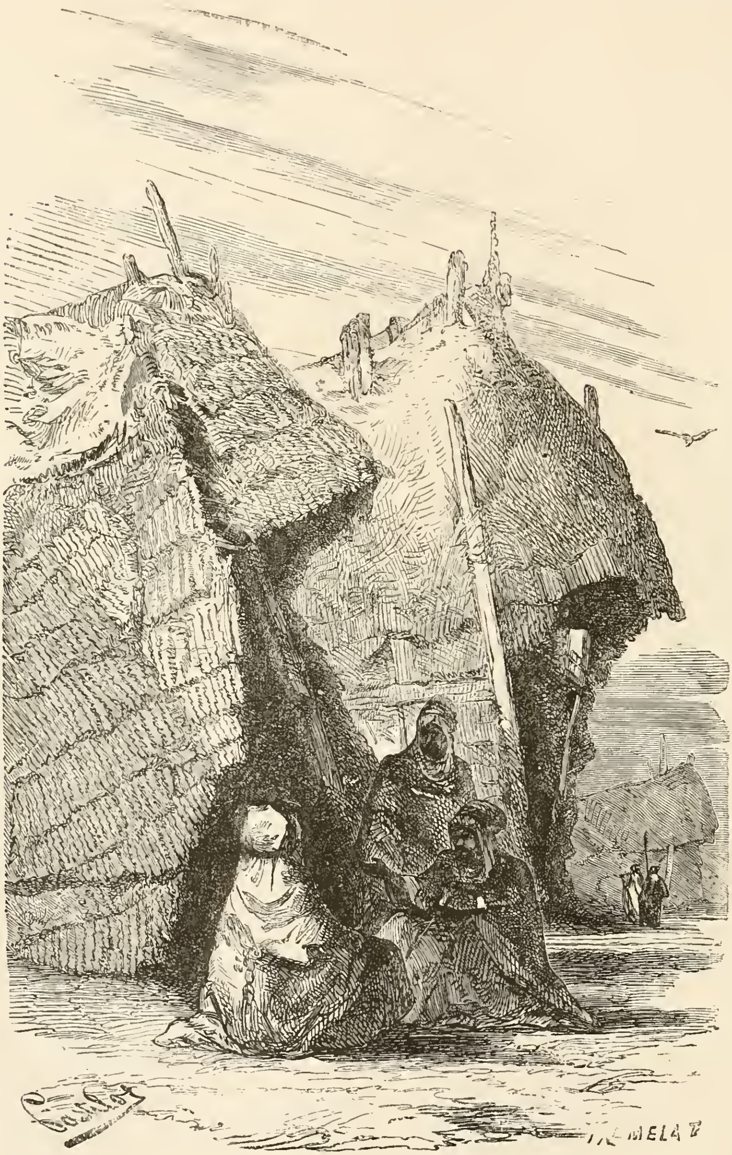
He turns, however, as he settles himself in his stirrup amongst the interested Arab population of Constantina, to cast a last look at the ugly French streets in which, as a tourist, his lot was cast. The Arab quarters, where life still flows on in the old African style, have seized his attention exclusively, and he remembers with a kind of contemptuous remorse that he has paid no regard to the smart modern edifices and offices that belong to French occupation. Yet one of these, at least, the staring Napoleonic Palais de Justice, would yield him a romance from time to time.

Here, in December, 1872, twenty-one natives of the Belezma were tried at a court of assizes for the massacre, last April, of twelve French colonists. The affair was a sequel of the French-Prussian war. The natives, for a long time past on good terms with strangers, became insolent, boasting that France was ruined, and that all the French would soon disappear from Algeria. Some of the tribes, however, remained, if not friendly, at least less hostile. The revolt had become almost general, and on the 21st of April the sheikh Brahim of the Halymias informed the little colony near Batna that they were no longer safe in the forest, and offered to escort them into Batna. These colonists were the workmen at the saw-mills of a M. Prudhomme, about ten miles out of the town. The Europeans, consisting of thirteen men, one woman named Dorliat and her four children, set out the next morning, accompanied by Brahim and about forty of his men. On arriving in a ravine they were suddenly attacked by a large body of the rebels. Six of the party, who were in the rear, succeeded in escaping, but twelve of the men were massacred. Madame Dorliat, it is said, owed her life to a native named Abdallah at the saw-mills, who, on seeing her in tears before starting, said to her: "Woman, you have nothing to fear: no harm will be done to you or to your children. As for the men, I will not answer for them." As she continued to weep, he added: "Listen! When you see the guns pointed at your breast, say this prayer: 'Allah! Allah! Mohammed racoul Allah!' and you will be saved." He also taught the same prayer to her children. In the midst of the slaughter several Arabs had leveled their firearms at her to shoot her, when she remembered Abdallah's lesson, and throwing herself on her knees to them repeated the invocation. The murderers stopped, made her say it over again, and asked, "Do you mean it?" On her replying in the affirmative they spared her, but stripped her entirely naked, and took from her three of her children: she only recovered them thirty-two days later, and one of them died from a sabre-cut in the head, received during the fight. The woman's husband was among the killed, and so was the proprietor of the mill, M. Prudhomme. Of the twenty accused brought to trial at Constantina, twelve were condemned to death and three to hard labor; the others, among whom was the sheikh Brahim, being acquitted.

MOUNTAIN ARABS.

Severe justice is the only condition on which French supremacy can be maintained in the country, and probably for the general Arab populace the rule of the Gauls is a judicious one. But it is to be questioned whether the rule of *talion* is the right one for the Kabyles. In 1871, at the height of the French troubles with the Commune, formidable revolts were going on among the descendants of those untamable wretches whom Saint Arnaud smoked out in a cave. In July the garrison at Setif heard the plaint of a friendly cadi, named D'joudi, who had been wantonly attacked for his loyalty to the French by some organized mutineers under Mohammed Ben-Hadad. The poor wretch had been obliged to flee, with his women and his flocks, into the protection of his country's oppressors. Since the chassepot has succeeded in reducing the Kabyles once more to a superficial obedience, the courts have been busy with the sentences of their insubordinate leaders. France imitates England's sanguinary policy in her treatment of rebellious and semi-civilized tribes. Eight of the leaders of the Kabyle revolt of 1871 have been condemned to death, and a number of others have been sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. The Kabyles will take their revenge when another European war places the Algiers colonists at their mercy.

The guides who accompany the traveler serve, in the absence of the trees, to attract his scrutiny. These mountain Arabs are superb fellows. Lips almost black, and shaded with lustrous beards, set off their perfect teeth, white, small, and separated like those of a young dog. Their black eyes are soft or stern at will. They are usually of middle size, large-chested, as befits Arabs from the hills, with small heads and finely-tapered wrists and ankles. They are dressed in red, with a covering of two bornouses—a white one beneath, and a black one fastened over. Long iron spurs are attached to their boots of red morocco, which come up to the knee; for the Algerian Arab, a bare-legged animal



AN ARAB DOUAR.

when walking, is a booted cavalier when mounted. The white haik, or toga, is fastened around the temples. The horse of the principal guide is a fine iron-gray, with an enormous tail of black—high-stepping, and carrying his elaborately-draped burden as proudly as a banner. In contrast to this imposing guard of honor, the traveler minces along on a dumb, timid mule, who smells the ground in a sordid and vulgar manner, and is guided by a pitiful rope bridle. Such are the hackneys and the guides, engaged on the recommendation of the commandant of Constantina, who undertake to carry us to Setif and on to Bou-Kteun in Kabylia.

THE WASHERWOMEN.

Setif, the ancient metropolis of this part of Mauritania, and celebrated for a brave defence against the invading Saracens, is now the healthiest spot occupied by the French in all Algeria. It lies on a great table a mile above the sea, is fortified, and has four good streets, but pays for its salubrity by the extreme outspokenness of the climate. It is subject to snow for six months, and is enveloped in a cloud of dust the other six. It is in the midst of a great grain-producing country, and is famed for its market, held every Sabbath. The surrounding folk dress for market, instead of dressing for Sunday, and exhibit the whitest of bornouses above the dustiest of legs as they sit crooning over trays of eggs or onions, brought far on foot through the powdery roads.

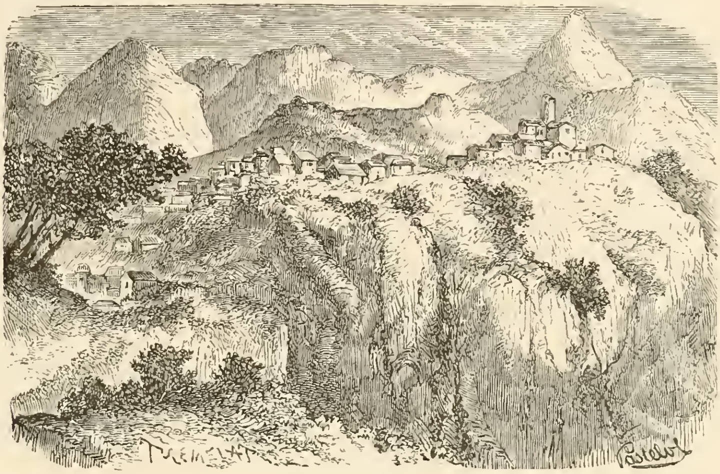
As we leave Setif we are overtaken by the lumbering stage-coach, which plunges and jolts over the road to Sibou-Areridj—a coach apparently about the age of the carriage of General Washington, for Algeria is the infirmary of all the worn-out French diligences. Sibou-Areridj is reached and passed, and a few miles farther on is encountered an Arab douar, or assemblage of tents forming a tribal fraction. This woven village, although we have attained the limits of Kabylia, reminds us that we have not yet reached the Kabylian abodes: an Arab lives in a tent in all localities outside the great cities—a Kabyle, never. However poor the hut in which the

Kabylian artisan starves and labors, it must be a solid mansion founded upon the soil, and its master must feel himself a householder. Our douar proves to be an encampment belonging to the marabouts, or high religious orders, situated on a large plot of ground in the ownership of the saints, and extending up to the limits of Kabylia. Composed of a circle of tents numbering about fifty, and exhibiting numbers of fine horses picketed near the tent-doors, it is as fine a specimen as we shall see of the patriarchal life inherited from the unfatherly father of Ishmael. The pavilions are of a thick camel's hair stuff, very laboriously made by the women, which swells up in the rain and completely excludes moisture. They are striped brown and yellow, but a splendid tabernacle in the centre, of richer colors and finer fabric, bears at the apex a golden ball with plumes of ostrich feathers, the sign of authority. This tent is oval in form, resembling an overturned ship. It is the residence and office of the sheikh, or chief of the douar: several douars united form a tribe, governed by a caid. We venture to visit the sheikh, assured by our spahi guides that we shall be welcome. We are received blandly by the officer, offensively by his dogs, a throng of veritable jackals who scream around our feet as we enter. The interior, rich and severe at once, exhibits saddles and arms, gilded boxes and silken curtains, without a single article of furniture. The sheikh treats us to mild tobacco in chiboukhs—another sign that we are not yet in Kabylia: never is a Kabyle seen smoking. We reciprocate by offering coffee, made on the spot over our spirit-lamp — a process which the venerable sheikh watches as a piece of jugglery, and then dismisses us on our way with the polite but final air which Sarah may be supposed to have used in dismissing Hagar.

THE STONE TURBAN.

The douar, like a city, has suburbs of greater squalor than its interior, and among them, under the palm trees, we see women washing clothes or engaged in the manufacture of couscoussou, a dish common to the Arab, the Kabyle and the traveler hereabouts, and so important that a description of its preparation may be acceptable.

In the opening of a small tent, then, we paused to watch an old moukere (or daughter of Araby), whose hands look as if she had been stirring up the compost-heap of bones, pickings and dirt before the door. With these hands she rolls dexterously a quantity of moistened flour upon a plate. Long habit has made it easy to her, and in an incredibly short time she has formed a multitude of small grains—her hands, it must be said, looking a great deal cleaner after the process. On the fire is a pot of water, just placed. She interrupts her labor to throw in a piece of kid, which, with a quantity of spices, she stirs around with her callous hand, almost to the boiling-pitch of the water. She then addicts herself once more to the manufacture of the flour-grains, of which she has directly made a perfect mountain. The water now boiling, she places the granulated paste in a second earthen pot or vase, whose bottom, pierced like a colander with holes, fits like a cover upon that in which the meat is boiling. The steam cooks the grains, which are afterward served upon a platter, with the meat on top and the soup poured over. All travelers agree that, when you do not witness the preparation, couscoussou is a toothsome and attractive dish, fit to be set beside the maccaroni of Rossini.


BOU-KTEUN.

On the plateau outside the douar we find the cemetery, with its tombs; for the Arab, content to sleep under tissue while he lives, must needs sleep under mason-work after he is dead. Under the koubba, or dome, is seen a sarcophagus covered with a crimson pall, the tomb of a dead marabout: banners of yellow or green silk, the testimony of so many pilgrimages to Mecca, hang over the dead. In the graveyard round about are tombstones roughly sculptured, and the stone turbans indicating the cranium of a Mussulman; the Arab, again, after building his house of camel's hair, ordering his last turban to be woven by the stone-mason!

We pass along a sterile country, with chalky rocks cropping from the ground and making our way increasingly difficult. All is dry as a lime-basket. The climate here, completely wanting in the sense of a just medium, knows no resource between the utter desiccation of all the water-courses in summer and an outpouring in winter which carries away trees, crops and arable earth, presenting the farmer with a result of boulders and sand. The rocks sound beneath our animals' feet for an hour or two: we dip into a ravine and attain Bou-Kteun, our first Kabylian town.

It is night, and we invoke the hospitality of the village chief, called by the Kabyles the amin. Our prayers are not refused. The amin receives the strangers, not so much from a feeling of social etiquette, of which he knows little, as from his religion, which commands him to receive the guest as the messenger of God. He comes to the threshold, kisses our hands without servility, waits on us at a supper which he is too polite to share, and presents us with a prayer at our bedside. Bou-Kteun, situated halfway up the "Red Plateau," guards the pass called the Gates of Iron. It is an uninteresting village, the official house being alone respectable amidst a town of huts. As the amin accompanies us a little way outside the burgh, we remark, among the young orchards, stumps of olive and fig trees sawn away at the base. The amin shows them with sad satire, saying in explanation, "French Roumi:" it was the Christian French.

That is the term, meaning no compliment, which the Kabyle fits to all Europeans alike. In vain the Frenchman, writhing with intellectual repugnance, explains that he is not a Christian—that he is a Voltairean, a creature of reason, an *illuminé*. The Kabyle continues to call him a Roumi, which will bear to be translated Romanist, being imitated from the word Rome and applied to all Catholics. These same tribes doubtless called Saint Augustine a Roumi, and he returned the epithet Barbari or Berbers—a name which the emperors applied with vast contempt to the hordes and mongrel population of exiles and convicts that peopled Mauritania, and which the natives retained until the Arab invasion, when they changed Berber for Kebaïle.

The Romans conquered the shores and the plains. You find none of their ruins among the mountains, where the Berbers, from the Roman occupation to the French, have preserved an independence never completely subdued.

The Kabyle villages are united into federations. If these federations engage in quarrels—which is by no means rare—or if a village is menaced by an enemy, signals are placed in the minarets to appeal to the towns of the same party. These are easily seen, for all the villages are on hilly crests and visible from a distance. From the summit of Taourit el Embrank we can count more than twenty of these Kabyle towns, perched on the peaks around us, and separated by profound chasms.

Every trait points out the distinction between the Kabyles and the surrounding Arabs. The Arabs seek laziness as a sovereign good; the Kabyles are great artificers. The Arabs imprison their wives; the Kabyle women are almost as free as our own. The Kabylian adherence to the Mohammedan faith is but partial, and is variegated by a quantity of superstitions and articles of belief indicating quite another origin. While the Koran proclaims the law of retaliation, eye for eye and tooth for tooth, the more humane Kabyle law simply exiles the criminal for ever, confiscating his goods to the community. It is true, the family of a murdered person are expected to pursue the homicide with all the tenacity of a Corsican vendetta, but the tribal laws are kept singularly clean from the ferocity of individual habits. A strange thing, indicating probably a derivation from times at least as early as Augustine, is that the Kabyle code (a mixture, like all primitive codes, of law and religion) is called by the Greek term canon (*kanoun*). An institution of great protective use, in practice, is the safe-conduct, or *anaya*, a token given to a guest, traveler or proscript, and which protects the bearer as far as the acquaintance of the giver extends: it may be a gun, a stick, a bornouse or a letter. The *anaya* is the sultan of the Kabyles, doing charity and raising no taxes—"the finest sultan in the world," says the native proverb. The Kabyles press into all the towns and seaports for employment with the same independence as if they were a neighboring nationality. They build houses, they work in carpentry, they forge weapons, gun-barrels and locks, swords, knives, pickaxes, cards for wool, ploughshares, gun-stocks, shovels, wooden shoes, and frames for weaving. They weave neatly, and their earthenware is renowned. In addition, they are expert and shameless counter-feiters. Yes, the fact must be admitted: these rugged mountaineers, so proud, and, according to their own code, so honorable, never blush to prepare imitations of the circulating medium, which they only know as an appurtenance and invention of their civilized conquerors. In his rude hovel, with all the sublimities of Nature around him, this child of the wilderness looks up to the summits of the Atlas, "with peaky tops engrailed," and immediately thereafter looks down again to attend to the engrailing of his neat five-franc pieces, which can hardly be told from the genuine. This multiplication of finance was punished under the beys with death. The bey of Constantina arrested in one day the men of three tribes notorious for counterfeiting, and decapitated a hundred of them. There was lately to be seen at Constantina the executioner who was charged with this punishment, the very individual who cut off the ingenious heads of all these poor money-makers, and did not "cut them off with a shilling." He appeared to modern visitors as a modest coffee-house keeper in the Arab quarters, who would serve you, for two cents, a cup of coffee with the hand that had wielded the yataghan. He was an old Turk, with wide gray moustaches, dressed in a remarkable and theatrical fashion. He wore a yellow turban of colossal size, and an ample orange girdle over a dress of light green. Poor Tobriz—that

TOBRIZ, AN ENEMY OF THE GUILLOTINE.

was his name—was violently opposed to the introduction of the guillotine in Algeria. In the days of his prosperity an enormous sabre was passed through his flaming girdle. In the early years of the French conquest Tobriz was employed in the decapitations, which were executed with a saw, and must have been a horrible spectacle. He remembered well the execution of the hundred counter-

THE IRON GATES.

feiters in one night, and their heads exposed in the market.

A rapid descent from Bou-Kteun to the bed of a river of the same name, and a pursuit of the latter to its confluence with the river Biban, lead through impressive ravines to the Iron Gates. The waters of the Biban, impregnated with magnesia, leave their white traces on the bottoms of the precipices which enclose them. The mules pick their way over paths of terrible inclination. At length, at a turn in the overhanging reddish cliffs, where a hundred men could hold in check an entire army, we find ourselves in front of the first gate. It is a round arch four yards in width, pierced by Nature between the rocks. The second is at twenty paces off, and two others are found at a short distance. Between the first and second we observe, chiseled in the stone above the reach of the water, "*L'Armée Française,* 1839," engraved by the sappers attached to the army of the duke of Orleans on the passage of the expedition.

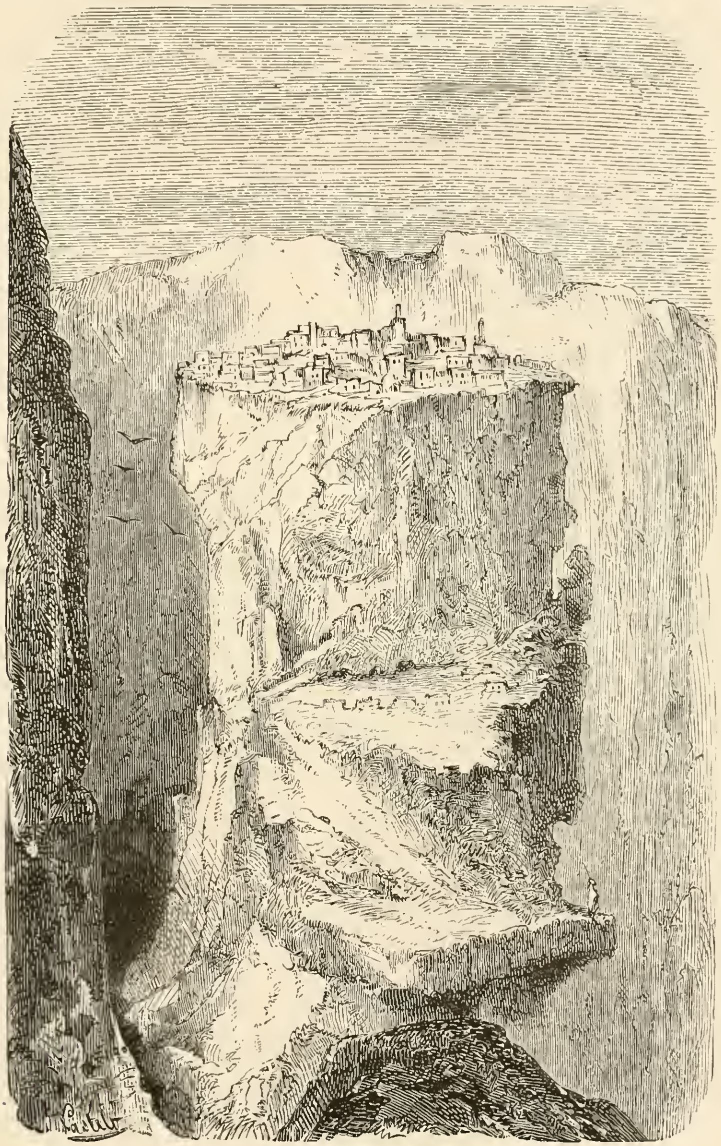
(END OF PART SECOND.)

THE ROUMI IN KABYLIA.

PART THIRD

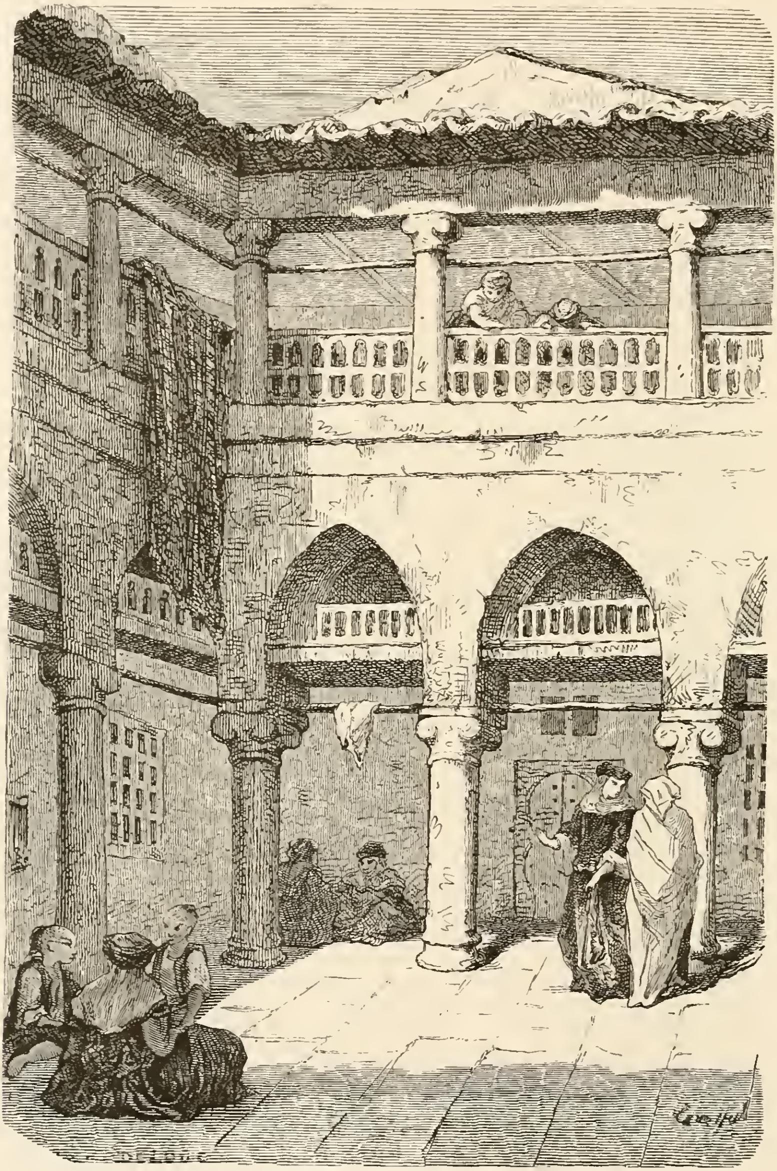
THE AMIN OF KAALA.

EMERGING from these gloomy *cañons*, and passing the Beni-Mansour, the village of Thasaerth (where razors and guns are made), Arzou (full of blacksmiths), and some other towns, we enter the Beni-Aidel, where numerous white villages, wreathed with ash trees, lie crouched like nests of eggs on the summits of the primary mountains, with the magnificent peaks of Atlas cut in sapphire upon the sky above them. At the back part of an amphitheatre of rocky summits, Hamet, the guide, points out a little city perched on a precipice, which is certainly the most remarkable site, outside of opera-scenery, that we have ever seen. It is Kalaa, a town of three thousand inhabitants, divided into four quarters, which contrive, in that confined situation, to be perpetually disputing with each other, although a battle would disperse the whole of the tax-



KALAA.

payers over the edges. Although apparently inaccessible but by balloon, Kalaa may be approached in passing by Bogni. It is hard to give an idea of the difficulties in climbing up from Bogni to the city, where the hardiest traveler feels vertigo in picking his way over a path often but a yard wide, with perpendiculars on either hand. Finally, after many strange feelings in your head and



COURTYARD IN KALAA.

along your spinal marrow, you thank Heaven that you are safe in Kalaa.

The inhabitants of Kalaa pass for rich, the women promenade without veils and covered with jewels, and the city is clean, which is rare in Kabylia. There are four amins (or sheikhs) in Kalaa, to one of whom we bear a letter of introduction. The *anaya* never fails, and we are received with cordiality, mixed with stateliness, by an imposing old man in a white bornouse. "*Enta amin?*" asks the

OURIDA, THE LITTLE ROSE.

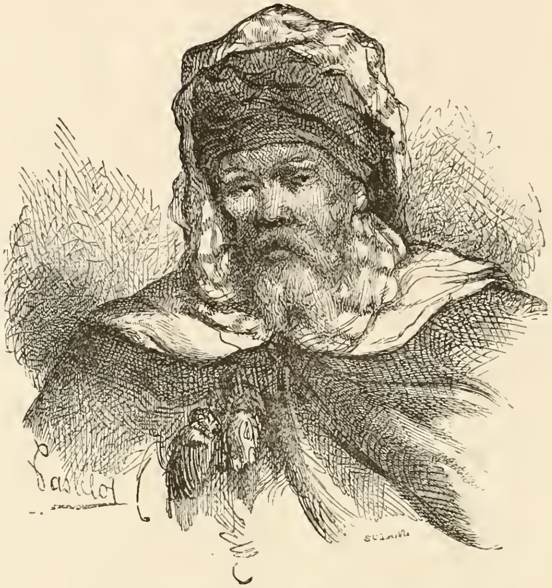
Roumi. He answers by a sign of the head, and reads our missive with care. Immediately we are made at home, but conversation languishes. He knows nothing but the pure Kabyle tongue, and cannot speak the mixed language of the coasts, called Sabir, which is the pigeon-French of Algiers and Philippeville.

"*Enta sabir el arbi?*"—"Knowest thou Arabic?" asks our host.

"*Makach*"—"No," we reply. "*Enta sabir el Ingles?*"—"Canst thou speak English?"

"*Makach*"—"Nay," answers the beautiful old sage, after which conversation naturally languishes.

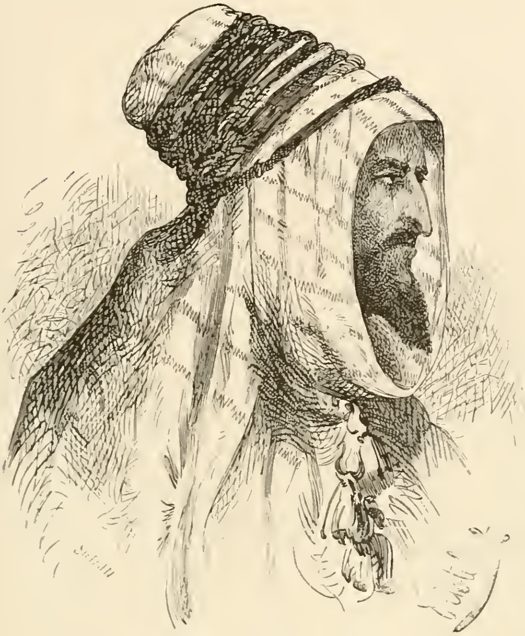
But the next morning, after the richest and most assiduous entertainment, we see the little daughter of the amin playing in the court, attended by a negress. The child-language is much the same in all nations, and in five minutes, in this land of the Barbarians, on this terrible rock, we are pleasing the infant with wiles learnt to please little English-speaking rogues across the Atlantic.



KABYLE SHOWING GERMANIC ORIGIN.

The amin's daughter, a child of six years, forms with her slave a perfect contrast. She is rosy and white, her mouth is laughing, her peeping eyes are laughing too. What strikes us particularly is the European air that she has, with her square chin, broad forehead, robust neck and sturdy body. A glance at her father by daylight reveals the same familiar type. Take away his Arab vestments, and he would almost pass for a brother of Heinrich Heine. His child might play among the towers of the Rhine or on the banks of the Moselle, and not seem to be outside her native country. We have here, in a strong presentment, the types which seem to connect some particular tribes of the Kabyles with the Vandal invaders, who, becoming too much enervated in a tropical climate to preserve their warlike fame or to care for retiring, amalgamated with the natives. The inhabitants on the slopes of the Djordjora, reasonably supposed to have descended from the warriors of Genseric, build houses which amaze the traveler by their utter unlikeness to Moorish edifices and their resemblance to European structures. They make bornouses which sell all over Algeria, Morocco, Tunis and Tripoli, and have factories like those of the Pisans in the Middle Ages.

Contrast the square and stolid Kabyle head shown in the engraving on this page with the type of the Algerian Arab on page 494. The more we study them, or even rigidly compare our Arab with the amin of Kalaa, the more distinction we shall see between the Bedouin and either of his Kabyle compatriots. The amin, although rigged out as a perfect Arab, reveals the square jaw, the firm and large-cut mouth, the breadth about the temples, of the Germanic tribes: it is a head of much distinction, but it shows a large remant of the purely animal force which entered into the strength of the Vandals and distinguished the Germans of Cæsar's day. As for the Kabyle of more vulgar position, take away his haik and his bornouse, trim the points of his beard, and we have a perfect German head. Beside these we set a representative Arab head, sketched in the streets of Algiers. See the feline characteristics, the pointed, drooping moustache and chin-tuft, the extreme retrocession of the nostrils, the thin, weak and cruel mouth, the retreating forehead, the filmed eye, the ennui, the terrestrial detachment, of the Arab. He is a dandy, a creature of alternate flash and dejection, a wearer of ornaments, a man proud of his striped hood and ornamental agraffes. The Kabyle, of sturdier stuff, hands his ragged garment to his son like a tattered flag, bidding him cherish and be proud of the rents made by Roumi bayonets.



TYPE OF ALGERIAN ARAB.

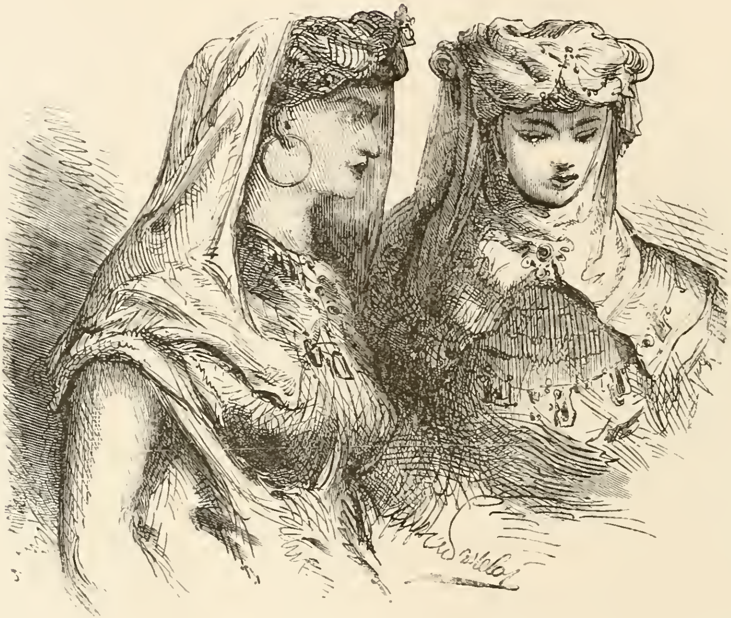
It must be admitted that the Kabyles, with a thousand faults, are far from the fatalism, the abuse of force and that merging of individualism which are found with the Islamite wherever he appears. Whence, then, have come these more humane tendencies, charitable customs and movements of compassion? There are respectable authorities who consider them, with emotion, as feeble gleams of the great Christian light which formerly, at its purest period, illuminated Northern Africa.

It is the opinion of some who have long been conversant with the Kabyles that the deeper you dive into their social mysteries the more traces you find of their having once been a Christian people. They observe, for instance, a set of statutes derived from their ancestors, and which, on points like suppression of thefts and murders, do not agree with the Koran. We have spoken of their name for the law—*kanoun:* evidently the resemblance of this to *κανών* must be more than accidental. Another sign is the mark of the cross, tattooed on the women of many of the tribes. These fleshly inscriptions are an incarnate evidence of the Christian past of some of the Kabyles, particularly such as are probably of Vandal origin. They are found especially among the tribes of the Gouraya, are probably a result of the Vandal invasion, and consist in the mark or sign of the cross, half an inch in dimension, on their forehead, cheeks and the palms of their hands. It appears that all the natives who were found to be Christians were freed from certain taxes by their Aryan conquerors; and it was arranged that they should profess their faith by making the cross on their persons, which practice was thus universalized. The tattooing is of a beautiful blue color, and is more ornamental than the patches worn by our grandmothers.

Our final inference, then, is, that the Kabyles preserve strong traces of certain primitive customs, which in certain cases are attributable to a Christian origin.

A true city of romance, a Venice isolated by waves of mountains, and built upon piles whose beams are of living crystal, Kalaa, all but inaccessible, attracts the tourist as the roc's egg attracted Aladdin's wife. For ages it has been a city of refuge, a sanctuary for person and property in a land of anarchy. Nowhere else are the proud Kabyles so skillful and industrious — nowhere else are their women so much like Western women in beauty and freedom.

The Kabyle woman preserves the liberty which the female of the Orient possessed in the old times, before the jealousy of Mohammed made her a bird in a cage, or, as the Arab poet says, "an attar which must not be given to the winds." In Kabylia the women talk and gossip with the men: their villages present pretty spectacles at sunset, when groups of workers and gossipers mingled are seen laughing, chatting and singing to the accompaniment of the drum. Some of these women are really handsome, and are freely decorated, even in public, with the singular enamels which are their peculiar manufacture, and with threads of gold in their graceful *cheloukas* or tunics.



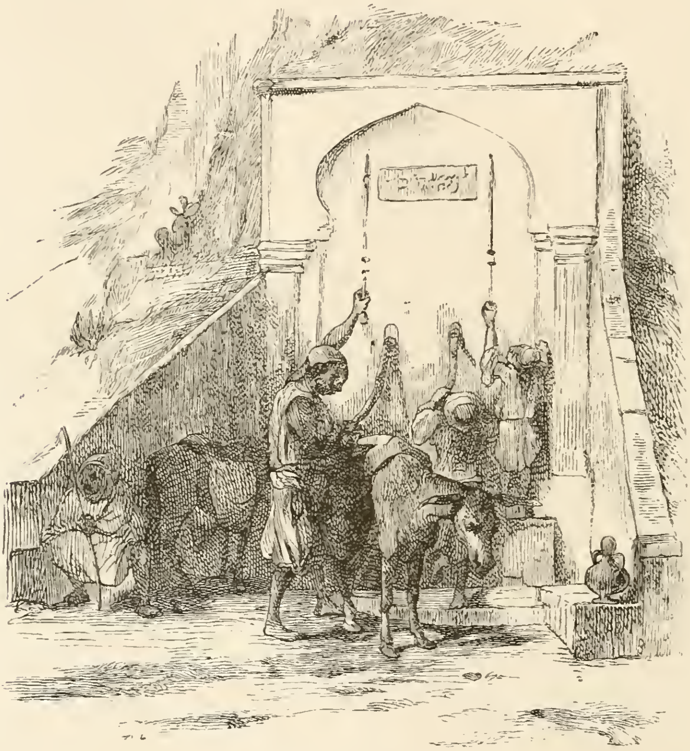
KABYLE WOMEN.

But Kalaa, like the picturesque "Peasant's Nest" described by Cowper in his *Task*, pays one natural penalty for the rare beauty of its site. It pants on a rock whose gorges of lime are the seat of a perpetual thirst. In vain have the suffering natives sunk seven basins in one alley of the town, the cleft separating the quarter of the Son of David from that of the children of Jesus (*Aissa*). The water only trickles by drops, and, though plentiful in winter, deserts them altogether in the season when their air-hung gardens, planted in earth brought up from the plains, need it the most. As the mellowing of the season brings with it its plague of aridity, recourse is had to the river at the bottom of the ravine, the Oued-Hamadouch. Then from morning to night perpendicular chains of diminutive, shrewd donkeys are seen descending and ascending the precipice with great jars slung in network. But the Hamadouch itself in the sultry season is but a thread of water, easily exhausted by the needs of a population counting three thousand mouths. Then the folks of Kalaa would die of thirst were it not for the foresight of a

KABYLE GROUP.

marabout of celebrity, whom chance or miracle caused to discover a hidden spring at the bottom of the rock. By the aid of subscriptions among the rich he built a fountain over the sources of the spring.

It is a small Moorish structure, with two stone pilasters supporting a pointed arch. In the centre is an inscription forbidding to the pious admirers of the marabout the use of the fountain while a drop remains in the Hamadouch. To assist their fidelity, the spring is effectually closed except when all other sources have peremptorily failed, in the united opinion of three amins (Kabyle sheikhs). When the amins give permission the chains which restrain the mechanism are taken off, and the conduits are opened by means of iron handles operating on small valves of the same metal. In the great droughts the fountain of Marabout Yusef-ben-Khouia may be seen surrounded with a throng of astute, white-nosed asses, waiting in philosophic calm amid the excitement and struggle of the attendant water-bearers.



YUSEF'S FOUNTAIN.

Seen hence, from the base of the precipice, where abrupt pathways trace their zigzags of white lightning down the rock, and where no vegetation relieves the harsh stone, the town of Kalaa seems some accursed city in a Dantean *Inferno.* Seen from the peaks of Bogni, on the contrary, the nest of white houses covered with red tiles, surmounted by a glittering minaret and by the poplars which decorate the porch of the great mosque, has an aspect as graceful as unique. In a vapory distance floats off from the eye the arid and thankless country of the Beni-Abbes. On every level spot, on

THE LATEST IMPROVED REAPER.

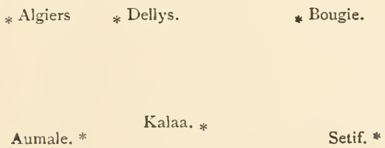
every plateau, is detected a clinging white town, encircled with a natural wreath of trees and hedges. They are all visible one from the other, and perk up their heads apparently to signal each other in case of sudden appeal: it is by a telegraphic system from distance to distance that the Kabyles are collected for their incorrigible revolutions. Two ruined towers are pointed out, called by the Kabyles the Bull's Horns, which in 1847 poured down from their battlements a cataract of fire on Bugeaud's *chasseurs d'Orléans*, who climbed to take them, singing their favorite army-catch as well as they could for want of breath:

> As-tu vu la casquette, la casquette,
> As-tu vu la casquette du Père Bugeaud?

Far away, at the foot of the Azrou-n'hour, an immense peak lifting its breadth of snow-capped red into the pure azure, the populous town of Azrou is spread out over a platform almost inaccessible.

What a strange landscape! And what a race, brooding over its nests in the eagles' crags! Where on earth can be found so peculiar a people, guarding their individuality from the hoariest antiquity, and snatching the arts into the clefts of the mountains, to cover the languid races of the plains with luxuries borrowed from the clouds! The jewelry and the tissues, the bornouses and haiks, the blacksmith-work and ammunition, which fill the markets of Morocco, Tunis and the countries toward the desert, are scattered from off these crags, which Nature has forbidden to man by her very strongest prohibitions.

We are now in the midst of what is known as Grand Kabylia. The coast from Algiers eastward toward Philippeville, and the relations of some of the towns through which we have passed, may be understood from the following sketch:



The scale of distances may be imagined from the fact that it is eighty-seven and a half miles by sea from Algiers to Bougie. The country known as Grand Kabylia, or Kabylia *par excellence*, is that part of Algeria forming the great square whose corners are Dellys, Aumale, Setif and Bougie. Though these are fictitious and not geographical limits, they are the nearest approach that can be made to fixing the nation on a map. Besides their Grand Kabylia, the ramifications of the tribe are rooted in all the habitable parts of the Atlas Mountains between Morocco and Tunis, controlling an irregular portion of Africa which it is impossible to define. It will be seen that the country of the tribe is not deprived of seaboard nor completely mountainous. The two ports of Dellys and Bougie were their sea-cities, and gave the French infinite trouble: the plain between the two is the great wheat-growing country, where the Kabyle farmer reaps a painful crop with his saw-edged sickle.

In this trapezoid the fire of rebellion never sleeps long. As we write comes the report of seven hundred French troops surrounded by ten thousand natives in the southernmost or Atlas region of Algeria. The bloody lessons of last year have not taught the Kabyle submission. It seems that his nature is quite untamable. He can die, but he is in his very marrow a republican.

(END OF PART THIRD.)

THE ROUMI IN KABYLIA.

CONCLUDING PART.

ABD-EL-KADER IN KABYLIA.

A NOBLE life, whose course belongs to the subject of these pages, is, while they are preparing, apparently drawing to a close. The severe illness now reported of Abd-el-Kader, coming upon old age, disappointment, war and the lassitude of a great purpose foiled, can have but one result. Dimmed to-day, as our hurrying century so rapidly dims her brightest renowns, Abd-el-Kader's existence has only to cease and his memory will assume the sacred splendor of the tomb.

Hapless Washington of a betrayed revolution! In these latter days of enforced quiet in Palestine how his early scenes of African experience must have flooded his mind! — his birth, sixty-six years ago, in a family group of Moslem saints; the teachings of his beautiful mother Leila and of his marabout father; his pilgrimage when eight years old to Mecca, and his education in Italy; his visions among the tombs, and the crown of magic light which was seen on his brows when he began to taste the enchanted apple; then, with adolescence, the burning sense of infidel tyranny that made his home at Mascara seem only a cage, barred upon him by the unclean Franks; and soon, while still a youth, his amazing election as emir of Mascara and sultan of Oran, at a moment when the prophet-chief had just four *oukias* (half-dimes) tied into the corner of his bornouse!

"God will send me others," said young Abd-el-Kader.

AN AGHA OF KABYLIA HUNTING WITH THE FALCON.

The tourist remembers the trinity-portrait of him, by Maxime David, in the Luxembourg Gallery at Paris, where his face, framed in its white hood, is seen in full, in profile and in three-quarters view. The visage is aquiline, olive-tinted, refined; but we can describe it more authentically in the terms of one of his enemies, Lieutenant de France, who became his prisoner in 1836, and who followed his movements for five months, taking down his daily talk and habits like a Boswell, but leaving nothing in his narrative that is not to the sultan's credit. Of Abd-el-Kader at twenty-eight the lieutenant says: "His face is long and deadly pale, his large black eyes are soft and languishing, his mouth small and delicate, and his nose rather aquiline: his beard is thin, but jet-black, and he wears a small moustache, which gives a martial character

THE DISCIPLES OF TOFAIL.

to his soft, delicate face, and becomes him vastly. His hands are small and exquisitely formed, and his feet equally beautiful." Every interlocutor leaves a similar portrait, impressing upon the mind the image of some warrior-saint of the Middle Ages, born too late, and beating out his noble fanaticism against our century of machines and chicanery.

Himself, according to some accounts, a Berber, the young marabout early saw the importance of inducing the Kabyles to join with him and his Arabs in expelling the French. He affiliated himself with the religious order of Ben-abd-er-Rhaman, a saint whose tomb is one of the sacred places of Kabylia; and it is certain that the college of this order furnished him succor in men and money. He visited the Kabyles in their rock-built villages, casting aside his military pomp and coming among them as a simple pilgrim. If the Kabyles had received him better, he could have shown a stouter front to the enemy. But the mountain Berbers, utterly unused to co-operation and subordination, met him with surprise and distrust.

A KOUBBA, OR MARABOUT'S TOMB.

At least, such is the account of General Daumas: in this interesting relation we are forced to depend on the French. Daumas, amply provided with documents, letters and evidence, has arranged in his work on *La Grande Kabylie* the principal evidence we possess of this epoch of Abd-el-Kader's life.

The chief appeared in 1836 at Bordj-Boghni and at Si-Ali-ou-Moussa among the mountains. The Kabyle tribes visited him in multitudes. He addressed them at the door of his tent, and these rude mountaineers found themselves face to face with that saintly sallow visage, those long gazelle eyes and the prophetic countenance framed in its apostolic beard. Raising his arms in the attitude of Raphael's Paul at Lystra, he said simply, "I am the thorn which Allah has placed in the eye of the Franks. And if you will help me I will send them weeping into the sea."

But when it came to a demand for

supplies, the Kabyles, says Daumas, utterly refused.

"You have come as a pilgrim," said their amins, "and we have fed you with kouskoussu. If you were to come as a chief, wishing to lay his authority on us, instead of white kouskoussu we should treat you to black kouskoussu" (gunpowder).

Abd-el-Kader, without losing the serenity of the marabout, argued with the Kabyles, and succeeded in obtaining their reverence and adhesion; but when he mounted his horse to go the amins significantly told him to come among them always as a simple pilgrim, demanding hospitality and white kouskoussu.

KABYLE MEN.

At Thizzi-Ouzzou he met the tribe of Ameraouas, who promised to submit to his authority as soon as the fractions surrounding that centre should do so. The Sons of Aicha received him with honor and games of horsemanship. At the camp of Ben Salem the chiefs of several tribes came to render homage to the noble marabout, descendant of Berber ancestry and of the Prophet. From thence he sought tribes still more wild, discarding his horse and appearing among the villagers as a simple foot-pilgrim. The natives approached him in throngs, each family bearing a great dish of rancid kouskoussu. Laying the platters before his tent and planting their clubs in them, all vociferated, "Eat! thou art our guest;" and the chieftain was constrained to taste of each. Finally, near Bougie he happened to receive a courier sent by the French commandant. The Kabyles immediately believed him to be in treasonable communication with the enemy, and he was forced to retire.

The young chief was in fact at that time in peaceful communication with the French, having made himself respected by them in the west, while they were attending to the subjugation of Constantina and founding of Philippeville in the east. Protected by the treaty of Taafna in 1837, Abd-el-Kader was at leisure to attempt the consolidation of his little empire and the fusion of the jealous tribes which composed it. The low moral condition of his Arabs, who were for the most part thieves and cowards, and the rude individuality of his Kabyles, who would respect his religious but scoff at his political claims, made the task of the leader a difficult one. To the Kabyles he confided the care of his

KABYLE WOMEN.

saintly reputation, renouncing their contributions, and asking only for their prayers as a Berber and as a khouan of the order of Ben-abd-er-Rhaman. For a few years his power increased, without one base measure, without any soilure on the blazon of increasing prosperity. In 1840 the sultan of Oran, at the zenith of his influence, swept the plains beneath the Atlas with his nomad court, defended by two hundred and fifty horsemen. Passing his days in reviewing his troops and in actions of splendid gallantry, he resumed the humility of the saint at evening prayers: his palace of a night received him, watched by thirty negro tent-guards; and here he sheltered his lowly head, whose attitude was perpetually bowed by the habitual weight of his cowl. The French soon became jealous, and encroached upon their treaty. The duke of Orleans, we are told, had Abd-el-Kader's seal counterfeited by a Jewish coiner at Oran, and with passports thus stamped sent scouting-parties toward the sultan's dominions, protected by the sultan's forged safe-conduct. Open conflict followed, and a succession of French razzias. In 1845, Colonels Pelissier and St. Arnaud, under Marshal Bugeaud, conducted that expedition of eternal infamy during which seven hundred of Abd-el-Kader's Arabs were suffocated in a cave-sanctuary of the Dahra. This sickening measure was put in force at a *cul-de-sac*, where a few hours' blockade would have commanded a peaceful surrender.

"The fire was kept up throughout the night, and when the day had fully dawned the then expiring embers were kicked aside, and as soon as a sufficient time had elapsed to render the air of the silent cave breathable, some soldiers were directed to ascertain how matters were within. They were gone but a few minutes, and then came back, we are told, pale, trembling, terrified, hardly daring, it seemed, to confront the light of day. No wonder they trembled and looked pale! They had found all the Arabs dead—men, women, children, all dead!—had beheld them lying just as death had found and left them—the old man grasping his gray beard; the dead mother clasping her dead child with the steel gripe of the last struggle, when all gave way but her strong love."

Abd-el-Kader's final defeat in 1848 was due less to the prowess of Lamoricière and Bugeaud than to the cunning of his traitorous ally, the sultan of Morocco, who, after having induced many of the princely saint's adherents to desert, finally drove him by force of numbers over the French frontier. Confronting the duke of Aumale on the Morocco borders, he made a gallant fight, but lost half his best men in warding off an attack of the Mencer Kabyles. Fatigued now with a long effort against overwhelming pressure, and world-weary, he met the duke at Nemours, on the seacoast close to the Morocco line. Depositing his sandals, Arab-fashion, outside the French head-quarters, he awaited the duke's signal to sit down.

"I should have wished to do this sooner," said the broken chief, "but I have awaited the hour decreed by Allah. I ask the aman (pardon) of the king of the French for my family and for myself."

Louis Philippe could not come in contact with this pure spirit without an exhibition of Frankish treachery, like tinder illuminating its foulness at the striking of steel. The sultan's surrender was conditioned on the freedom to retire to Egypt. The French government no sooner secured him than it treacherously sent him to prison, first to the castle of Pau, then to that of Amboise near Blois, where he was kept from 1848 to 1852, when the late emperor made an early use of his imperial power to set him at liberty. Since his freedom, at Constantinople, Broussa and Damascus the ex-sultan has continued to practice the rigors and holiness of the Oriental saint, proving his catholic spirit by protecting the Christians from Turkish injustice, and awaiting with the deep fatigue of a martyr the moment destined to unite his soul with the souls of Washington, Bozzaris and L'Ouverture.

This noble life, which impinges a moment on our course through Kabylia, is surely the most epical of our century, which can never be reproached for the lack of a hero while Abd-el-Kader's name is remembered.

DEFILE OF THIFILKOULT.

The descent from the rock-perched city of Kalaa having been made in safety, and the animals being remounted at the first plateau, our Roumi traveler and his guides arrive in a few hours at the modern, fortified, but altogether Kabylian stronghold of Akbou. Here a letter from a French personage of importance gives us the acquaintance of a Kabyle family of the highest rank.

The ancestors of Ben-Ali-Cherif, remotely descended from Mohammed through one of his sisters, were of Kabylian race, and one of them, settled in Chellata, near Akbou, founded there a prosperous college of the Oriental style. Ben-Ali-Cherif, born in Chellata and residing at Akbou, receives the tourist with a natural icy dignity which only a czar among the sovereigns of Europe could hope to equal: those who have but seen Arabs of inferior class can form no notion of the distinction and lofty gravity of the chiefs of a grand house (or of a grand tent, as they are called): the Kabyle noble is quite as superb as the Arab.

Ben-Ali seats us at a rich table covered with viands half French and half Oriental: a beautiful youth, his son, resembling a girl with his blue head-drapery and slim white hands, places himself at table, and attracts the conversation of the guest. The young man answers in monosyllables and with his large eyes downcast, and the agha significantly observes, "You will excuse him if he does not answer: he is not used to talk before his father."

The host, disposing of the time of his guests, has arranged a series of diversions. The valley of the river Sahel is full of boars, and panthers and monkeys abound in the neighboring spurs of the Zouaouas. While the Roumi are examining his orchards of oranges and pomegranates the agha's courtyard fills with guests, magnificent sheikhs on Barbary horses, armed with inlaid guns. These are all entertained for the night, together with the usual throng of parasites, who choke his doors like the clients of the rich Roman in Horace.

At sunrise the party is mounted. The mare of the agha, a graceful creature whose veins form an embroidery over her coat of black satin, is caparisoned with a slender crimson bridle, and a saddle smaller than the Arab saddles and furnished with lighter stirrups. The Christian guests are furnished with veritable arquebuses of the Middle Ages; that is to say, with Kabyle guns, the stock of which, flattened and surmounted with a hammer of flints, is ignited by a wheel-shaped lock, easier to be managed by a Burgundian under Charles the Bold than by an unpretending modern Roumi.

The usual features of an Algerian hunt succeed. A phantom-like silence pervades the column of galloping horsemen up to the moment when the boar is beaten up. Then, with a formidable clamor of "*Haou! haou!*" from his pursuers, the tusked monster bursts through the tamarinds and dwarf palms: after a long chase he suddenly stops, and then his form instantly disappears under the gigantic African hounds who leap upon him and hang at his ears. A huntsman dismounts and stabs his shoulder with the yataghan. After a rest the chase is resumed, but this time under the form of a hawking-party.

Only the djouads and marabouts—that is to say, the religious or secular nobles—have the privilege of hunting with the falcon. The patrician bird, taken by the agha from the shoulder of his hawk-bearer, is about as large as a pigeon, the head small, beak short and strong, the claws yellow and armed with sharp talons. The bird rides upon his master's leather glove until a hare is started: then, unhooded and released, his first proceeding is to dart into the zenith as if commissioned to make a hole in the sky. No fear, however, that the poor panting quarry is lost for an instant from the vision of that infallible eye, which follows far aloft in the blue, invisible and fatal. Soon the cruel bird drops like an aërolite, and, as the deed is explained to us, doubles up his yellow hand into a fist, and deals the animal a sharp blow on the skull. Directly, as the horsemen approach, he is found with his obtuse head bent over his prey, digging out its eyes by the spoonful.

By noontide the troop is naturally famished. A luncheon, has, however, been prepared by the thoughtfulness of the agha. Riding up to a tent which appears as by magic in the wilderness, the provisions for a sumptuous repast are discovered. Two fires are burning in the open air, and are surrounded by a host of servants or followers. The Roumi and their host adjourn from the neighborhood of the preparations, and are served under a plane tree beautiful as

AN ARAB MARKET.

that whose limbs were hung by Xerxes with bracelets. A soup, absolutely set on fire with red pepper, introduces the repast: pancakes follow, and various meats smothered with eggs or onions. Then two half-naked cooks stagger up bearing on a wooden dish, under a gold-bordered napkin, a sheep roasted entire and still impaled with the spit. The chief cook takes hold of the skewer and draws it violently toward himself, applying a smart stroke with his naked heel to the tail of the creature—a contact which would seem almost as trying as the ancient ordeal of the ploughshares, or as the red-hot horseshoes which the fire-eating marabouts are accustomed to dance upon. The Roumi travelers taste the succulent viand, taste again, eat till ashamed, and are ready to declare that never was mutton properly dressed before. If possible, they vow to introduce the undissected roast, the bonfire, the spit and the cook with imperturbable heel into the cuisine of less-favored lands more distant from the sun.

Champagne, which the cunning Mussulmans do not consider as wine, washes the meal, and coffee and pale perfumed tobacco supplement it. But when the appetite has retired and permitted some sharpness to the ordinary senses, the travelers are amazed at the gradual and silent increase which has taken place in their numbers. Every group of guests is augmented by a circle of prone and creeping forms that, springing apparently from the earth, are busily breaking the fragments of the feast under the care of the servitors, who appear rather to encourage than repel them. Ben-Ali-Cherif, being interrogated, replies calmly, "They are Tofailians."

The Tofailian is a parasite on system, an idler who elevates his belly into a divinity, or at least a principle. His prophet or exemplar is a certain Tofail, whose doctrine is expressed in a few practical rules, respectfully observed and numerously followed. "Let him who attends a wedding-feast," says one of his apophthegms, "having no invitation, avoid glancing here and there dubiously. Choose the best place. If the guests are numerous, pass through boldly without saluting any one, to make the guests of the bride think you a friend of the bridegroom, and those of the groom a friend of the bride."

An Arab poet said of Tofail: "If he saw two buttered pancakes in a cloud, he would take his flight without hesitation."

A Tofailian of marked genius once learned that a festival was going on at a grand mansion. He ran thither, but the door was closed and entrance impossible. Inquiring here and there, he learned that a son of the house was absent on the Mecca pilgrimage. Instantly he procured a sheet of parchment, folded it, and sealed it as usual with clay: he rolled his garments in the dust and bent his spine painfully over a long staff. Thus perfect in what an actor would call his reading, he sent word to the host that a messenger had arrived from his son. "You have seen him?" said the delighted Amphitryon, "and how did he bear his fatigues?" "He was in excellent health," answered the Tofailian very feebly. "Speak, speak!" cried the eager father, "and tell me every detail: how far had he got?" "I cannot, I am faint with hunger," said the simple fellow. Directly he was seated at the highest place of the feast, and every guest admired that splendid appetite—an appetite quite professional, and cultivated as poulterers cultivate the assimilative powers of livers. "Did my son send no letter?" asked the poor father in a favorable interval caused by strangulation. "Surely," replied the good friend, and, comprehending that the critical moment had arrived, he drew to himself a chine of kid with one hand while he unwound the letter from his turban with the other. The seal was still moist, and the pilgrim had not found time to write anything on the parchment. "Are you a Tofailian?" asked the host with the illumination of a sudden idea. "Yea, in truth, verily," said the stranger, struggling with his last mouthful. "Eat, then, and may Sheytan trouble thy digestion!" The parasite was shown the door, but he had dined.

Men of rank and wealth, like Ben-Ali-Cherif, turn the Tofailian into a proverb, and thus laugh at a plague they cannot cure.

The Algerine coast has enriched our language with at least two words, respectively warlike and peaceful—*razzia* and *fantasia*. The latter is applied to a game of horsemanship, used to express joy or to honor a distinguished friend. A spirited fantasia is organized by the guests of the agha on returning to Akbou. Twenty of the best-mounted horsemen having gone on before, and being completely lost to sight in the whirlwind of dust created by their departure, all of a sudden reappear. Menacing their host and his companions like an army, they gallop up, their bornouses flying and their weapons flashing, until at a few paces they discharge their long guns under the bodies of the horses opposite, and take flight like a covey of birds. Loading as they retire and quickly forming, again they dash to the charge, shouting, galloping, and shooting among the legs of their host's fine horses: this sham attack is repeated a score or two of times, up to the door of the agha's house. The Bedouins, in their picturesque expression, are making the powder talk. Finer horsemanship can nowhere be seen. Their horses, accustomed to the exercise, enter into the game with spirit, and the riders,

POVERTY AND JEWELS.

secure in their castellated saddles, sit with ease as they turn, leap or dance on two feet. Used, too, from infancy to the society of their mares, they move with them in a degree of unity, vigor and boldness which the English horseman never attains. The Arab's love for his horse is not only the pride of the cavalier: it is an article of faith, and the Prophet comprehended the close unity between his nation and their beasts when he said, "The blessings of this world, up to the day of judgment, shall be suspended to the locks which our horses wear between their eyes."

Truly the Oriental idea of hospitality has its advantages—on the side of the obliged party. This haughty ruler, on the simple stress of a letter from a French commandant, has made himself our servant and teased his brain for devices to amuse us. His chief cook precedes us to his birthplace at Chellata, to arrange a sumptuous Arab supper. After a ride made enervating by the simoom, we descend at the arcaded and galleried Moorish house where Ben-Ali-Cherif was born, and are visited by the sheikh of the college which the agha maintains. It is a strange, peaceful, cloistered scene, consecrated to study and hospitality. Chellata, white and silent, sleeps in the gigantic shadow of the rock Tisibert, and in its graveyard, among the tombs of sacred marabouts, walk the small bald-headed students reciting passages of law or of the Koran. Algeria is dotted over with institutions (*zaouias*) similar to this, which, like monasteries of old, combine the functions of seminaries and gratuitous inns. That of Ben-Ali-Cherif, to which he contributes from his own purse a sum

GEORGE CHRISTY IN AFRICA.

equal to sixteen thousand dollars a year, is enshrined in buildings strewn around the resting-place of his holy ancestors. The sacred koubba (or dome) marking the bones of the marabout is swept by shadows of oak and tamarind trees: professors stray in the shadow, and the pupils con their tasks on the adjoining tombstones.

Every impression of Chellata is silvered over, as with a moonlight of beneficence, by the attentions of Ben-Ali's house-steward, who rains upon our appetites a shower of most delicious kouskoussu, soothes us with Moorish coffee, and finishes by the politeness of lighting and taking the first whiff of our cigarette —a bit of courtesy that might be spared, but common here as in parts of Spain.

With daybreak we find the town of Chellata preparing to play its rôle as a mart or place of industry. The labor seems at first sight, however, to be confined to the children and the women: the former lead the flocks out at sunrise to pasture in the mountain, the women make the town ring with their busy work, whether of grinding at the mill, weaving stuff or making graceful vases in pottery. The men are at work in the fields, from which they return at nightfall, sullen, hardy and silent, in their tattered haiks. These are never changed among the poor working-people, for the scars of a bornouse are as dignified as those of the body, and are confided with the garment by a father to his son. The women, as we have remarked before, are in a state of far greater liberty than are the female Arabs, but it is more than anything else the liberty to toil. Among these mountaineers the wife is a chattel from whom it is permissible to extract all the usefulness possible, and whom it is allowable to sell when a bargain can be struck. The Kabyle woman's sole recreation is her errand to the fountain. This is sometimes situated in the valley, far from the nodding pillar or precipice on which the town is built. There the traveler finds the good wives talking and laughing together, bending their lively —sometimes blonde and blue-eyed— faces together over their jars, and gossiping as in Naples or as in the streets around Notre Dame in Paris. The Kabyles—differing therein from the Arabs —provide a fountain for either sex; and a visit by a man to the women's fountain is charged, in their singular code of penal fines, "inspired by Allah," a sum equal to five dollars, or half as much as the theft of an ox.

By the white light of day-dawn we quit Chellata, with the naked crests of the Djurjura printing themselves on the starry vault behind us and the valley below bathed in clouds. As we descend we seem to waken the white, red-roofed villages with our steps. The plateaus are gradually enlivened with spreading herds and men going forth to labor. We skirt the precipice of Azrou-n'hour, crowned with its marabout's tomb. The plains at our feet are green and glorious, pearled with white, distant villages. Opposite the precipice the granite rocks open to let us pass by a narrow portal where formerly the Kabyles used to stand and levy a toll on all travelers. This straitened gorge, where snow abounds in winter, and which has various narrow fissures, is named the Defile of Thifilkoult: it connects the highways of several tribes, but is impassable from December to April from the snow and the storms which rage among the cliffs. We are still four thousand feet above the plain, whose depth the swimming eye tries in vain to fathom, yet the snowy peaks above us are inaccessible. Descending chains of rocks mingled with flint and lime, we attain a more clement landscape. Kabyle girls crowd around a well called the Mosquitoes' Fountain, a naked boy plays melancholy tunes on a reed, and the signs of a lower level are abundant in the fields of corn and orchards of olive. But the rugged mountains, in whose grasp we have found so many wonders, are not left without regret. The most picturesque part of our course is now behind us, and as day dies upon our crossing through Iferaouenen, we turn back to behold the fine line of the mountains, half sad and regretful,

While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

Fourteen expeditions were found necessary by the French between 1838 and 1857 to subdue the Kabyles, who under leaders such as Ben-Salem, Ben-Kassim, the Man-with-the-Mule, the Man-with-the-She-Ass, and other chiefs less celebrated, defended their territory step by step. In the great chastisement of 1857, Marshal Randon, after subduing this part of the Djurjura ridge in detail, determined to preserve the fruits of victory by two new constructions — a fort and a military road. France was to reside among her unwilling colonists, and she was to possess an avenue of escape. The building of these two conveniences, as we may call them, over the smoking ruins of victory, was a conspicuous example of the excellent engineering genius of the nation. An English officer, Lieutenant-colonel Walmsley, witnessed, and has left a spirited account of, the great conquest, and the immediate improvement of it. The strongholds of the Djurjura (it being May, 1857) were taken: the most difficult, Icheriden, was soon to fall, yielding only to the assault of the Foreign Legion—that troop of Arabs and of Kabyles from the Zouaoua plain wherefrom we derive the word *zouave*. Marshal Randon selected for his fort the key of the whole district: it was a place known as the Souk-el-Arba ("Market of Wednesday"). It was in the heart of the Beni Raten land, and in a spot where three great mountain-ridges ran down into the plain of the Sebaou. These ridges, subdued and friendly, would be held in respect by the garrison of the fort, and the other ridge of Agacha, still rebellious, would likewise terminate at the fort. The works were immediately laid out and quickly built. As the road sprang into its level flight like magic, the peeping Kabyles, perfectly unaware that they were conquered, laughed in derision. "It is to help the cowards to run away," they said. In due time rose the pale walls of the citadel, with mountains above and hills below. The Kabyles call it the White Phantom. Their songs, the "traditions" of illiterate tribes, recite the building of the terrible stronghold: "The Roumi has arrived at the Market: he is building there. Weep, O my eyes! tears of blood. The children of Raten are valiant men: they are known as masters of the warlike art. They fell upon the enemy at Icheriden. The Franks fell like lopped branches. Glory to those brave men! But the Roumi has peeled us like seeds. The powder talks no more. The warlike men are fainting. Cover thyself with mourning, O my head!"

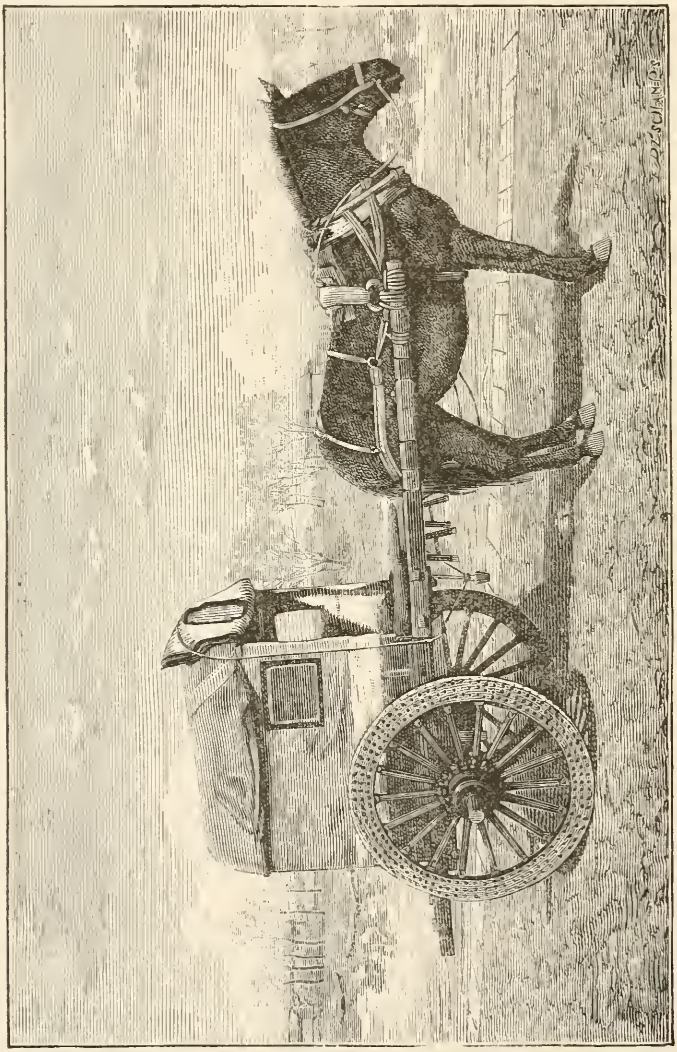
As the tourist turns the summit of Aboudid suddenly appears, like an ornamental detail in a panorama, this vast fortress, originally named Fort Napoléon, and since the collapse of the empire called Fort National. During the French troubles of 1871, in the month of August, General Cérès was obliged to inspire terror by burning the village of Thizzi-Ouzzou beneath, and then went on to relieve the fort. When the next opportunity will occur for the Beni Raten to assert their rights it is impossible to tell. We descend from the fort, and all becomes commonplace. The charred ruins of Thizzi-Ouzzou in its valley-bed are being replaced by new buildings. All wears a look of every-day thrift. The Arab, moving his household goods, drives before him his poor dingy wife, loaded down with worthless valuables and also with copper jewels, in which she clanks like a fettered slave. A negro musician from the Desert, a true African minstrel, capers before us and beats the tom-tom, until, distracted with his noise, we pay him and bombard him off the face of the road with projectiles.

From Thizzi-Ouzzou to Algiers it is but four hours' journey, and the four hours are passed in a diligence. Yes, our circumstances are subdued to the conditions of the diligence! Adieu, our spahi guides, like figures from *Lalla Rookh!* Adieu, our dream of an African Switzerland! The Roumi, outside of Kabylia, quickly fades into the light of common day, and becomes plain Tom or Harry.

SKETCHES OF EASTERN TRAVEL.

I.—THE COUNT DE BEAUVOIR IN CHINA.

WITHIN the last twenty years the East has opened wide its gates, and China, Japan and India are as anxious to become acquainted with the later but more fully developed civilizations of Europe and this country as we are to examine their social, political and industrial systems. We have had accounts from English, American, German and French travelers in the East, each tinged,



THE MANDARIN CHING'S CART.

in a measure, with the national spirit of their respective countries. In the case of the traveler, as of the astronomer, a certain allowance, known as the personal equation, has to be made in receiving the accounts of his observations.

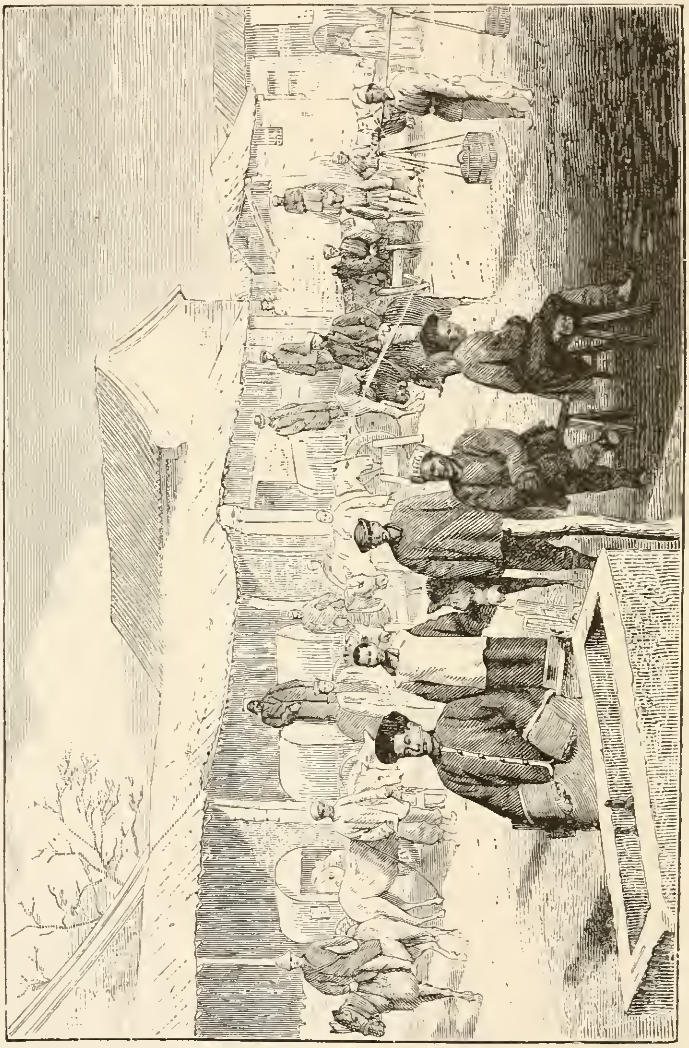
The journey round the world made by the count de Beauvoir in company with the duke de Penthièvre, son of the prince de Joinville, is entitled to especial notice, as the attentions shown to the travelers by the Chinese and Japanese authorities enabled them to obtain the best conditions for investigating various matters of interest.

On landing at Shanghai their hearts were gladdened by seeing "on the quay a French custom-house official, with his kepi over his ear, his rattan in his hand, dressed in a dark-green tunic, and full of the inquisitiveness of the customs inspector—as martial and as authoritative as in his native land." The appearance of the population here struck our travelers as different from that of the native Chinese farther south. Those were yellow, copper-colored, lean, and slightly clad in garments of cotton cloth; these were rosy as children and fat as pigs: they were besides wrapped up in four or five pelisses, worn one over the other, lined with sheepskins, so that a single man smelt like a whole flock of sheep. Their style of dress was this: half a dozen waistcoats without sleeves, covered with a single overcoat with extremely long sleeves, falling down to their knees. These garments made them resemble balls of wool rather than men.

By accident, the party passed first through the quarter of the town devoted to the restaurants. Here they were for every grade of fortune, from the millionaire to the ragged poor. The street filled with these latter was terrible: it swarmed with thousands of beggars, hardly human in form and almost naked, though there was frozen snow upon the ground. A group, seeming even joyous, attracted attention. The cause of their happiness was a dead dog which they had found in one of the gutters. Even, however, in this degradation the politeness of these people struck our Frenchmen forcibly. The guests gathered about this fortuitous repast treated each other with a ceremonious deference strange enough in such surroundings. In a still lower stratum, however, among even a more degraded class, whose feasts were obtained from the live preserves carried upon their own persons, this politeness, the last quality a Chinaman loses from the degradation of poverty, was wanting.

A few miles from Shanghai lies Zi-Ka-Wai, a colony founded by the Jesuits, of which our traveler gives a most interesting account. The road to Zi-Ka-Wai lay over a sandy plain intersected with canals. On both sides of the road were hundreds of coffins resting upon the surface of the ground. In the northern part of China there are no graveyards, and the coffins were arranged sometimes in piles in the fields. It is said that they thus remain until a change takes place in the reigning dynasty, when they are all destroyed. As the present dynasty has reigned about three hundred years, the accumulation may be imagined. This traditional respect for the inviolability of the dead is one of the chief obstacles in the way of the introduction of the telegraph and railroad in China. A commercial house in Shanghai had built a telegraph to Wo-Soung to announce the arrival of the mail, but in a few days the wire was cut in more than five hundred places—at all the points where its shadow from the rising sun fell upon the coffins lying on the ground.

At Zi-Ka-Wai the Jesuits have an educational institution, and, dressed in the Chinese costume, smoking the long native pipes, received their visitors with great cordiality. Their pupils are divided into three classes. The first consists of the children of the neighboring towns who have been deserted by their parents and left to die of hunger. The majority of them are lepers, and have been more or less perfectly cured by the Fathers. When brought to the institution they are thoroughly cleaned, being rubbed with pumice stone. They receive an industrial as well as a literary education. In one building they are taught to read and write, and in another are the schools for shoemaking, carpentering, printing and other manual arts; so that, being received at the age of five or six, at twenty to twenty-one they are launched upon the world with an education and a trade. There are about four hundred children in this class, and the activity, the order and organization of the workshops, and the exquisite cleanliness of the surroundings, are delightful to see. Near at hand is a school of a higher grade, to which the most promising pupils are transferred for the study of Chinese literature. The system of teaching here is peculiar: all the pupils are required to study aloud, and the din is in consequence deafening and incessant. Then there is the highest class, consisting of about two hundred and fifty youths, the sons of rich mandarins, who pay heavily for their instruction. These are destined to become rhetoricians, and, step by step, bachelors, licentiates, doctors, then man-



HALT OF THE CARAVAN AT HO-CHI-WOU.

darins and members of the governing class of the Middle Kingdom. The studies are Chinese, and the Fathers have with wonderful patience learned not only the Chinese language, as well as its written characters, but also the nice critical points of its idioms, so as to be able to teach with authority the poetry and legends and the commentaries upon the writings of Confucius. This they have done for the purpose of having an opportunity to convert the orphans they have adopted, and thus by degrees introduce into the government an element which will be essentially Christian. Thus far, the profession of Christianity is not essentially incompatible with the office of mandarin, though it is impossible to hold this position without performing some idolatrous rites.

On the 13th of March the ice was sufficiently broken to open the navigation of the Pei-Ho, and the party started upon the steamer Sze-Chuen for Tien-Tsin and Pekin. They were joined by an English commissioner of the Chinese custom-house, whose position as a high functionary of the Celestial government, together with his knowledge of Chinese, proved of great service. The trip to Pekin was brought to a sudden temporary close by the Sze-Chuen running aground on the bar of the Pei-Ho, where she remained nearly two days, but was finally got off after the removal of a part of her cargo.

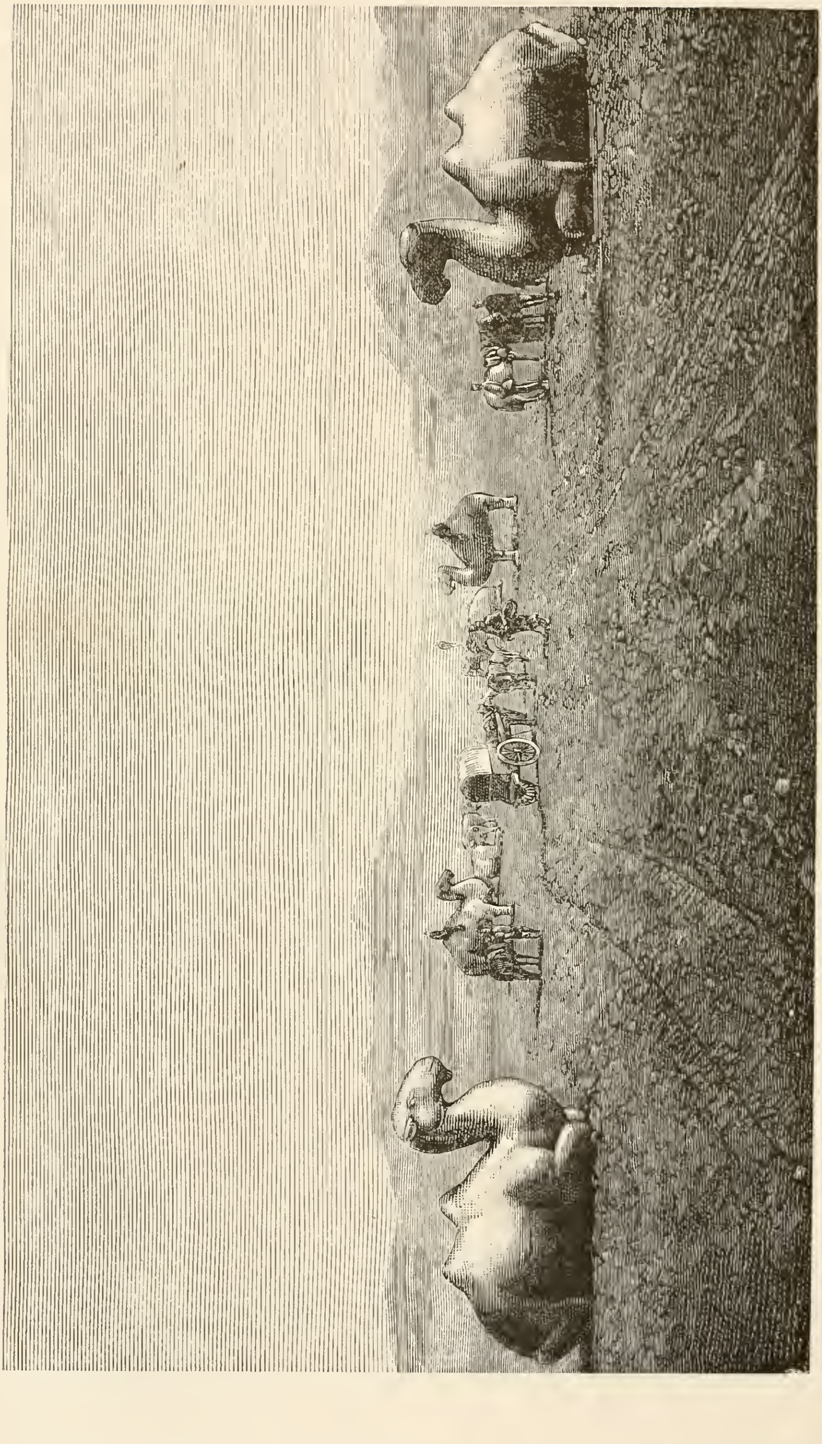
The navigation of the Pei-Ho is difficult on account of the narrowness of the stream and its exceedingly sinuous course. Frequently the steamer had to be towed by a line passed on shore and fastened round a tree. At Tien-Tsin the travelers landed, and witnessed a review of some imperial cavalry regiments mounted upon Tartar ponies, with high saddles and short stirrups. The warriors wore queues and were dressed in long robes. Their moustaches gave them, however, a fierce martial air, and they were armed with English sabres and American revolvers.

Tien-Tsin ("Heaven's Ford") is a city of about four hundred thousand inhabitants, and lies at the junction of the Imperial Canal with the Pei-Ho. The country from here to Pekin, about three days' journey by land, is sandy, and the trip is made a very disagreeable one by the clouds of dust, which blind the traveler and effectually prevent any examination of the country passed through

The cavalcade comprised seven of the native carts, each drawn by two mules. Their construction may be thus described: A sort of barrow made of blue cloth hangs like a box upon an axletree about a yard long, furnished with two clumsy wheels. It is impossible to lie down in them, because they are too short, nor can a bench to sit on be placed in them, because they are too low. As a compensation, however, they are so light that they can go anywhere. The driver sits on the left shaft, where he is conveniently placed for leaping down to beat the mules. These are harnessed, one in the shafts and the other in front, with long traces tied upon the axletree near the left wheel. As they are guided only by the voice, the course of the cart depends chiefly upon the fancy they may take for following or neglecting the road; while from the manner in which they are harnessed their draught is always sideways, and they therefore trot obliquely.

At Yang-Soun the party was joined by a mandarin with a crystal button, sent by the governor of the province of Tien-Tsin, Tchoung-Hao, with a profusion of passports and safe-conducts. During the rest of the journey this mandarin, Ching, led the way in his cart drawn by a fine black mule, and on arriving at the villages on the route displayed his function, as a man of letters, by putting on an immense pair of spectacles, the glasses of which were about three inches in diameter. At Ho-Chi-Wou the procession halted during the middle of the day, and was photographed by one of its members. The curious crowd of spectators which gathered in every village to inspect the "foreign devils" scattered when the camera was posed, and for a few moments our travelers were freed from their intrusiveness.

Starting next morning at daylight, at



AVENUE OF ANIMALS LEADING TO THE TOMBS OF THE EMPERORS.

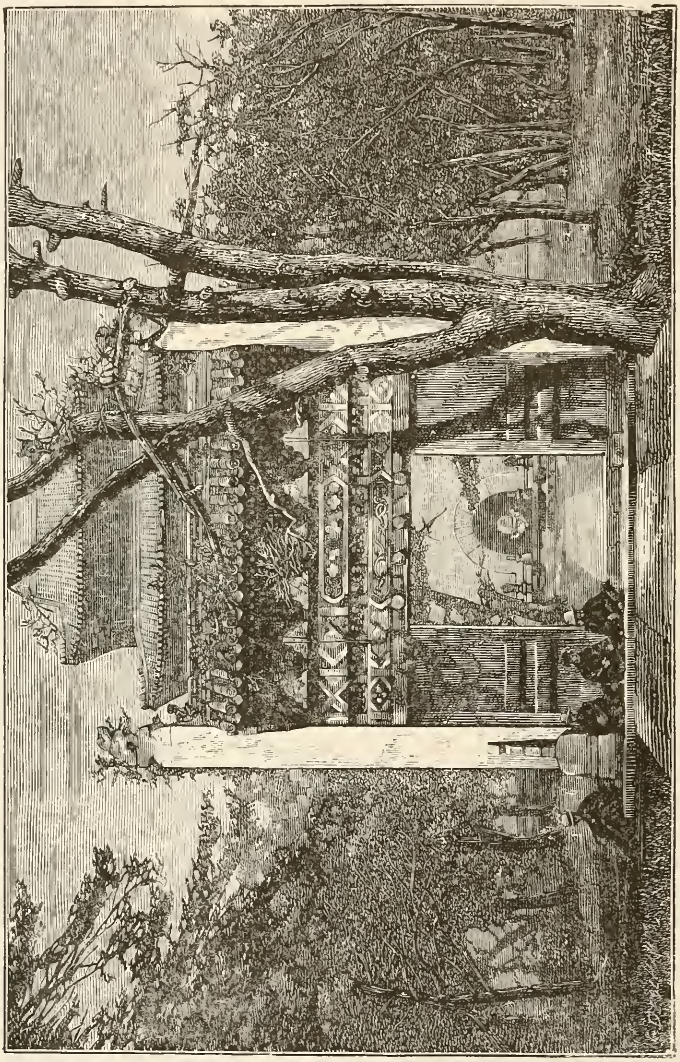
three in the afternoon the party entered Pekin. The relief was great to leave the sandy, dusty road for one of the paved ways which radiate from the city. The first sight of the city struck the travelers as the most grandiose spectacle of the Celestial Empire. In front rose a high tower, with a five-storied roof of green tiles, pierced with five rows of large portholes, from which grinned the mouths of cannon; while to the right and left, as far as could be seen, stretched the gigantic wall surrounding the city. built partly of granite and partly of large gray bricks, with salients, battlements and loopholes, wearing a decidedly martial air. This impression was somewhat modified, however, by the discovery that the grinning cannons were made of wood. The entrance was under a vaulted archway, through which streamed a converging crowd of Chinese, Mongols, Tartars, with their various costumes, together with blue carts, files of mules and caravans of heavily-loaded camels.

Pekin was built by Kublai-Khan about 1282, near the site of an important city which dated from the Chow dynasty, or some centuries before the Christian era. The city covers an enclosed space about twenty miles in circumference. It is rectangular in form, and divided into two parts, the Chinese and the Tartar cities. The walls of the Tartar city are the largest and widest, being forty to fifty feet high, and, tapering slightly from the base, about forty feet wide at the top. They are constructed upon a solid foundation of stone masonry resting upon concrete, while the walls themselves are built of a solid core of earth, faced with massive brick: the top is paved with tiles, and defended by a crenelated parapet. Bastions, some of which are fifty feet square, are built upon the outside at distances of about one hundred feet. There are sixteen gates, seven of which are in the Chinese town, six in the Tartar town, and three in the partition wall between these two. In the centre of the Tartar city is an enclosure, also walled, called the Imperial City, and within this another, called the Forbidden City, which contains the imperial palaces and pleasure-grounds. Broad straight avenues, crossing each other at right angles, run through the whole city, which in this respect is very unlike other Chinese towns. A stream entering the Tartar city near its northwest corner divides into two branches, which enter the Imperial City and surround the Forbidden City, and then uniting again pass through the Tartar and Chinese towns, to empty in the Tung-Chau Canal.

The foreign legations are in the southern part of the Tartar city, on the banks of this stream. The top of the walls forms the favorite promenade of the foreign settlers, and from here a fine view of the whole city is obtained. M. de Beauvoir, however, from his more minute examination, comes to the following conclusions: "This immense city, in which nothing is repaired, and in which it is forbidden under the severest penalties to demolish anything, is slowly disintegrating, and every day changing itself into dust. The sight of this slow decomposition is sad, since it promises death more certainly than the most violent convulsions. In a century Pekin will exist no longer; it must then be abandoned: in two centuries it will be discovered, like a second Pompeii, buried under its own dust."

The gates of Virtuous Victory and of Great Purity, the temples to the Heavens, to Agriculture, to the Spirit of the Winds and of the Thunder, and to the Brilliant Mirror of the Mind, occupied the attention of the party. They saw the gilded plough and the sacred harrow with which the emperor yearly traces a furrow to obtain divine favor for the crops, as well as the yellow straw hat he wears during this ceremony; and also the vases made of iron wire in which he every six months burns the sentences of those who have been condemned to death in the empire. They visited also the magnificent observatory built by Father Verbiest, a Jesuit, for the emperor You-Ching, in the seventeenth century. The instruments are of bronze, and mounted upon fantastic dragons, and are still in good condition, though they have been exposed to the open air all this time. One of them was a celestial sphere eight feet in diameter, containing all the stars known in 1650 and visible in Pekin.

Visits to the theatres, to the temple of the Moon, that of the Lamas, that of Confucius, and to others made the days spent in Pekin pass quickly. Among the wonders shown was the largest suspended bell in the world—the great bell of Moscow has never been hung—twenty-five feet high, weighing ninety thousand pounds, and richly sculptured.



PORTICO TO THE TOMBS OF THE EMPERORS.

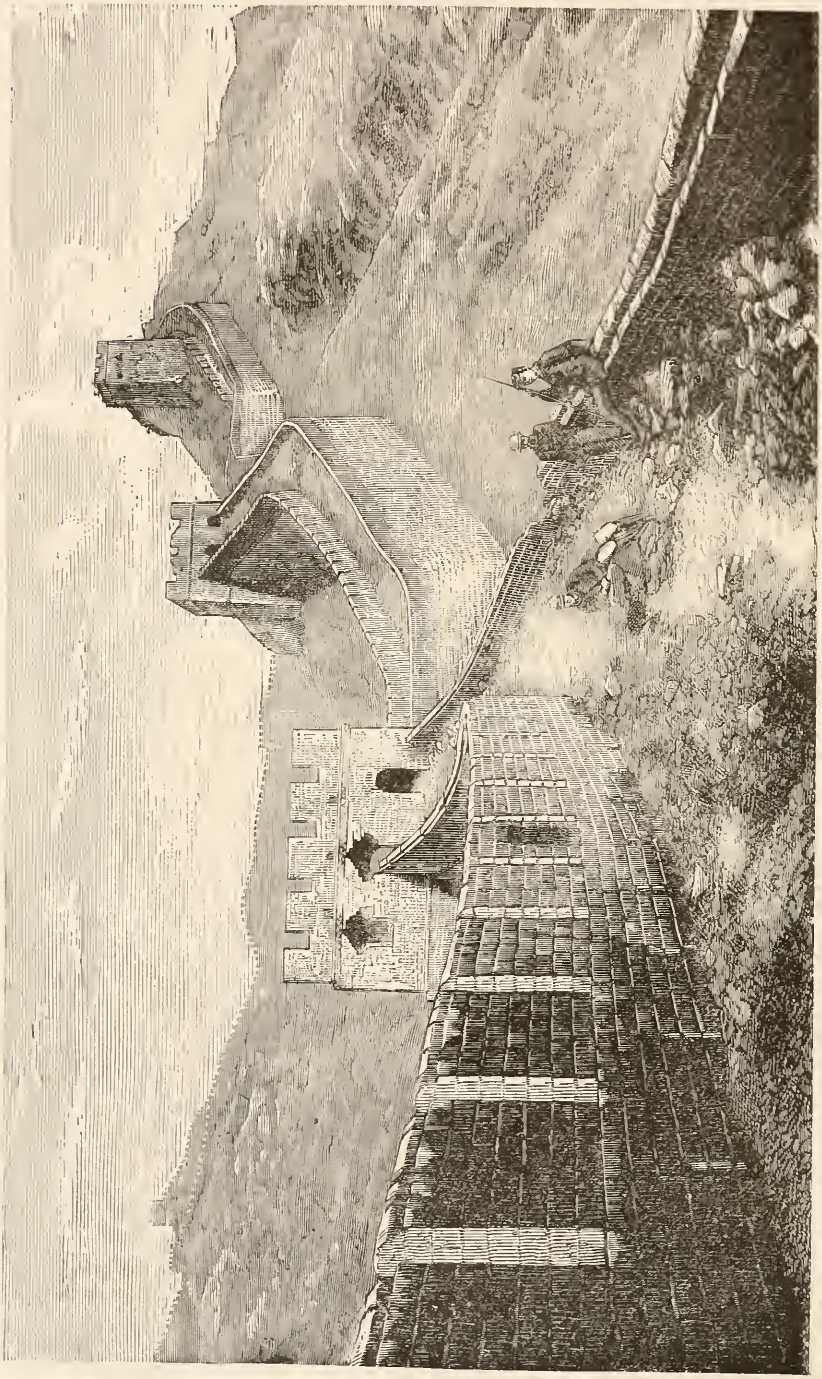
The private life of the Chinese it is almost impossible for a stranger to take part in. To do so requires a knowledge of Chinese, which can be gained only by years of assiduous study, and that the applicant should, as far as possible in dress and general appearance, make himself a Chinese. Even then, complete success is gained only by a fortunate combination of circumstances. The streets devoted to shops of all kinds afford, however, to the traveler a never-ending succession of changing and interesting pictures. Yet the general spirit of the Chinese leads them also to be sparing of all outward decoration, reserving their forces for interior display. The Forbidden City even, though marvelous stories are told of its interior splendors, has outside a mean appearance. "A pagoda of the thirty-sixth rank has more effect than the sacred dwelling of the Son of Heaven."

In the military quarters, and in those inhabited by the nobility, the party in their wanderings were struck with an expression of disdain on the countenances of those natives whom they met. Elsewhere the curiosity to see the foreigners was even greater than the Chinese themselves ever excited in the capitals of Europe; but at home the higher classes passed the foreigners without even turning to look at them, or else glanced at them indifferently or disdainfully. Some of the noble class walked, but generally they rode in carts similar to that of the mandarin Ching. The higher the rank of the owner, the farther behind are the wheels placed. With a prince's cart they are so far behind that the rider hangs between them and the mule. Palanquins, carried upon the shoulders of the porters, offer another and the most convenient means of locomotion used in China: this method is, however, forbidden except for princes and ministers of state.

In the busy streets of trade the scene is most animated. Thousands of scarlet signs with gilded inscriptions hang from oblique poles raised in front of the shops. Carts, palanquins, mules, camels, coolies, soldiers and merchants throng the streets, while to add to the confusion myriads of children play about your legs, and the old men carrying their kites toward the walls add to the singularity of the scene. The kites, representing dragons, eagles, etc., are managed with a dexterity which comes only from a lifelong practice. They are sometimes furnished with various æolian attachments which imitate the songs of birds or the voices of men. The pigeons also in Pekin are frequently provided with a very light kind of æolian harp, which is secured tightly to the two central feathers of their tails, so that in flying through the air the harps sound harmoniously. This curious, indistinct note had excited the count's attention, and he learned its cause from a pigeon which fell dead at his feet, having in its flight struck itself against the cord of one of the kites. Their use was explained by the natives as a protection against the hawks which are very common in Pekin.

Passing one day the place of execution, the travelers were shocked to see that the heads of the executed were exposed to the public gaze, labeled with the crimes for which they had suffered. Such sights as this, with the terrible filth of all the Chinese cities, the squalid suffering of the poor and the want of sympathy with indigence and disease, suggested to the count, as they too frequently suggest to European visitors, that the degradation of the Chinese is hopeless. Yet such sights were common a few generations ago in every European capital, and the same causes which have led to their cessation there are at work to-day in China, and bid fair to produce the same results.

The service of the custom-house, which has been put into the hands of Europeans, and under the management of Mr. Robert Hart has been thoroughly organized, is having a great influence in civilizing the government, as well as in diffusing European ideas and methods among the people. A fixed rate of charges, an honesty of administration which is beyond question, prompt activity in the transaction of business, have replaced the depredations and the old methods in use under mandarin rule. It is the desire of the manager of the custom-house to inaugurate in China the establishment of a system of lighthouses, to organize the postal system, to introduce railroads and telegraphs and to



THE GREAT WALL: THE NANG-KAO PASS.

open the coal-mines of the empire. Success in these reforms means bringing China into the circle of inter-dependent civilized nations; and so far all the steps in this direction have been sure and successful ones.

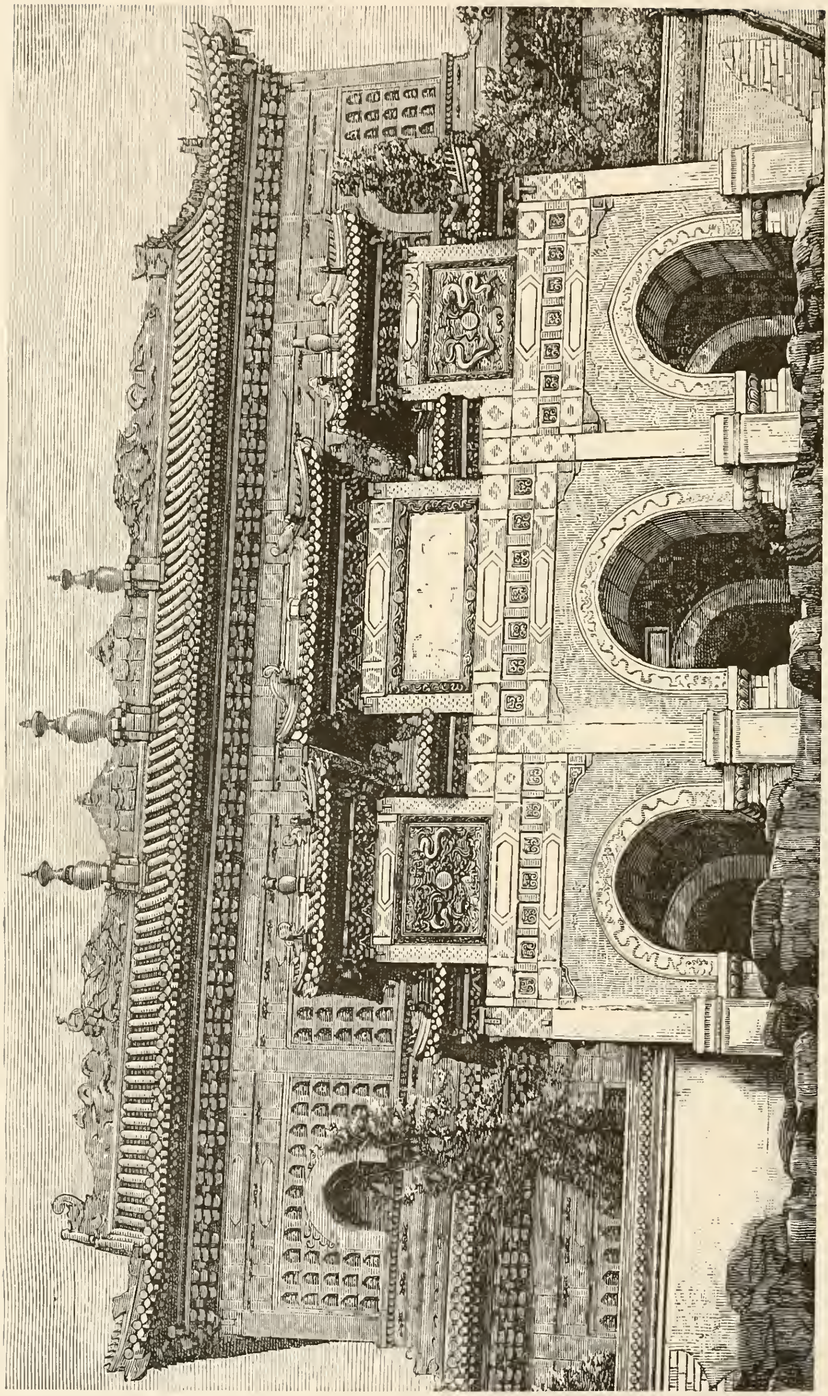
On leaving Pekin, our party set out to visit the Great Wall of China, which lies about three days' journey from that capital, on the route to Siberia. Mongolian ponies served for the means of transportation on this trip. These shaggy little animals were as full of tricks as they were ugly. The cavalcade was followed by two carts for carrying the money of the expedition. The whole of this capital amounted to about one hundred and fifty dollars, in the form of hundreds of thousands of the copper coins of the country, made with holes in their centres and strung by the thousand upon osier twigs. This is the only money which circulates in the agricultural portions of China, and a "barbarian" has to give a pound weight of them for a couple of eggs. The country soon began to become hilly, with the mountains of Mongolia visible in the distance. Trains of camels were passed, or could be seen winding in the plain below.

The next day the party arrived at the Tombs of the Emperors. These are the tombs of the Ming emperors, one of the most brilliant dynasties of Chinese history. They lie in a circular valley which opens out from a great plain, and is surrounded by limestone peaks and granite domes, forming a barren and waste amphitheatre. The grandeur of its dimensions and the awful barrenness of its desolation make it a fit resting-place for the imperial dead of the last native dynasty. At the foot of the surrounding heights thirteen gigantic tombs, encircled with green trees, are arranged in a semicircle. Five majestic portals, about eight hundred yards apart, form the entrance to the tombs. From the portico giving entrance to the valley to the tomb of the first emperor is more than a league, and the long avenue is marked first by winged columns of white marble, and next by two rows of animals, carved in gigantic proportions. Of these there are, on either side, two lions standing, two lions sitting; one camel standing, one kneeling; one elephant standing, one kneeling; one dragon standing, one sitting; two horses standing; six warriors, courtiers, etc. The lions are fifteen feet high, and the others equally colossal, while each of the figures is carved from a single block of granite.

At the end of the avenue are the tombs, with groups of trees about them. Each tomb is really a temple in which white and pink marble, porphyry and carved teak-wood are combined, not indeed with harmony or taste, but, what is rare in China, with lines of great purity and severity. One of the halls of these tombs is about a hundred feet long by about eighty wide. The ceiling is from forty to sixty feet high, and is supported by rows of pillars, each formed of a single stick of teak timber eleven feet in circumference. These sticks were brought for this purpose from the south of China. Though they have been in position over nine hundred years, they appear as sound as when first posed, nor has the austere splendor of the structure suffered in any degree.

The sombre obscurity well befits these sepulchral dwellings, and the dull sound of the deadened gongs struck by the guardians makes the vaults reverberate in a singular and impressive way. Behind the memorial temple rises an artificial mound about fifty feet high, access to the top of which is given by a rising arched passage built of white marble. On the top of the mound is an imposing marble structure consisting of a double arch, beneath which is the imperial tablet, a large slab, upon which is carved a dragon standing on the back of a gigantic tortoise. The remains of the emperor are buried somewhere within this mound, though the exact spot is not known: this precaution, it is said, was taken to preserve the remains from being desecrated in a search for the treasures which were buried with him, while the persons who performed this last office were killed upon the spot, in order further to preserve the secret.

From this gigantic effort to preserve



CHAPEL OF THE SUMMER PALACE.

the memory of the dead our party hastened to the Great Wall, an equally immense work to preserve the living from the incursions of their neighboring enemies. Perhaps nowhere in the world are to be found in such close proximity two such striking evidences of the waste of human labor when undirected by scientific knowledge. The wall is to-day, and was from the first, as worthless for the purpose it was intended to serve as the temples are for obtaining immortality for the bodies they enclose.

Leaving the town of Nang-Kao, the party soon found themselves at the entrance of the pass of the same name, and during the six leagues which separated them from the wall the spectacle kept increasing in grandeur. The gorge at first was savage and sombre, shut in closely by the steep mountain-sides. Soon the first support of the Great Wall appeared in a chain of walls, with battlements and towers, built over the principal mountain-chain, and as far as the eye could reach following all the peaks. The effect of this wall is most striking. Like some enormous serpent it stretches away in the distance, climbing rocks which appear impracticable, and which would be so without its aid. The count was convinced that it would be as difficult to climb it for the purpose of defending it as it would be to do so in order to attack it. This first support of the wall is in itself a giant work.

As the party advanced in the valley, in the far distance the crenelated outlines of two other similar and parallel walls appeared, situated also upon the crests. The Great Wall was built about 200 B. C. as a barrier against the Tartar cavalry. It is said to have been built in twenty-two years. It was everywhere constructed of the materials at hand. On the plains it was built of a core of earth, pounded, and faced with tiles, the top being also covered with tiles and furnished with a parapet. On the mountains of stratified rock the facing was made of masonry, and the core of earth and cobble-stones. Where the rock is such as fractures irregularly, the wall is of solid masonry, tapering to the top, which is sharp. Throughout its whole length it is defended by towers occurring every few hundred feet. Every mountain-pass and weak point was defended by a fortified tower. At present the wall is in various conditions of preservation, according to the materials used in its construction. In the valleys, which were the points to defend, it has gradually crumbled to a mere heap of rubbish, which the plough year by year still further scatters.

The Great Wall is, however, a wonderful monument of the labor and organization of the Chinese nation two thousand years ago. The illustration is from a photograph taken on the spot by one of the party. In order to take a view which should be most effective the camera was placed upon the wall itself.

On their return to Pekin the party visited the ruins of the famous Summer Palace, Yuen-Ming-Yuen. The avenues were formerly adorned with porticoes, monuments and kiosques, which are now masses of ruins. Only two enormous bronze lions, the largest castings ever made in China, remain, and these simply because the allies could not carry them away. To have attempted it would have required the building of a dozen bridges over the streams between here and Tien-Tsin. The chapel of the Summer Palace escaped destruction only from the fact that it was situated upon a rock so high that the flames did not reach it. Looking at the confused ruins which are all that remain of this wonderful collection of the most admirable products of fifteen ages of civilization, of art and of industry, the count de Beauvoir says truly that no honest man can help shuddering involuntarily. Though his sentiment of national loyalty is very strong, yet he cannot avoid exclaiming, "Let us leave this place: let us run from this spot, where the soil burns us, the very view of which humbles us. We came to China as the armed champions of civilization and of a religion of mercy, but the Chinese are right, a thousand times right, in calling us barbarians."

SKETCHES OF EASTERN TRAVEL.

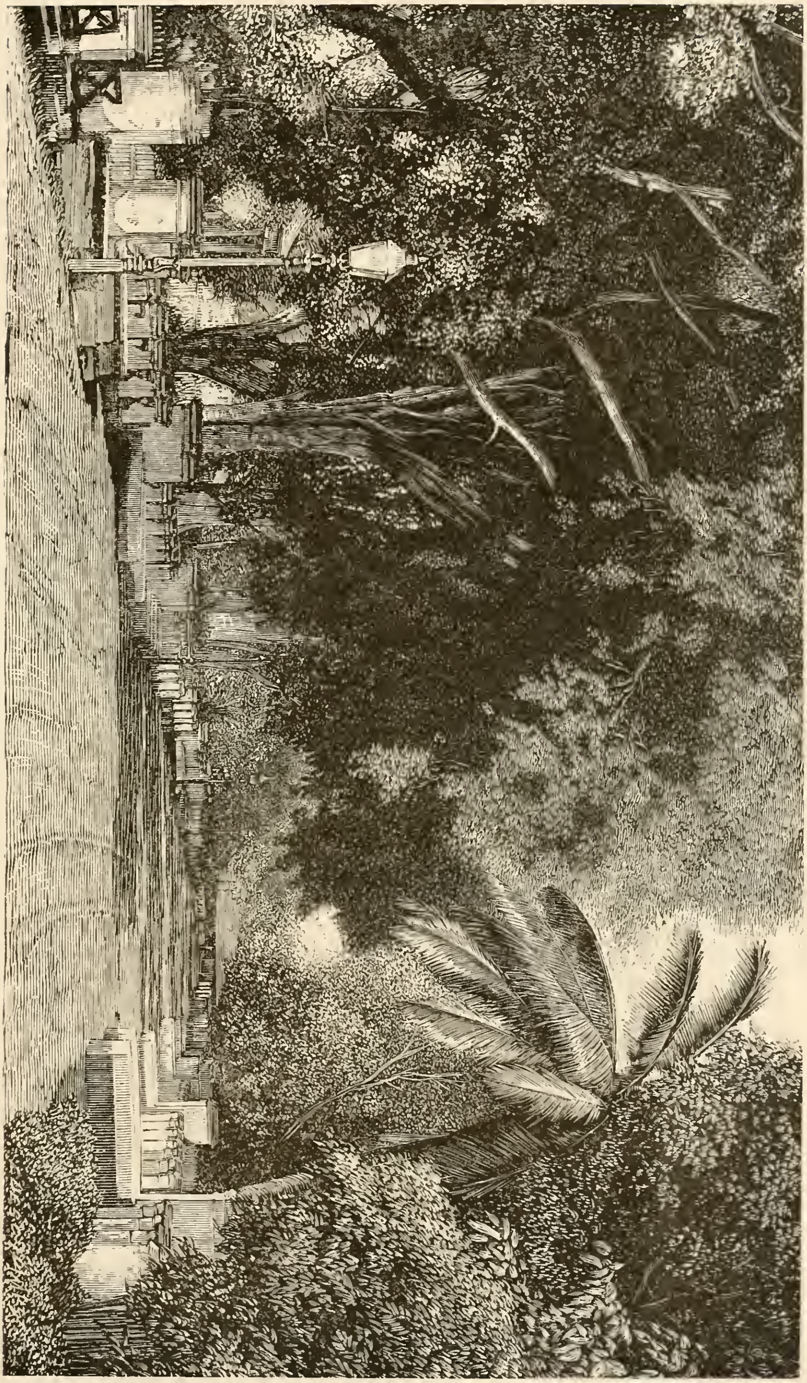
II.—BATAVIA.

"BATAVIA, ho! and just ahead at that!" exclaimed the captain of our gallant East Indiaman as the entire party of passengers sprang to the quarter-deck on the first cry of "Land ahead!" It was scarcely five o'clock in the morning—not dawn between the tropics—but our impatience could brook no delay, and despite impromptu toilettes and yet unswabbed decks, with sluices of sea-water threatening us at every turn, we hastened forward to catch the earliest possible glimpse of the quaint old city of which we had heard such varied accounts. "You'll think a good part of it was built in Holland three centuries ago," said our captain, "then boxed up, sent across the waters, and dropped down, pell-mell, in the midst of the jungle." We all laughed incredulously at the time, but remembered his words afterward.

Batavia, one of the strongholds of Dutch power in the East, occupies the north-western extremity of the island of Java. It is composed of two distinct settlements, known, respectively, as the "Old City" and the "New City." The former, built directly on the seaboard, consists mainly of warehouses, stores and government offices, with a pretty extensive mingling of native dwellings and bazaars. The business-houses occupied by Europeans are all built in the old Dutch style of centuries ago, and their venerable appearance is largely augmented by the mould and discoloration of the sea-air; while the *tout ensemble* presents an ancient and dilapidated aspect strangely at variance with the luxuriant verdure of the tropical scenery and the brilliant tints of the picturesque Oriental costumes everywhere visible. The New City is a terrestrial Paradise, with broad avenues shaded by majestic trees, spacious parks, and palace-dwellings of indescribable elegance—a quaint commingling of city and country, of Oriental luxuriousness with the Hollander's characteristic love of solidity. In truth, the New City is not a city at all, but a continuous succession of beautiful villas embowered in orange groves, and surrounded by palms and banians, upon which climb and clamber flowering vines and creepers innumerable, while birds are singing, bees humming and butterflies fluttering their gauzy wings, utterly regardless of the proprieties of city life.

At eight o'clock we found ourselves in the custom-house, surrounded by Dutch revenue-officers, whose insignia of office seemed to consist of the huge bunches of keys with which they were armed. Their stylish uniforms and fair pale faces were singularly in contrast with the chocolate-colored skins, naked busts, scarlet girdles and green or yellow turbans of the crowds of native porters who stood ready to take charge of the baggage as fast as it was examined. Having seen our effects disposed of, we set out for our quarters in the New City, attended by the Bengalese comprador who was to serve as guide and purveyor-general during our stay in the island. We were driven in the neatest of pony palanquins, drawn by horses scarcely larger than Newfoundland dogs, over smooth, well-shaded roads, amid luxuriant fields and meadows, and for a good portion of the route by the banks of a beautiful canal, all aglow with busy life. Here and there were sampans and *budgerows*, some loaded with merchandise, and others with passengers, their light sails spread and pennons gayly flaunting in the breeze, while men, women and children, bathing and swimming in the smooth waters, sported like fish in their native element, and never dreamed of the possibility of danger.

Among the majestic trees that formed natural archways above our heads, shut-

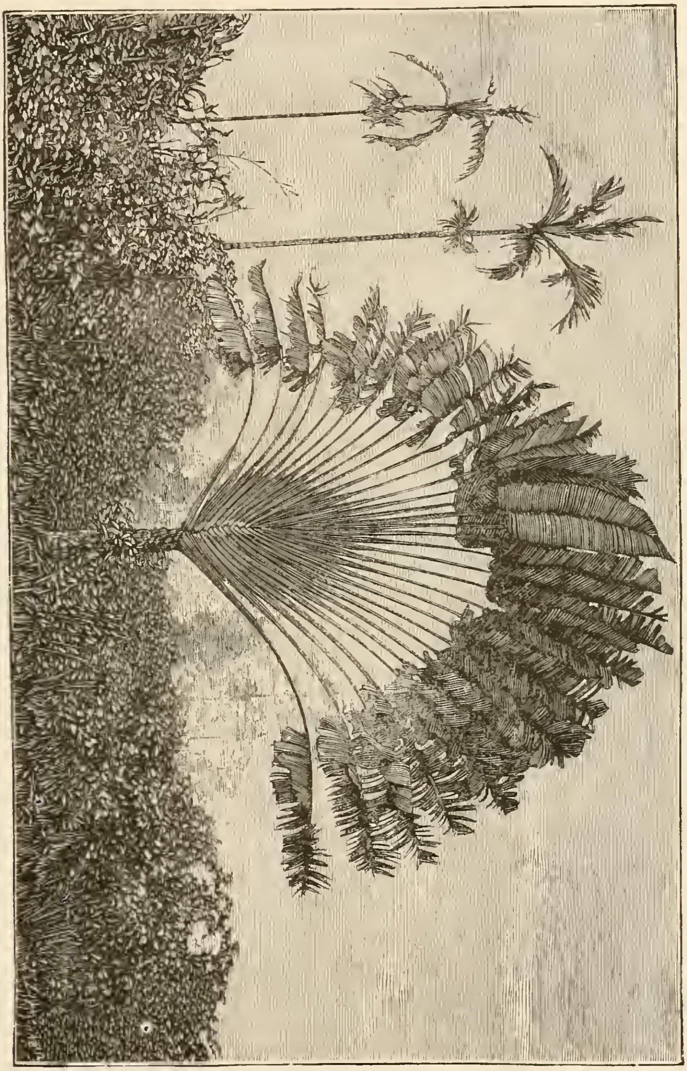


A STREET IN BATAVIA (THE NEW CITY).

ting out completely the sun's fervid rays, we noted especially the banians and cotton trees, the latter frequently besprinkling our heads and shoulders with what seemed at first glance a shower of *bonâ fide* snow, but on examination proved only the light, fleecy down of sea-island cotton. Conspicuous among the trees we encountered on that pleasant morning drive was the *Palmier du voyageur*, more generally known as the *talipat* or priestly palm, which was described in a recent number of this magazine.

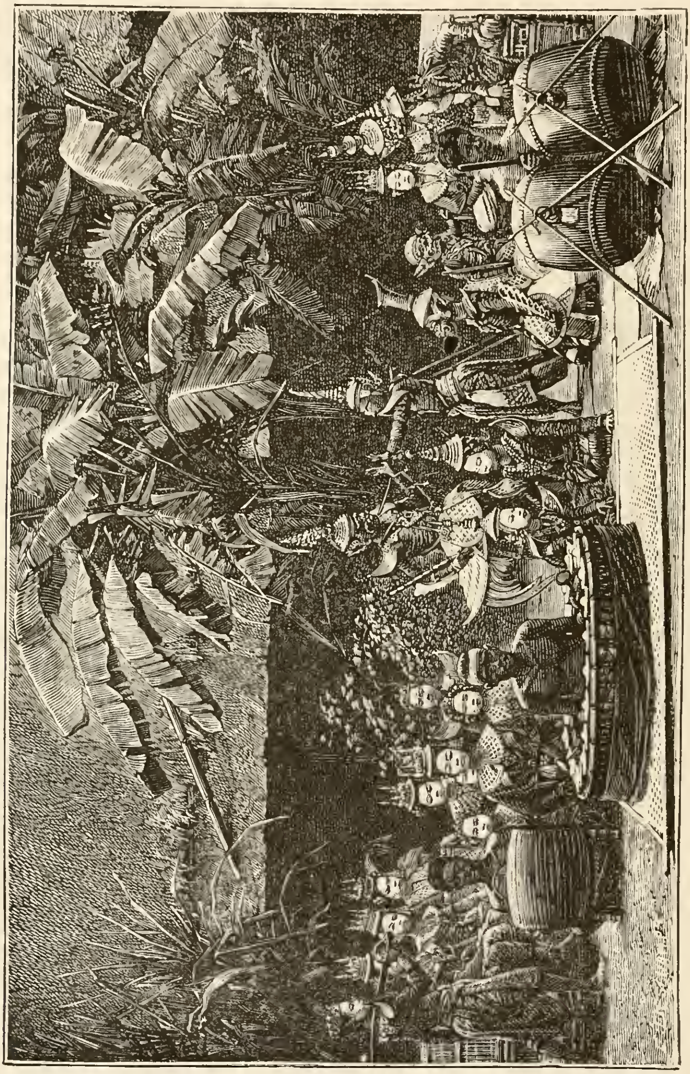
A CANAL IN BATAVIA.

One characteristic feature of Javanese residences is their superb baths. The pools are usually of marble or granite, of such huge dimensions that one may float and flounder like fish in a pond, while the superintendent of the bath keeps in constant play a brace of jets that send their sparkling spray over the bather's head and shoulders with most refreshing results. The water is clear as crystal, and sufficiently cool for the relaxed state of the system in a tropical clime. Everybody bathes three times a day, and one would far sooner dispense with a meal than do without either of these stated baths.



THE TALIPAT PALM.

The usual routine of European life in India is to rise at "gun-fire" (five o'clock), go out for an airing in boat or palanquin for two full hours, bathe and dress at eight, take breakfast at nine, lunch at one, and siesta from two to four, when everybody retires, and, whether one wishes to sleep or not, he is secure of interruption, and has the full benefit of being *en déshabillé* for the two most oppressive hours of the day. At four the second bath is taken; at five all go out in full dress in open carriages, and after a rapid drive over some of the public thoroughfares, the horses are walked slowly up and down the esplanade, where all the fashionable world assemble at this hour to see and be seen, and exchange passing courtesies or comments. At half-past six "the course" is deserted, and brilliantly-lighted dining-rooms are thronged with guests eager to test the quality of the rich and varied delicacies of which an Oriental dinner consists. This is the principal meal of the day, and, occupying often two or three hours, it is made not merely an epicurean feast, but also an intellectual and social banquet. Strong coffee, served in the tiniest of porcelain cups, follows the guests



A "GAMMELÁNG," OR JAVANESE CONCERT.

on their return to the drawing-rooms, and music, conversation, reading and company fill up the hours till midnight, when the third bath is taken immediately before retiring. This routine is seldom varied, except by the arrival of strangers, bent, like our party at Batavia, on sight-seeing. We soon wearied of the very voluptuousness of this stereotyped course of indulgence, and welcomed in preference the fatigues and annoyances of exploring the thousand objects of interest that were beckoning us onward to jungle, mountain or seacoast. Our friends, who were old residents, shook their heads knowingly, and prophesied sunstroke or jungle fever; but we went sight-seeing continually, filled our specimen baskets, and escaped both fever and sunstroke. The climate of Batavia is, however, extremely insalubrious for Europeans: a deadly miasma everywhere overshadows its luxuriant groves and lurks among the petals of its brightest flowers, rendering absolutely necessary regular habits of life. Before the occupation of the New City, when merchants and officers all resided on the seaboard, in the immediate vicinity of their business-places, the mortality was fearful, till utter depopulation seemed to threaten the colony. The inland location of the New City is more salubrious, and the extensive grounds that surround each dwelling give abundant freedom for ventilation, while the few hours passed by business or professional gentlemen at their offices —and those the best hours of the day, from breakfast to luncheon— are not deemed specially detrimental to health, even for foreigners. The Malays, Chinese and East Indians generally reside anywhere with impunity.

LIEUTENANT OF THE SULTAN'S GUARD.

As our ship would be several weeks in port, discharging and taking in cargo, we availed ourselves of so fortunate an opportunity to explore some of the native settlements in the interior of the island. A Dutch officer, long resident in Java, kindly offered his escort, and obtained for us such passes and other facilities as were needed. Our first stopping-place was at Bandong, the capital of one of the finest provinces of Java. It is under the nominal control of a native prince, who bears the title of "regent," holding his office under the government of Holland, from which he receives an annuity of about forty thousand dollars. Among the natives he maintains the state of a grand Oriental monarch, and his subjects prostrate themselves in profoundest reverence before him; but both he and his domain are really controlled by half a dozen resident Hollanders, at the head of whom is the prefect. The palace of the regent is a massive structure, completely surrounded by beautiful gardens; and just beneath the windows where we sat I noticed a picturesque little lake, about which were sporting joyously at the evening hour a group of the young maidens of the palace. They were graceful and lovely in the careless abandon of their glee, but they no sooner perceived the white faces of the foreigners looking down at them than they fled like frightened doves, hiding themselves in a grove of bananas, in any single leaf of which one of these dainty demoiselles might have clothed herself entire.

We found the regent surrounded by crowds of native attendants, among whose prostrate forms we wended our way to his presence. He was seated on a raised dais at the upper end of the audience-hall, and received us with the courteous dignity of a well-bred gentleman. His dress was that ordinarily worn by Malayan rajahs—a brocade silk *saráng* fastened by a rich girdle, a loose upper garment of fine muslin, and a massive turban of blue silk wrought in figures of gold. Costly but clumsy Arabic sandals, and a diamond-hilted *kris* or dagger of fabulous value, completed a costume that looked both graceful and comfortable for a warm climate. He greeted the ladies of our party with marked *empressement*, thanked them for their visit, and conducted them in person to the entrance of the seraglio to make the acquaintance of his wives and daughters.

The next evening we were all invited to be present at the *gammeláng*, or orchestral and dramatic entertainment, in the harem of this prince. The invitation was gladly accepted, and so novel an exhibition I have seldom witnessed. Many of the musicians were masked, and wore queer-looking, conical caps that looked like exaggerated extinguishers, and a sort of light armor in which their unaccustomed limbs were evidently ill at ease. Occupying a conspicuous position in the very front, I noticed a Siamese *rahnát*-player, robed in the native dress—or rather *un*dress—of his country, and his hair cut *à la* Bangkok. He was singularly expert in the use of his instrument; and I learned afterward that, though taken to Java as a slave, his great musical talents had won for him not only liberty, but the highest favor of the regent of Bandong. He was the only rahnát-player in the gammeláng, but there were some two hundred timbrels, half a dozen drums, ten or twelve tom-toms, twenty violins, sixteen pairs of cymbals, and any imaginable number of horns, flutes and flageolets. I leave the reader to imagine the amount of noise produced by such a combination: my ears did not cease tingling for a week. But everybody praised the music, and evidently enjoyed the fun. The dancing was like all Oriental dancing, very voluptuous and enthusiastic, adapted especially to display the exquisite charms of the performers and move the passions of the audience. The play that followed possessed no merit, except in the bewildering beauty of the girlish actresses, and their superb adornments of natural flowers artistically arranged in coronets and wreaths, with costly pearls and diamonds. The play itself was simply a farce—a series of ridiculous passages between some lovesick swains and their rather tantalizing lady-loves, who eventually escaped, amid a shower of roses

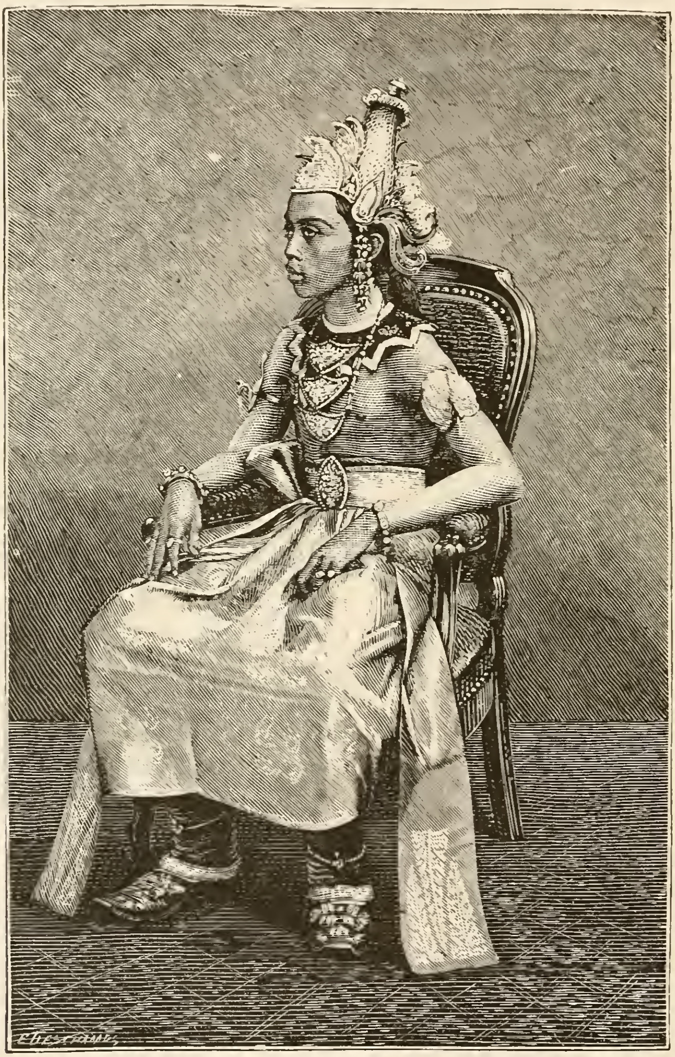
SOLDIER OF THE SULTAN'S GUARD.

and bon-bons, from their pursuers, and disappeared behind a huge palm tree, which the next instant had vanished into air, roots, branches and all.

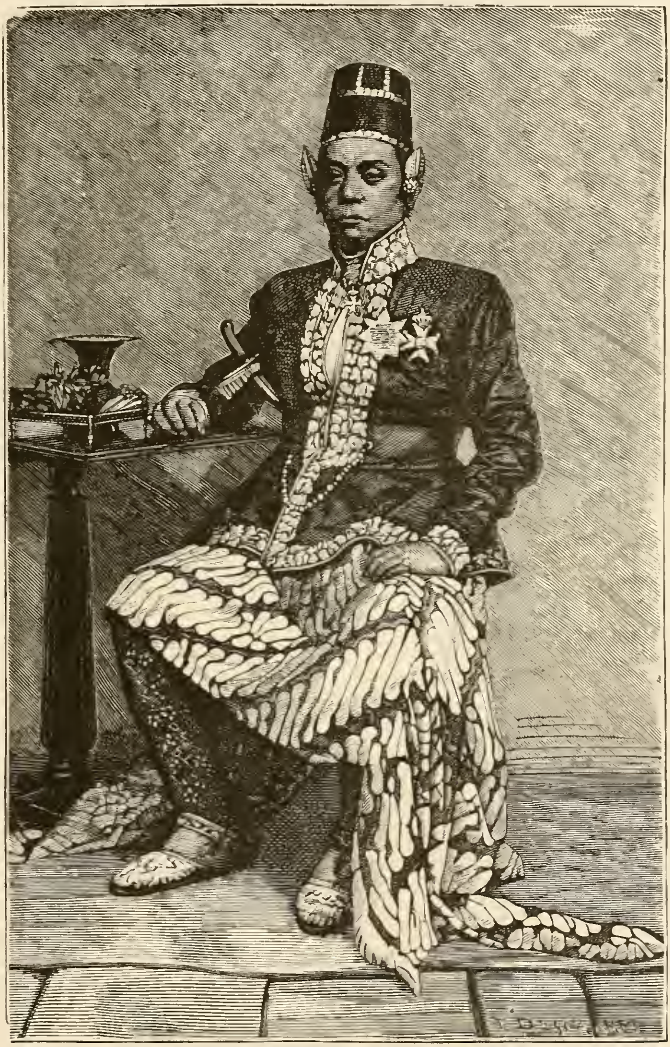
After a somewhat adventurous ascent of Mount Tan-kon-bau-pra-hou, a hurried visit to the volcanoes of Merbabou and Derapi (the former nine thousand feet high, the latter eight thousand five hundred), and a glimpse at the sacred woods of Wah-Wons, we turned our faces toward Sourakarta and Djokjokarta, the two grand principalities of Java still remaining under native rule. Each is governed by an independent sultan, whom the Dutch have never been able to subjugate; and they are allowed, only by sufferance, to keep a diplomatic agent or "resident" at the courts of these monarchs. We had been forewarned, ere setting out on our tour, of the state maintained by these proud Oriental princes, and the utter impossibility of obtaining an audience without fulfilling to the very letter all the requirements of courtly usage. So we had sent forward some costly presents to each of the sultans, with letters written in Arabic and French, praying for the honor of an interview. Our messenger to the court of Sourakarta soon returned, accompanied by a native officer and five soldiers in full uniform, with a courteous letter of welcome from the sultan to his capital. He did not say to his *court*, and we were left in doubt as to whether we should see him, after all. But the day of our entrée was a most propitious one, as on that very morning this renowned monarch had been made the happy father of his twenty-eighth child. To this fortunate event we doubtless owed our reception at the court of this very exclusive potentate, who, we were told, almost invariably declined the proffered civilities of foreigners. Bonfires, illuminations and processions seemed the order of the day, business was suspended, bells were ringing, gongs sounding, and everybody was taking holiday, in commemoration of an event that seemed to have lost none of its novelty even after nearly a score and a half of repetitions.

The palace is built in pagoda form, with abundant architectural adornments, and is surrounded by a semicircle of smaller buildings of much the same appearance, though somewhat less imposing. The grandest view is at night, when the whole immense pile, from base to turret, is one blaze of light that but for the abundant tropical growth might be seen for miles away. The sultan is a well-informed and courtly gentleman, with a polish of mind and manners we were quite unprepared to find hidden away in the heart of Java. He is said to be the most distinguished of all the Malayan princes of this isle. He conversed with readiness on the general aspect of political affairs in Europe and America, inquired for the latest intelligence, and before we left invited us to be present at a grand military review on the following day. The garb of the troops, both officers and men, consists of long silken sarángs confined by embroidered girdles, gold or silver *bangles* in lieu of boots, and costly turbans adorned with precious stones—a garb that looked better suited to the harem than the battle-field; but their manœuvres certainly did credit to their royal instructor in military tactics. The distinguishing weapon of Malayan soldiers, both in Java and elsewhere, is the kris, worn at the back and passed into the girdle. This is always carried both by officers and men, and very frequently civilians: the long sword is worn only by officers.

After the review we were presented to the sultan's eldest son, a tall slender young man, somewhat over twenty, with fierce, gleaming black eyes, and a profusion of black hair falling below his shoulders. His countenance indicated both intelligence and firmness, and his appearance might have been *distingué* but for his strangely effeminate dress of damask silk made like a girl's, his anklets and bracelets, gold chains and jeweled girdle, and a mitre-shaped *coiffure* of black and gold studded with enormous diamonds, any one of which would make the fortune of a Pall-Mall pawnbroker. A score of attendants about his own age were standing at the back of the young heir, while four diminutive dwarfs and four jesters in comic garb crouched at his feet, and innumerable other subordinates—such as the fan-holder, the handkerchief-holder, the tea- and bouquet-holders, etc. etc.—made up the retinue of this youthful dignitary. At a subsequent interview the *sonsouhounan* presented me to his mother and several other ladies of the royal harem. The sultan was first married at the age of twelve, and had at the time of our visit forty-eight wives.


THE ELDEST SON OF THE SULTAN OF SOURAKARTA.

There is very much to interest the tourist in this Javanese city, so unlike the Anglo-Oriental settlements one meets elsewhere in the East, nor does he soon weary of its noble sultan and splendid Oriental court; but time forbade our tarrying longer than the third day, after which we pressed onward to the neighboring principality of Djokjokarta. This is the name most conspicuous in Javanese history, since there, from 1825 to 1830, floated victoriously the colors of the revolt, and victory was purchased at last only by the blood of fifteen thousand soldiers, of whom eight thousand were Europeans, and Djokjokarta remained as it was before, an independent sovereignty. The sultan, who belongs to an ancient family, is fine-looking, with a somewhat martial air, and a native dignity evidently the heritage of high birth. On our first interview he wore above the ordinary silk saráng a tight-fitting jacket of French broadcloth (blue), richly embroidered and trimmed with gold lace. He displayed also a collection of crosses, stars, and other decorations conferred by various European powers, the French



THE SULTAN OF DJOKJOKARTA.

predominating. He had evidently a partiality for *la belle France*, and exhibited with no little pride an album containing photographs of Louis Philippe and Louis Napoleon. He conversed well in several languages, readily using either Arabic or French in lieu of his vernacular, and was evidently up to time in regard to the current political topics of the day. He introduced the ladies of our party to his young and beautiful sultana, and invited them to accompany her to the inner apartments of the harem. We found the private apartments of the seraglio, like so many others I visited all over the East, superbly magnificent in the display of gold and jewels, in costly carpets and exquisite hangings, in the most lavish exhibition of pictures, mirrors, statuettes and bijouterie generally. There were glowing tints and warm, rich colors, but all was sensuous: wealth and splendor were everywhere visible, but neither modesty nor true womanly refinement.

The sultan afterward entertained us by the exhibition of a curious collection of monkeys and apes. Some were of huge proportions, full four feet in height, and looking as fierce as if just captured from their native jungles, while the tiny marmosets were scarcely eight inches long. The orang-outangs and long-armed apes had been trained to go through a variety of military exercises; and when one of us expressed surprise at their seeming intelligence, the sultan said gravely, "They are as really *men* as you and I, and have the power of speech if *they chose to exercise it*. They do not talk, because they are unwilling to work and be made slaves of." This strange theory is generally believed by the Malays, in whose language *orang-outang* is simply "*man* of the woods."

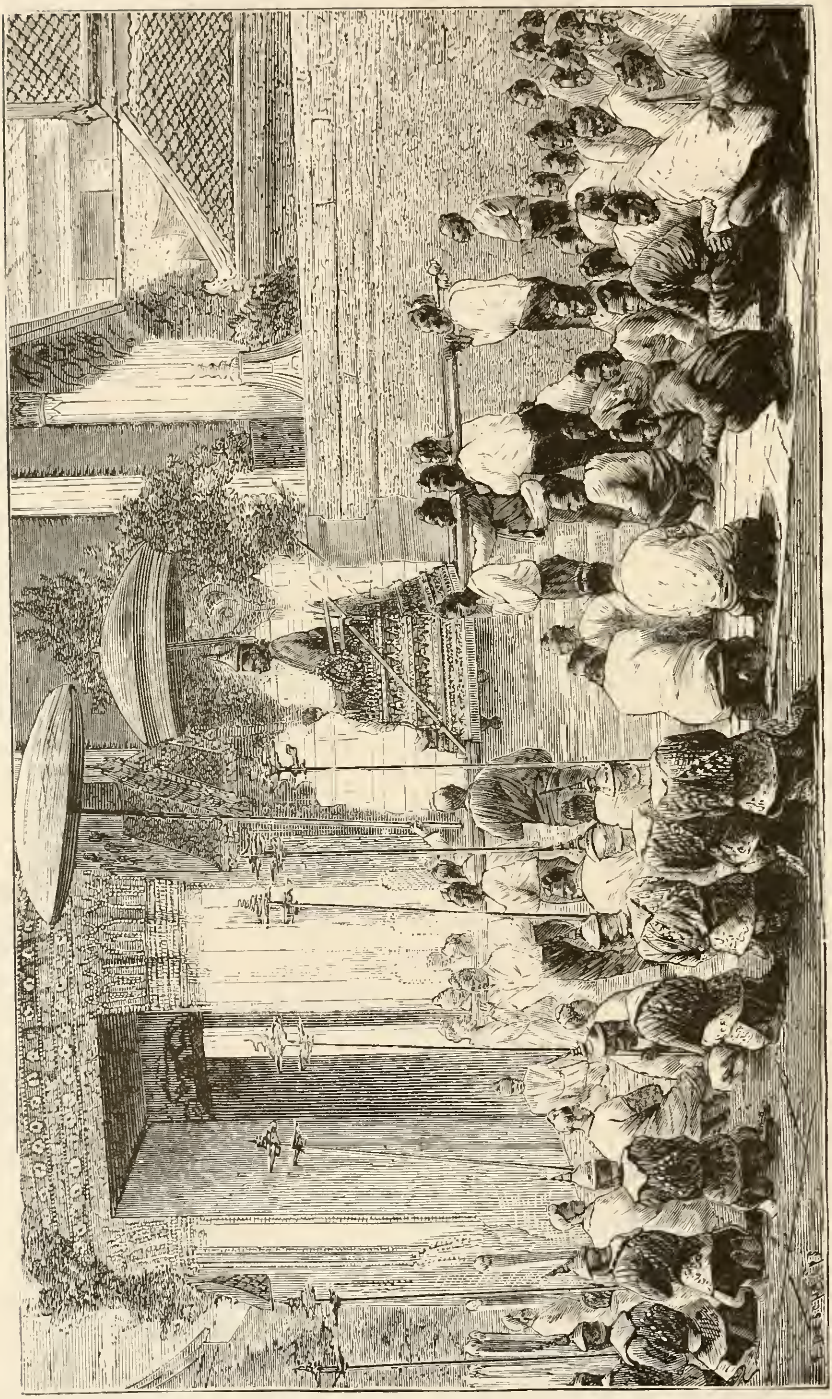
Fannie R. Feudge.

SKETCHES OF EASTERN TRAVEL.

III.—BANGKOK.

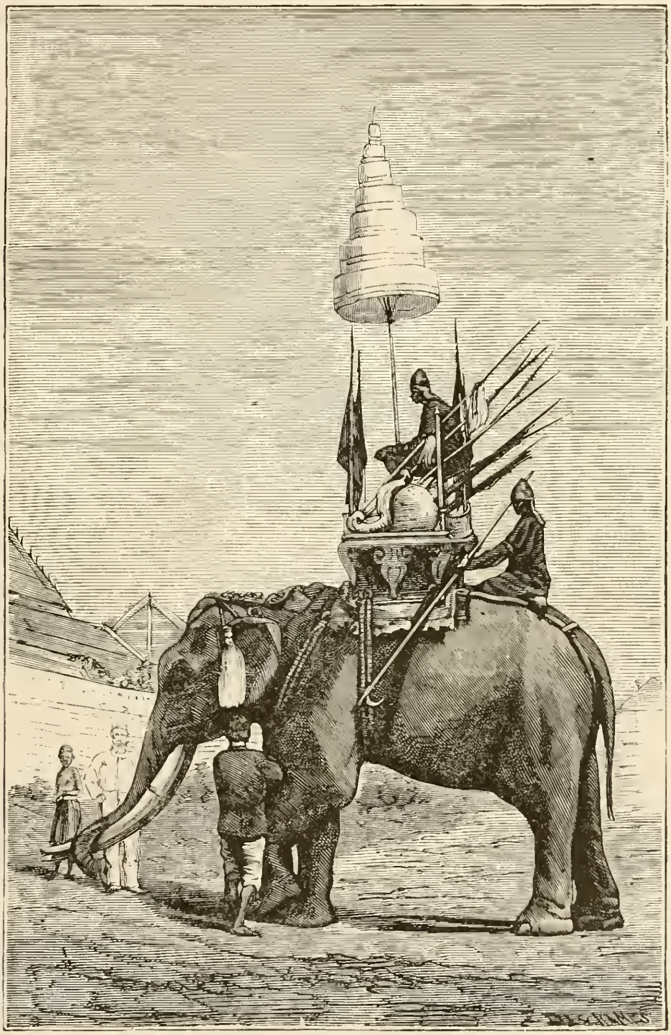
WE left Singapore—which, though an English colony, is a very Babel of languages and nations—in a Bombay merchantman, whose captain was an Arab, the cook Chinese, and the fourteen men who composed the crew belonged to at least half that many different nations, whilst our party in the cabin were English, Scotch, French and American. After eight days of rather stormy weather we disembarked at the mouth of the Meinam River, thirty miles below the city of Bangkok. Owing to the sandbar at the mouth, large vessels must either partially unload outside, or wait for the flood-tide when the moon is full to pass the bar; and to avoid the delay consequent upon either course, we took passage for the city in a native sampan pulled by eight men with long slender oars. The trip was a delightful one, giving us enchanting glimpses of the grand old city long before we reached it. Amid the mass of tropical foliage, gleaming out from among clustering palms and graceful banians, we could discern the gilded spires of gorgeous temples and palaces, of which Bangkok boasts probably not less than two hundred. The temples, with their glittering tiles of green and gold, and graceful turrets and pinnacles from which hang tiny tinkling bells that ring out sweet music with every passing breeze, their tall, slender pagodas and picturesque monasteries, stand all along the banks of the river, its most conspicuous adornments. But pre-eminent, both for height and splendor, is Wat Chang, visible, all but its base, from the very mouth of the river. Its central spire, full three hundred feet in height, towers grandly above the surrounding turrets and pagodas, the white walls gleaming out from the dark foliage of the banian, and the feathery fringes of the palm reflected on its shining roof.

The two main entrances to the royal palace are of white masonry very elaborately adorned. Groups of elegant columns support a capital composed of nine crowns rising one above the other, and terminating in a slender spire of some forty feet. The whole is inlaid in exquisite mosaics of porcelain, the various colors arranged in quaint devices, so as to produce the happiest effect, while the reflection of the sun's rays upon the glazed tiles, the numberless turrets and pinnacles of the lofty pile, and the porticoes and balconies of pure white marble opening from every window, and leading to delectable conservatories, luxurious baths or fairy groves and arbors, present, as grouped together, a sight worth a trip across the waters to enjoy. The engraving represents one of these entrances, and His Majesty Somdetch Phra Paramendr Maha Mongkut, the late supreme king of Siam, on his return from his usual afternoon promenade. This "promenade," however, was not a walk, a ride or a drive, but an airing in one of the royal state barges. For the late king, true to the usages of his forefathers, continued to the very close of his life to make all his tours, public and private, with very rare exceptions, by water. This has heretofore been the custom of all classes, the gently-flowing Meinam being the Broadway of Bangkok, and canals, intersecting the city in every direction, its cross streets. Every family keeps one or more boats and a full complement of rowers; palaces and temples have their gates on the river; and upon its placid waters move in ever-varying panorama life's shifting scenes of weddings and funerals, business and pleasure, from early morn till long past midnight. Only since the accession of the present kings have streets been constructed along the river-banks; and these young princes, as a sort of concession to European customs, now take occasional drives in open car-



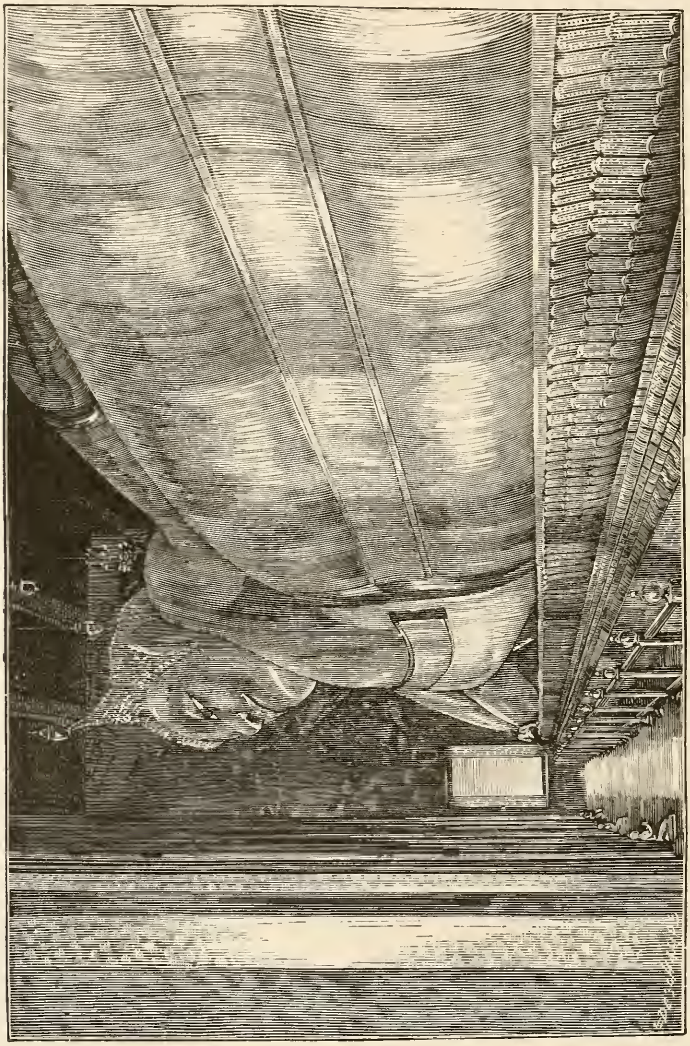
THE KING OF SIAM RETURNING TO HIS PALACE.

riages, attended by liveried servants, though for state processions boats are still in vogue. His Majesty the late king was ordinarily conveyed to the jetty in a state palanquin, and handed from it into his boat, without the sole of his boot ever touching the ground. This has been the custom of Siamese monarchs from time immemorial, but I have sometimes seen both the late kings wave aside their bearers and jump with agile dexterity into their boats, as if it were a relief to them to lay aside courtly etiquette and act like ordinary mortals. The royal palanquins are completely covered with plates of pure gold inlaid with pearls, and the cushions are of velvet embroidered, and edged with heavy gold lace. They are borne by sixteen men robed in azure silk sarángs and shirts of



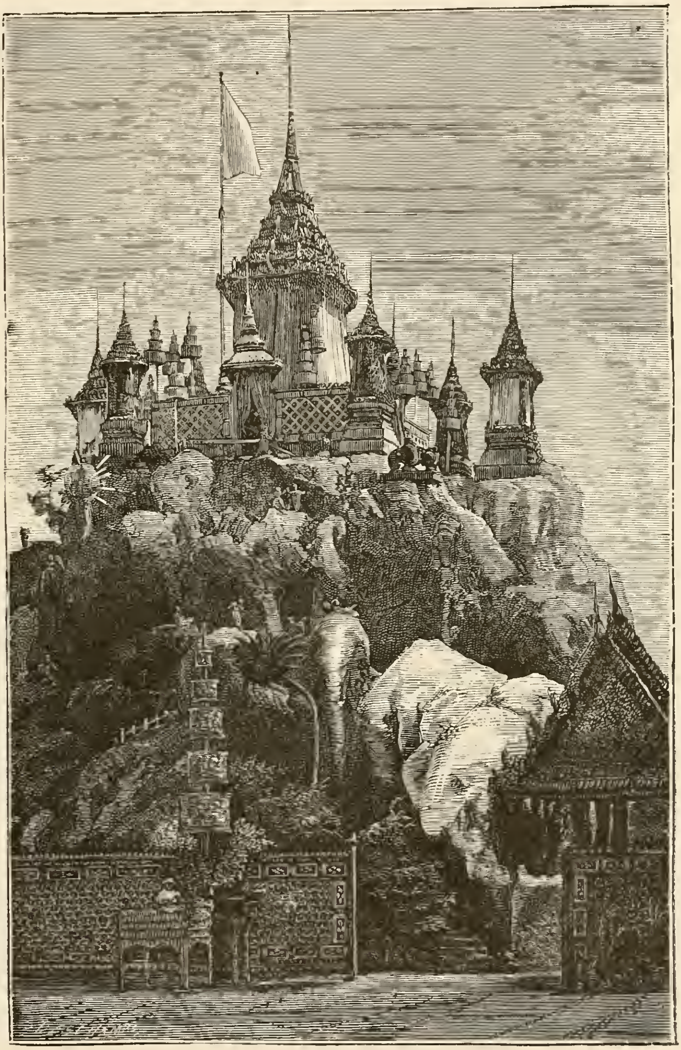
ELEPHANT ARMED FOR WAR.

embroidered muslin. The umbrella is of blue, crimson or purple silk, and for state occasions is richly embroidered, and studded with precious stones. So also are those placed over the throne, the sofa, or whatever seat the king happens to occupy.



THE GREAT GILDED BOODDH.

The late supreme king, who died in 1868 at the age of sixty-five, was tall and slender in person, of intellectual countenance and noble, commanding presence. His ordinary dress was of heavy, dark silk, richly embroidered, with the occasional addition of a military coat. He wore also the decorations of several orders, and a crown—not the large one, which is worn but once in a lifetime, and that on the coronation-day—but the one for regular use, which is of fine gold, conical in shape and the rim completely surrounded by a circlet of magnificent diamonds. This prince, the most illustrious of all the kings of Siam, spent many of the best years of his life in the priesthood as high priest of the kingdom. He was a profound scholar, not only in Oriental lore, but in many European tongues and in the sciences. In public he was rather reticent, but in the retirement of the social circle and among his European friends the real symmetry of his noble character was fully displayed, winning not only the reverence but the warm affection of all who knew him. He died universally regretted, and the young prince now reigning as supreme king is his eldest surviving son: the second king is his nephew.



FUNERAL PILE FOR THE SECOND KING.

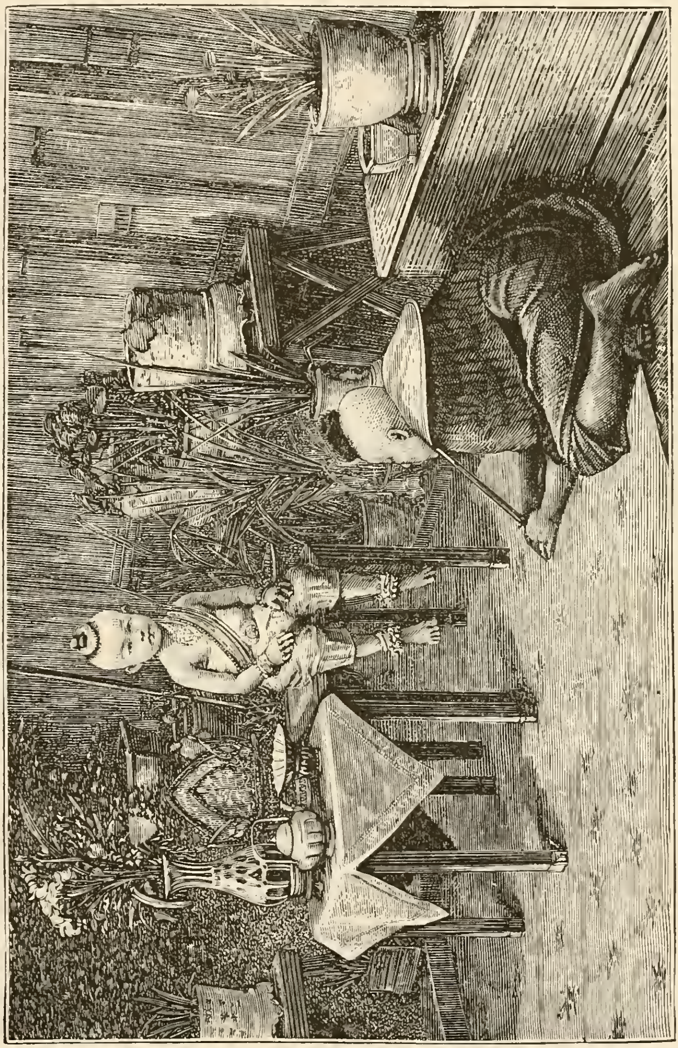
Among the choice treasures of Siam are her elephants, but they belong exclusively to the Crown, and may be employed only at the royal command.

They are used in state processions and in traveling by the king and members of the royal family, and in war at the king's mandate only. It is death for a Siamese subject, unbidden by his sovereign, to mount one of His Majesty's elephants. In war they are considered very effective, their immense size and weight alone rendering them exceedingly destructive in trampling down and crushing foot-soldiers. The howdah is placed well up on the animal's back, and in it sits a military officer of high rank, with an iron helmet on his head, and above him a seven-layered umbrella, as the insignia of his royal commission. On the croup sits the groom, guiding the royal beast with an iron hook, while all about the officer are disposed lances, javelins, pikes, helmets and other munitions of war, which he dispenses as they are needed during the progress of a battle. I have been told that as many as six or seven hundred of these colossal creatures are often marched and marshaled in battle together; and so perfectly are they trained as to be guided and controlled without difficulty, even amid the din of firearms and the conflict of contending armies. Sometimes on the king's journeys into the interior a train of fifty or sixty will be marched in perfect order, their stately stepping beautiful to behold, but their huge feet coming down with a jolt that threatens to dislocate every joint of the unfortunate rider.

I have spoken of the gorgeousness of the Bangkok temples, but I must not forget to mention the colossal statue of Booddh that reposes in one of them. It is one hundred and seventy feet in length, of solid masonry, perfectly covered with a plating of pure gold, and rests quite naturally upon the right side, the recumbent position indicating the dreamless repose the god now enjoys in *nirwâna*. This is supposed to be the largest image of Gautama, the fourth Booddh, in existence, and it is an object of the profoundest veneration to every devout Booddhist.

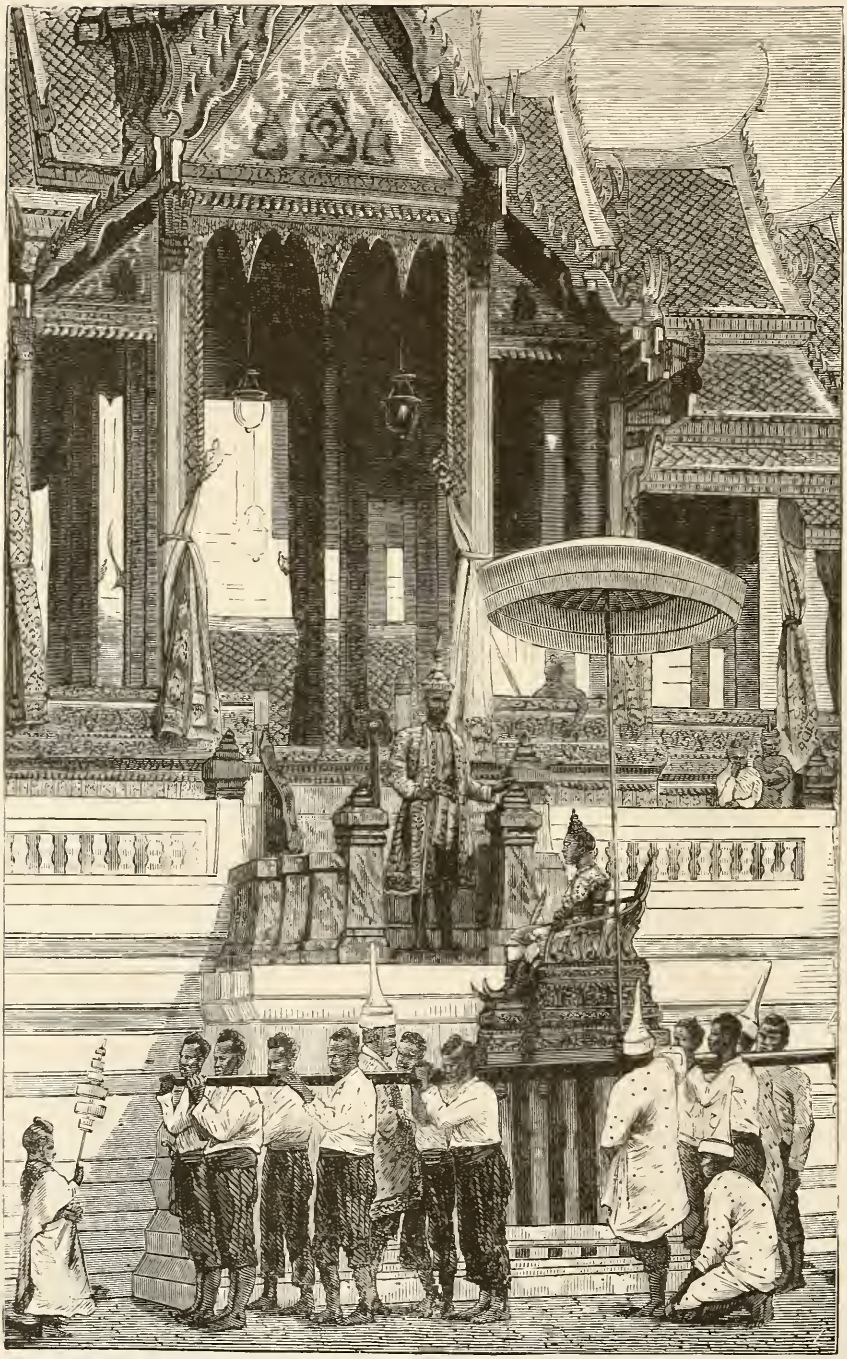
Incremation of the dead is the custom in Siam, and while there I was present at several royal funerals, each marked by more lavish display of costly magnificence than we Americans ever see on this side the water. Shortly after I left the country occurred the death of the patriotic second king, so well and favorably known among us as Prince T. Momfanoi, the introducer of square-rigged vessels and many other improvements, and afterward as King Somdet Phra Pawarendr Kamesr Maha Waresr. The body was embalmed, and lay in state for nearly a year before the burning took place. The count de Beauvoir reached Bangkok just in time to see the royal catafalque, of which he gives a somewhat amusing account. He says: "The body, having been thoroughly dried by mercury, was so doubled that the head and feet came together, and after being tied up like a sausage was deposited in a golden urn on the top of the mausoleum." He speaks of the state officers in attendance by day and by night, and the dead king, from the golden urn on the very summit of the altar, holding his court with the same pomp and parade as during his life. A more affecting ceremony is the coming at noon and eve of the crowds of beautiful women, not yet absolved from their wifely vows, to converse with their loved and lamented lord, and the depositing of letters and petitions in the great golden basket at the foot of the mausoleum, with the confident expectation that these loving missives will reach the deceased and be answered by him. These royal catafalques are costly and magnificent, being covered with plates of gold, while the silks and perfumes consumed with a single body cost thousands of dollars.

M. de Beauvoir describes an interview with the king, surrounded by ten of his offspring, including the seventy-second child. I well remember the eldest son, the present supreme king, now in his twentieth year, looking when five years old the exact counterpart of this one—his graceful little figure, dimpled cheeks, eyes lustrous as diamonds, and the glossy, raven hair, close shaven at the back, while the foretop was coiled in a smooth knot, fastened with jeweled pins and twined with fragrant flowers. The dress was very simple—only two garments of silk or embroidered muslin—but the deficiency was more than made up by jewelry, of which, in the form of chains, rings, anklets and bracelets, he wore almost incredible quantities, while his golden girdle was studded with costly diamonds.



SEVENTY-SECOND CHILD OF THE KING OF SIAM.

Polygamy prevails in its fullest extent in Siam, especially among those of noble or royal lineage; and the higher the rank the larger the number of wives, those of the supreme king amounting ordinarily to five or six hundred. Of these, the "superior wife" holds the rank of queen: she resides within the harem proper, where are the private apartments of the king, and her children



ENTRANCE TO THE ROYAL HAREM.

are always the legal heirs. For the other wives or concubines, their children and attendants, there is a whole circle of buildings, connected by balconies with the palace royal. All these are handsomely fitted up, but what is called "the harem" pre-eminently is more gorgeous than our dreams of fairy palaces or enchanted castles of genii. Long suites of apartments with frescoed walls, ceilings of gold and pearl, floors inlaid with exquisite mosaics of silver and ebony, and with hangings of costly lace, velvet and satin, huge waxen candles, and lamps fed with perfumed oil that are never suffered to expire, mirrors, pictures, and statuettes innumerable, with cups, basins, and even spittoons, of pure gold,—all these are but a tithe of the lavish adornments of this Oriental paradise, where birds sing, flowers bloom, and the sounds of low sweet music ever greet the ear of the favored visitor. The accompanying engraving will give some idea of the general appearance of the entrance to the harem, with its burnished roof of green and gold, its graceful turrets and mosque-like pinnacles, and its base of pure white marble, chaste and elegant. But neither language nor pictorial illustration can convey to the mind any adequate realization of its bewildering beauty; and Count de Beauvoir but echoes the language of every traveler who has visited Bangkok when he declares, in his recent work, that "its temples and palaces are the most splendid of even the gorgeous East."

FANNIE R. FEUDGE.

AT HOME WITH THE PATAGONIANS.

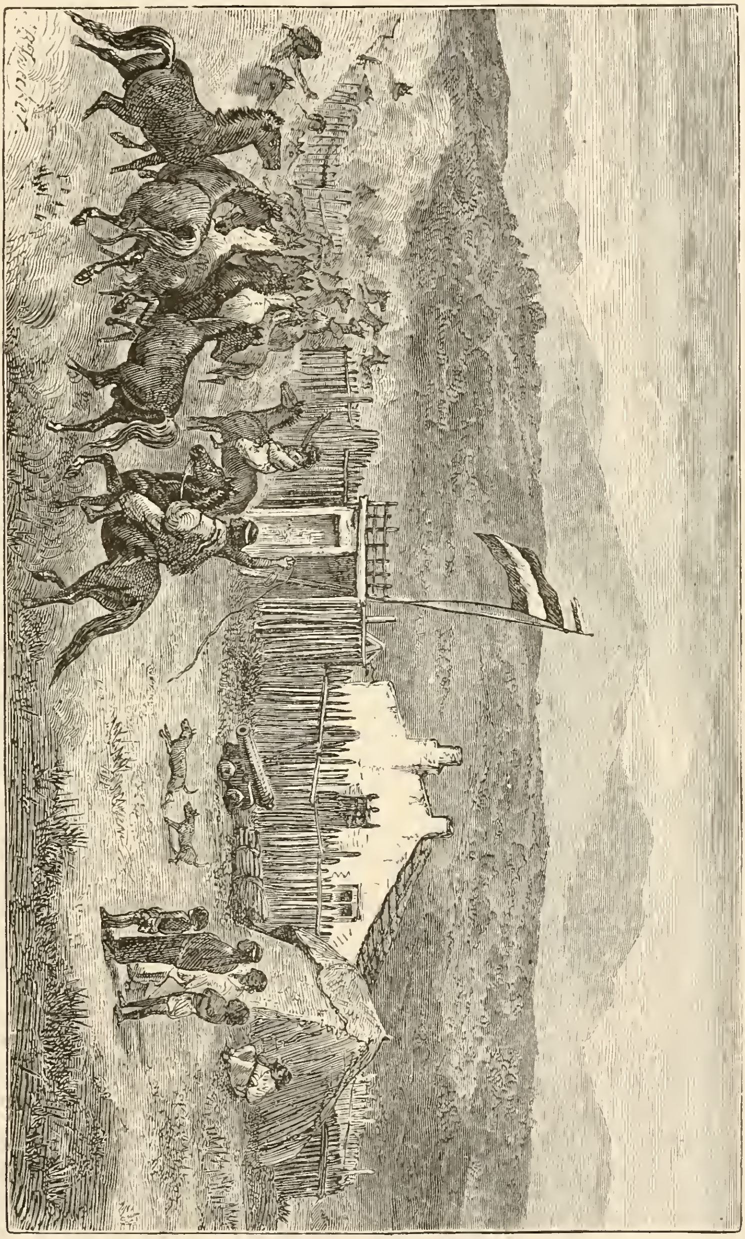
BY GEORGE CHAWORTH MUSTERS.

I.

IN April, 1869, chance took me to the remote colony of the Falkland Islands, with the purpose of taking thence a passage to Buenos Ayres to arrange some business-matters. During my stay in the settlement the coast of Patagonia, in the survey of which H. M. S. Nassau was then engaged, formed a frequent topic of conversation. I had formerly, when stationed on the south-east coast of America, read with delight Mr. Darwin's work on South America, as well as Fitzroy's admirable *Narrative of the Voyage of the Beagle*, and had ever since entertained a strong desire to penetrate, if possible, the little-known interior of the country. Now, at length, a favorable opportunity seemed to have arrived for carrying out the cherished scheme of traversing the country from Punta Arenas to the Rio Negro, Valdivia, or even to Buenos Ayres. The accounts given me of the Tehuelche character and of the glorious excitement of the chase after the guanaco, graphically described by a seaman, Sam Bonner, who had been much on the coast and had resided at the Santa Cruz station, made me more than ever anxious to prosecute this plan; and, having a tolerable acquaintance with Spanish, which language many of the Indians know well, it seemed to me possible to safely traverse the country in company with some one or other of their wandering parties. Accordingly, I bestirred myself to obtain information as to the best way of getting such an introduction to the Indians as would probably secure their consent; to which end most material assistance was afforded by Mr. Dean of Stanley, who kindly provided me with letters of introduction to Captain Luiz Piedra Buena, an intelligent Argentine well known in Stanley, the owner of a schooner—in which he worked the seal-fisheries on the coast—and also of a trading-station at the Middle Island, on the Santa Cruz River.

This settlement consists of only three houses, built on an island called "Pabon," marked as Middle Island, in Islet Reach, in Fitzroy's chart. Don Luiz P. Buena holds it by virtue of a grant from the Argentine government, which has also conferred on him the commission of captain in the navy, with power to prevent all foreign sealers from trespassing on the valuable seal-fisheries on the coast. The island is about a mile and a half long, and has an average breadth of some three hundred and fifty yards. Access is obtained from the south shore by a ford, about fifty yards across, only passable at low water. The northern channel is wider and deeper, and the swiftness of the current renders it impassable save by a boat, which is moored ready to ferry over Indians desirous of trading, and is also useful for bringing wood for fuel, which is not obtainable on the island. About a hundred yards from the ford stands the principal house, substantially built of bricks, with tiled roof, containing three rooms, and a sort of porch to shelter a nine-pounder commanding the entrance. It is further defended by a stockade, over which floats the Argentine flag, and beyond it a fosse, which is filled with water by the spring tides. The object of these fortifications is to afford protection in case of the Indians proving troublesome when under the influence of rum. A second house was situated about fifty yards off, and being generally used as a store, bore the name of the Almacen. at this time being empty, one room served as a sleeping-place for some of the men, and the other had been given up for the accommodation of Casimiro—an Indian of whom both the missionaries and Her Majesty's surveyors have made frequent mention—and his family. A third house, which stood at the eastern end of the island, was unoccupied. Near it a small plot had been tilled, and potatoes, turnips and other vegetables had been successfully raised. As the lower part of the island is liable to be overflowed at high springs, a ditch had been cut across to drain off the water, and there was consequently no lack of irrigation. The ground was covered with stunted bushes, the small spike-thorn round thistle and coarse grass. The few sheep appeared to thrive well, but decreased very sensibly in number during the winter, as on days when game was scarce one fell a victim to the ravenous appetite engendered by the keen air of Patagonia. A numerous troop of horses grazed on the mainland, in a tract below the Southern Barranca, called the "Potrero," where the grass, though coarse, grew in rank luxuriance. When wanted for hunting, the entire stud was brought across the river in the morning and driven into the corral, but ordinarily one alone was kept on the island ready for emergencies.

With Don Luiz P. Buena and his amiable and accomplished señora I subsequently made acquaintance which ripened into friendship, but, though his guest, I was at present personally unknown to him. In his absence, his representative, Mr. Clarke, whom I had known some years previously in the Falklands, did all he could to make me feel at home. He was a handsome young fellow of twenty-five, and an excellent specimen of the versatile and cosmopolitan New Englander, "raised" in Salem, Massachusetts, where he had been brought up as a builder, though he afterward "shipped himself on board of a ship." In his nautical life he had been mate of the Snow Squall, in a homeward voyage from Shanghai, when she was chased off the Cape of Good Hope by the Alabama, and but for the pluck of the captain and crew, and the wonderful sailing powers of the craft, another item would have been added to Mr. Adams' "little bill." As it was, the beautiful vessel fairly outsailed the swift steamer. The steadiness of the crew, and their well-deserved attachment to the captain, were



STATION AT PABON ISLAND, SANTA CRUZ.

most strongly proved on this occasion. As there was no alternative between putting in for water at St. Helena—where it was too probable the Alabama would pounce upon the prize—and running home upon half a pint per diem each man, the captain left it to the crew to decide, and they chose the latter course.

Mr. Clarke had spent three months traveling and hunting in company with the Tehuelches, which had made him a most expert hand with lasso or bolas, and well acquainted with the Indian character; and it was pleasant to hear that he entertained a very high opinion of their intelligence and generous disposition. He treated them with fairness and considerate kindness, and they repaid him by confidence and friendship.

Five other employés made up the rest of our party. No social distinctions, however, prevailed, and the inhabitants of Pabon lived in pleasant equality. The charge of the dogs and horses and the duty of supplying meat devolved on two — Gonzalez, a gaucho, a native of Patagones, who was as much at home in the schooner on a sealing-excursion as in the saddle balling an ostrich; and Juan Isidoro, a swarthy little man whose sparkling black eyes told of his Indian blood, a native of Santiago del Estero: he had been sent as a soldier to Rio Negro, whence he had managed to desert, and make his way with Orkeke's Indians to the settlement. Next comes Juan Chileno, a bright, fresh-complexioned youth of nineteen years, to look at whom was refreshing after the swarthy and weather-beaten physiognomies of the others. Then Antonio, a Portuguese, by turns gaucho, whaler or sealer, always ready with a song or a merry jest, and on occasion equally quick with his knife. Holstein furnished the last, but by no means least important—a strong-built, good-natured, rather stupid fellow, generally selected as the butt of the rest, who always styled him "El Cookè," a sobriquet earned by his many voyages in that capacity on board various ships. Such were the companions of my residence at Pabon, besides whom more than a score of dogs of all sorts slept anyhow and anywhere, and followed anybody, giving their masters the preference.

Every Sunday all hands, except one—the cook of the week—left on guard, went hunting, and, as occasion required, during the week, the gauchos would proceed to supply the larder with guanaco or ostrich, the latter being, however, rare. Idleness was unknown: when not hunting, woodcutting or salt-raising, manufactures were the order of the day. We picked stones and worked them round for bolas, and covered them with the hide stripped from the hock of the guanaco, the soga or thong connecting the balls being made from the skin of the neck, the method of obtaining it being as follows: The head having been cut off, and an incision made just above the shoulder, the skin is dragged off in one piece, and, after the wool has been picked off, is softened by hand and carefully cut into strips, which are closely plaited. Of this leather we also made serviceable bridles, lassos, stirrup-leathers, and, in fact, horse-gear generally. Sometimes we would have a fit of making pipes, and all hands would be busy sawing out wood or hard at work boring the bowls; at others, spurs were the rage, made by the simple Indian method of sticking sharpened nails into two pieces of wood, secured together by thongs fastened under the foot and round the leg; or again, we would work silver, and come out with our knife-sheaths glittering with studs. On non-hunting days I invariably practiced the use of the bolas, and caught almost every shrub on the island.

The evenings were passed in playing the American game of "brag." Cash being unknown, and no one being disposed to risk the loss of his gear, the stakes were simply so many black beans to a box of matches; and as much excitement prevailed as if each bean or perota had been a five-dollar piece.

The sketch of our life at Pabon would be very incomplete without asking the reader to accompany us on a hunting-excursion. Game had become very scarce in our immediate vicinity, and our only farinaceous food was black beans varied by maize, which was too troublesome in the preparation to be much used. The meat went wonderfully quick, so we determined to extend the sphere of the hunting a little more afield. Accordingly, one fine frosty morning at daylight the horses were brought up, caught and saddled, mantles and spurs

HUNTING GUANACO AND OSTRICH.

donned, and eight of us, including two Indians, Casimiro and El Zurdo, set off to make a circle—*i. e.*, enclose and drive an area of land on the southern shore of the river, finishing at the Missionaries' Valley. Casimiro and Gonzalez accordingly started, and the remainder followed in turn. During our drive down, one guanaco was captured by El Zurdo and Isidoro, and on our arrival near the valley of Los Misionarios I chased a guanaco, but, being without dogs and a tyro with the bolas, failed to capture him. However, on rejoining my companions, who had now finished the circle, I found that they had only killed one ostrich, which, through the carelessness of some of the party, the dogs had mauled to such an extent as to render the greater part of the meat unserviceable. The day had been unusually warm, without any wind. Though a bank of white clouds on the horizon seemed to threaten snow, it was agreed to camp out and try our chance of getting a good supply of meat on the following day; so we proceeded to a sheltered place in the valley and bivouacked under the lee of a big incense bush, while the horses were turned loose and a fire was made, on which the remains of the ostrich were soon cooking under the master hand of Casimiro. After supper, which was rather stinted in quantity, we smoked a pipe, and lay down to sleep. About three I woke up, feeling, as I thought, a heavy weight pressing on my mantle, and found that above two inches of snow had fallen and that it was still snowing. At daylight it came on to rain, but quickly changed to snow again; so we made a fire and waited for an hour to see if the weather would clear. At last, on a gleam of sickly sunshine appearing, we proceeded to arrange the circle, Casimiro starting first. Emerging from the valley and ascending to the high pampa, we met a terrific gale of wind from the south, driving before it small snow in freezing blasts; but two ostriches jumped up from behind a bush, and Mr. Clarke balled one of them with great dexterity. This was very cheering, as we were all very hungry. But, as it was impossible to face the driving sleet and wind, which prevented us from seeing ten yards before us, we adjourned to the valley, leaving Casimiro, who was not visible, to his own pursuits. Suddenly, El Zurdo discovered smoke behind a clump of trees, and, to our great delight, there was our friend before a good fire, nicely sheltered from snow and wind, within an arbor neatly cut out of a bush. We adjourned to the fire and had breakfast; invigorated by which, and encouraged by a lull in the storm, we started off to renew the chase, but soon got separated by the thick snowstorm. Mr. Clarke, El Zurdo, Gonzalez and myself, who were together, came close upon a herd of guanaco making for the coast to escape the gale. The dogs gave chase and killed some, others were balled: in fact, a regular slaughter took place, and eight or ten carcases were soon lying on the plain. Now came the tedious job of cutting up. I found myself standing alone by a dead guanaco, none of the others being visible, though not fifty yards distant. I proceeded as best I could to arrange the meat, and was about half through the task, with fingers nearly frozen, when I discovered Mr. Clarke and El Zurdo, and shortly after it cleared up, and the remainder of our party, all loaded with meat, arrived. Thus supplied, we turned our faces homeward, and a little before sundown reached Santa Cruz, where a steaming kettle of coffee soon dispelled our cold and put us into good spirits.

The northern hills abounded with puma, some of which, killed in our hunts, were of unusual size, measuring fully six feet, exclusive of the tail, which is generally half the length of the body. They are, of course, most numerous where the herds of guanaco and the ostriches abound: in the southern part of Patagonia their color is more of a grayish-brown than that of the species found in the Argentine provinces. These "leones," as they are universally called in South America, always appeared to me to be the most catlike of all the felidæ. They are very timid, always running from a man on horseback, and, by day at least, from a pedestrian: they run for a short distance in a series of long bounds at great speed, but soon tire, and stand at bay behind or in the midst of a bush, and, sitting upon their haunches, spit and swear just like a monstrous tabby, sometimes endeavoring to scratch with their formidable claws, but rarely springing at the pursuer. Mr. Clarke on one occasion had his mantle torn off in this manner. At another time, when hunting in the vicinity of Santa Cruz, I observed from a distance Gonzalez hacking with his knife at a big incense bush, and on reaching the spot found him occupied in clearing away branches to allow him to knock a huge puma on the head with his bolas. He was dismounted and attended by his dogs, which bayed the animal. Still, had the puma not been a cur, he could doubtless have sprung out and killed or severely wounded the gaucho. The Indians affirm that the puma will attack a single man alone and on foot; and indeed subsequently an example of this came under my notice: however, if a person should be benighted or lost, he has only to take the precaution of lighting a fire, which these animals will never approach. They are most savage in the early part of the spring or breeding-season, when, according to my experience, they are found roaming over the country in an unsettled manner: they are then also thinner than at other times, but, like the wild horse, they are generally pretty fat at all times of the year. The females I saw were sometimes accompanied by two cubs, but never more. The meat of the puma resembles pork, and is good eating, though better boiled than roasted, but one or two Indians of my acquaintance would not touch the meat. The hide is useful either for saddle-cloths or to make mantles of; and owing to its greasy nature it can be softened with less trouble than that of the guanaco. In Santa Cruz one of the men had a pair of trousers made of lion's skin, which, worn with the hair side out, was impervious to wet. From the hock and lower part of the hind legs boots may be constructed similar to those made from horse hide, and are in common use amongst the Indians and also the gauchos of Plata. These, however, are only made from pumas of large size, and they wear out very quickly. To kill a puma with a gun is rather a difficult matter, as, unless the ball enters his skull or strikes near the region of the heart, he has as many lives as his relation the cat. I once put three revolver bullets into one, and ultimately had recourse to the bolas as a more effective weapon. When wounded they become very savage, but they are at all times bad customers for dogs, which they maul in a shocking manner. The Indian dogs are trained to stand off and bay them, keeping out of range of the claws; nevertheless, they not unfrequently get killed. Perhaps the simplest way of taking the pumas is to throw a lasso over them, as directly they feel the noose they lie down as if dead, and are easily despatched. I was particularly struck, as are all hunters, with their eyes—large, brown and beautifully bright, but with a fierce glare that does not appeal to any feelings of compassion. I shall never forget the expression in the eyes of one puma, best described by the remark made by one of the Indians as he reined back his horse, expecting a spring: "Mira los ojos del diablo!" ("Look, what devil's eyes!")

By this time even the kind companionship of Mr. Clarke failed to reconcile me to the tedious monotony of our life. The game also became scarcer and scarcer, and at the beginning of August I began to think it would be better and more amusing to migrate to the Indian camp, where, at any rate, plenty of meat was procurable. Accordingly, when the Indians came over again on a visit, I bought a horse, or rather changed away a revolver for one (a three-year old, newly-broken), and started in company with Orkeke, Campan, Cayuke and Tankelow, four Indians, all of whom were previous acquaintances. I was ushered into Orkeke's toldo with due ceremony, and we took our seats by the fire. I had brought a bag of coffee with me; so we set to work and roasted some, after which one of the Chilians was given the task of pounding it between stones, and we all drank what the Indians not inappropriately term "pot-water." Many Indians crowded in to have a look at us, and among others that I noticed was a remarkably pretty little girl of about thirteen years of age, a niece of Orkeke's, who took some coffee, when offered, in a shy and bashful manner which was delightful to contemplate. In due time we all retired to rest, and a little before daylight I was woke up by the melodious singing of an Indian in the next toldo. Shortly afterward, Orkeke went out and harangued the inmates of the remaining toldos, and presently the horses were brought up, and most of the men started for the chase. Snow had fallen during the night, a biting cold wind was blowing, and Orkeke told me there were very few animals about. I took this as a hint not to ask for a horse, so contented myself with sauntering round and examining the encampment. Some of the men were playing cards, one or two sleeping, whilst the women were almost universally employed in sewing guanaco mantles. About 3 P. M., Casimiro arrived with his family, and proceeded to the tent of a southern Indian, named Crimè, and shortly afterward the hunting-party returned by twos and threes, but the chase had not been attended with much success. We passed the evening pleasantly enough, making acquaintance with each other, and Keoken, the little girl, instructed me in the Indian names of the various objects about the place.

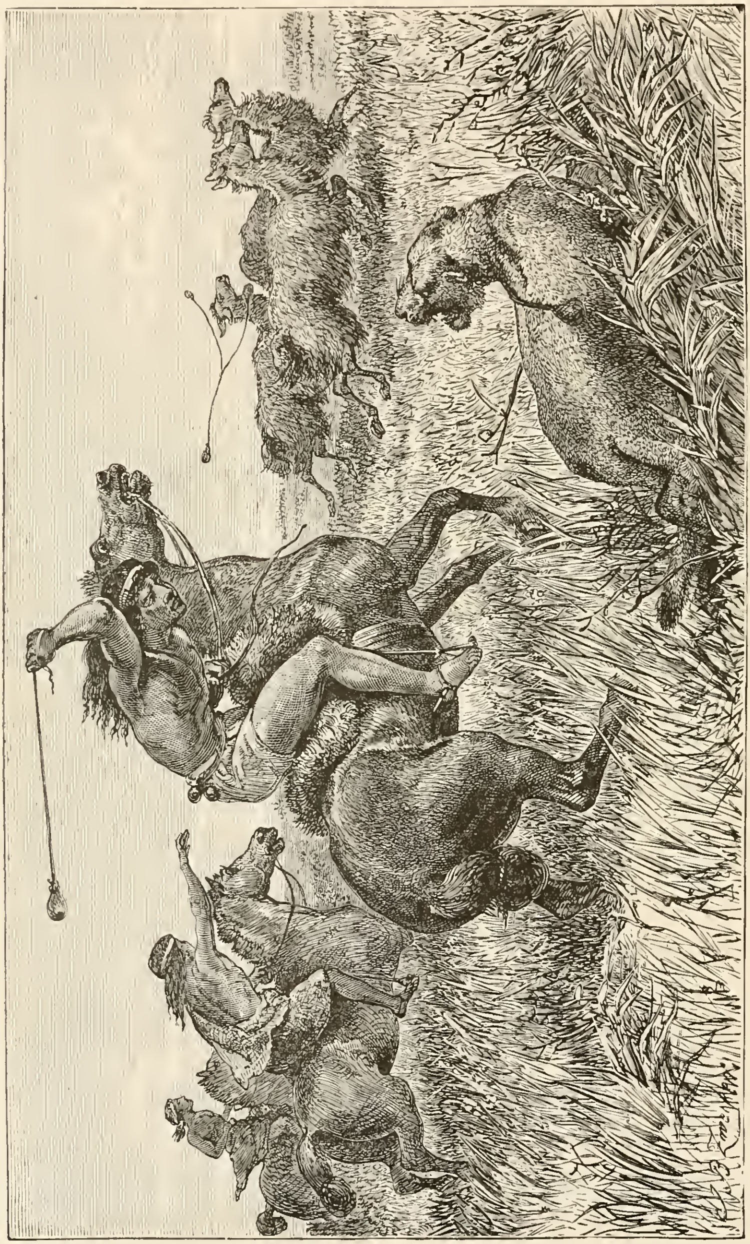
The most important among the Indians were Orkeke, the actual cacique, and his brother Tankelow, who possessed the greater number of horses; Casimiro, whose leadership was still rather *in posse;* Camillo, Crimè, Cuastro, Cayuke, etc. One more must be mentioned by name—Wáki, a perfect Hercules in bodily frame, and a thoroughly good-natured fellow, with whom I became great friends. The whole were housed in five toldos—by which Spanish name the Indian kau or tents, strongly resembling those of our own gypsies, are known. They were pitched in a sheltered hollow, with their fronts facing the east, to avoid the bitter violence of the prevalent westerly winds.

Fitzroy has given an excellent description of the toldo, but to those readers who are unacquainted with it a brief sketch will not be unacceptable. A row of forked posts about three feet high is driven into the ground in a slightly slanting position, and a ridge-pole laid across them; in front of these, at a distance of about seven feet, a second row, six feet high, with a ridge-pole; and at the same distance from them a third row, eight feet high, each slanting a little, but not at the same angle. A covering made of from forty to fifty full-grown guanaco skins, smeared with a mixture of grease and red ochre, is drawn over from the rear, and the great drag of the heavy covering straightens the poles: it is then secured by thongs to the front poles, while hide curtains fastened between the inner poles partition off the sleeping-places, and the baggage piled round the sides of the tent excludes the cold blast which penetrates under the edge of the covering. The fire is kindled in the fore part or mouth of the tent. In very bad weather, or when encamped for the winter, an additional covering is secured to the front poles and brought down over an extra row of short posts, making all snug. It is a common arrangement for relatives or friends to combine their toldos, when, instead of bringing down the coverings to the ground at the side, they are made to overlap, and thus one tent roof will cover two or three distinct domestic interiors.

The furniture of the toldos consists of one or two bolsters and a horse hide or two to each sleeping compartment, one to act as a curtain and the other for bedding. The bolsters are made of old ponchos or lechus, otherwise called mandils—woven blankets obtained from the Araucanos, who are famous for their manufacture—stuffed with guanaco wool and sewn up with ostrich or guanaco sinews. The bolsters do duty as pillows or as seats, and help to form the women's saddles on the march. Besides these, the women all own mandils for their beds. The men occasionally use the cloths worn under the saddles for seats when the ground is damp, but as a rule all the inmates of the toldo squat upon Nature's carpet, which has the advantage of being easily cleaned, for the Tehuelches are very particular about the cleanliness of the interior of their dwellings, and a patch of sod accidentally befouled is at once cut out and thrown outside by the women.

The cooking-utensils are simple, consisting of an asador, or iron spit, for roasting meat, and an occasional iron pot, which serves for boiling and also for trying-out ostrich grease and marrow, which is employed both for cooking and for mixing with the paint with which the faces of both sexes are adorned. To these, wooden platters and armadillo shells, to serve broth in, are sometimes added. The duty of pitching and arranging the toldos on the halt and striking them for the march, as well as loading the poles, covering and furniture on the horses, devolves entirely upon the women, who display great strength and dexterity in the work.

The order of march and method of hunting which constitute the daily routine are as follows: The cacique, who has the ordering of the marching and hunting, comes out of his toldo at daylight, sometimes indeed before, and delivers a loud oration, describing the order of march, the appointed place of hunting and the general programme: he then exhorts the young men to catch and bring up the horses and be alert and active in the hunt, enforcing his admonition, by way of a wind-up, with a boastful relation of his own deeds of prowess when he was young. Sometimes the women while the chief is haranguing rekindle or blow up the embers of the fire and prepare a slight breakfast, but not invariably. Some cold meat is also occasionally reserved from the evening meal, and placed in a hide bag to be carried with them on the march, to be given to the children when they are hungry. But the general custom for the men is to wait until the day's hunt has supplied fresh meat. When the cacique's "oration"—which is very little attended to—is over, the young men and boys lasso and bring up the horses, and the women place on their backs the bolsters of reeds, tied with hide thongs, mantles and colored blankets, which form their saddles; others are strapping their belts on, or putting their babies into wicker-work cradles, or rolling up the skins that form the coverings of the toldos, and placing them and the poles on the baggage-horses; last of all, the small breakers which are carried on the march are filled with water. The women mount by means of a sling round the horses' necks, and sit astride of their bolster-saddles; their babies—if they possess any—and their pet dogs are hoisted up, the babies being stowed in the cradles behind them: then they take their baggage-horses in tow and start off in single file. The men, who generally wait until all are ready, then drive the spare horses for a short distance, and having handed them over to the charge of their wives or daughters, retire to a neighboring bush, where a fire is kindled, pipes are lighted, and the hunt commenced in the following manner: Two men start off and ride at a gallop round a certain area of country, varying according to the number of the party, lighting fires at intervals to mark their track. After the lapse of a few minutes two others are despatched, and so on until only a few are left with the cacique. These spread themselves out in a crescent, closing in and narrowing the circle on a point where those first started have by this time arrived. The crescent rests on a base-line formed by the slowly-proceeding line of women, children and baggage-horses. The ostriches and herds of guanaco run from the advancing party, but are checked by the points-men, and when the circle is well closed in are attacked with the bolas, two men frequently chasing the same animal from different sides. The dogs also assist in the chase, but the Indians are so quick and expert with the bolas that unless their horses are tired, or they happen to have gambled away their bolas, the dogs are not much called into use. Puma are very frequently found in the circles, and quickly despatched by a blow on the head from a ball. On one occasion I saw Wáki completely crush, by a single blow, the skull of an unusually large one. The Indian law of division of the



WÁKI KILLING A PUMA.

game prevents all disputes, and is as follows: The man who balls the ostrich leaves it for the other who has been chasing with him to carry or take charge of, and at the end of the hunt it is divided—the feathers and body from the head to the breast-bone and one leg belonging to the captor, the remainder to the assistant. In the case of guanaco, the first takes the best half in the same manner: the lungs, heart, liver, kidneys and the fat and marrow bones are sometimes eaten raw. The Tehuelches also cut out the fat over the eyes, and the gristly fat between the thigh-joints, which they eat with great gusto, as also the heart and blood of the ostrich. Owing to the entire absence of farinaceous food, fat becomes a necessary article of diet, and can be consumed in much larger quantities than in more civilized countries. That this is not merely owing to the inclemency of the climate is proved by the appetite for fat which the gauchos in the Argentine provinces acquire. When the hunt is finished and the birds cut up and divided, fires are kindled, and whilst stones are heating the ostrich is plucked, the wing-feathers being carefully tied together with a piece of sinew. The bird is then laid on its back and drawn; the legs are carefully skinned down, and the bone taken out, leaving the skin; the carcase is then separated into two halves, and the back-bone having been extracted from the lower half, and the meat sliced so as to admit the heated stones laid in between the sections, it is tied up like a bag, secured by the skin of the legs, with a small bone thrust through to keep all taut: this is placed on the live embers of the fire, a light blaze being kindled when it is nearly done to perfectly roast the outside meat. During the process of cooking it has to be turned frequently to ensure all parts being thoroughly cooked. When ready it is taken off the fire, and the top part being cut off and the stones extracted, the broth and meat are found deliciously cooked. The party, generally consisting of twos or fours, sit round the dish and eat the meat, sopping it in the broth. The back part, which consists nearly altogether of fat (when the ostrich is in good condition), is then divided, pieces being given to each and reserved as tidbits for the women and children. When the head and breast half are to be cooked, the bone is not extracted, but the wings turned inside and the breast cavity filled with heated stones, and tied up with half of the skin of the legs, which have been divided, additional pieces of meat from the legs having been placed in the breast cavity. The fat of the breast is divided amongst the party at the fireside, the owner in all cases reserving none or a very small piece for himself, as the others who are cooking at the same fire are sure to give him plenty. The cacique generally receives the largest share, or, if he is not present, the greatest friends of the owner. The wing-feathers are carefully taken to the toldos and stored with others for future trade. The ostrich is most thoroughly eaten, the gizzard, which is large enough to fill both hands, being carefully cooked by the insertion of a hot stone and roasted: the eyes, too, are sucked, and the tripe devoured; but when the birds are thin they are simply skinned, and the carcase left to the pumas. After the meal concluding the hunt is finished, a pipe is handed round, saddles are readjusted and the game placed on them, and the party adjourn to the toldos, which by this time have been pitched and arranged by the women.

(END OF PART FIRST.)

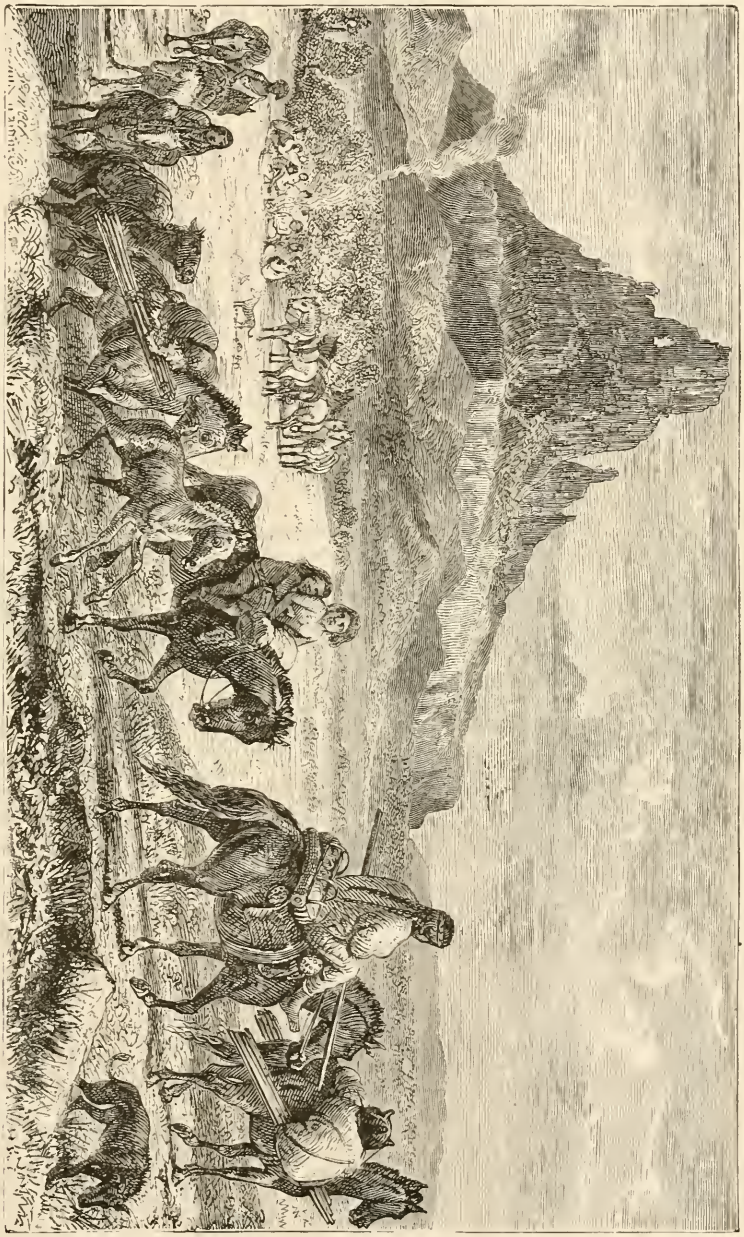
AT HOME WITH THE PATAGONIANS.

BY GEORGE CHAWORTH MUSTERS.

II.

THE hills on the northern side of the valley of the Rio Chico are bare and rugged, rising abruptly out of irregular forms, while the southern heights are lower, and present more of the steep declivities known as barrancas, interrupted at intervals by high, rugged hills of basalt, often assuming the appearance of ruined castles, closing in at the bends of the winding river. To one of these—a remarkable hill under which we were encamped on August 23, about one hundred and twenty miles from Santa Cruz—I gave the name of Sierra Ventana, from a window-like opening through its peak: the Indians called it Môwaish. In many places the bases of these hills are formed entirely of a description of lava; and one of the Chilians informed me that whilst passing over a ridge he had observed several large masses of pure iron: this, however, I was inclined to disbelieve, as, although farther up the country iron-ore exists in large quantities, I only observed in this part a species of ore similar to that common at Drobak in Norway.

During the expedition up the Rio Chico I had an opportunity of witnessing the ceremonies with which the attainment of the age of puberty of one of the girls was celebrated according to custom. Early in the morning the father of the child informed the cacique of the event: the cacique thereupon officially communicated the intelligence to the acting doctor or medicine-man, and a considerable shouting was set up, while the doctor adorned himself with white paint and was bled in the forehead and arms with a sharp bodkin. The women immediately set to work to sew a number of mandils together. When the patchwork was finished, it was taken with pomp and ceremony by a band of young men, who marched round the poles—already fixed to form a temporary toldo—singing, whilst the women joined in with the most dismal incantations and howlings. After marching round several times, the covering was drawn over the poles, and lances were stuck in front adorned with bells, streamers and brass plates that shook and rattled in the breeze, the whole thing when erected presenting a very gay appearance (its Indian name literally meaning "The pretty house"). The girl was then placed in an inner part of the tent, where nobody was admitted. After this everybody mounted, and some were selected to bring up the horses, out of which certain mares and fillies were chosen and brought up in front of the showy toldo, where they were knocked on the head by a ball, thus saving the blood (which was secured in pots) to be cooked, being considered a great delicacy. It is a rule amongst the Indians that any one assisting to take off the hide of a slaughtered mare is entitled to a piece of meat, but the flesh was on this occasion distributed pretty equally all round. Whilst the meat was cooking, Casimiro, who was ruler of the feast, sent a message for me to come to Crimè's toldo, where I found him busy working at a saddle, in the construction of which he was, by the way, an adept. His wife had a large iron pot bubbling on the fire, containing some of the blood mixed with grease. When the mess was nearly cooked, we added a little pepper and salt and commenced the feast. Previous to this I had felt a sort of repugnance to eating horse, as perhaps most Englishmen—except, indeed, the professed hippophagists—have; but hunger overcame all scruples, and I soon acquired quite a taste for this meat. Casimiro informed me, after the meal was concluded, that there would be a dance in the evening.



START FROM THE CAMP AT MÔWAISH, OR WINDOW HILL.

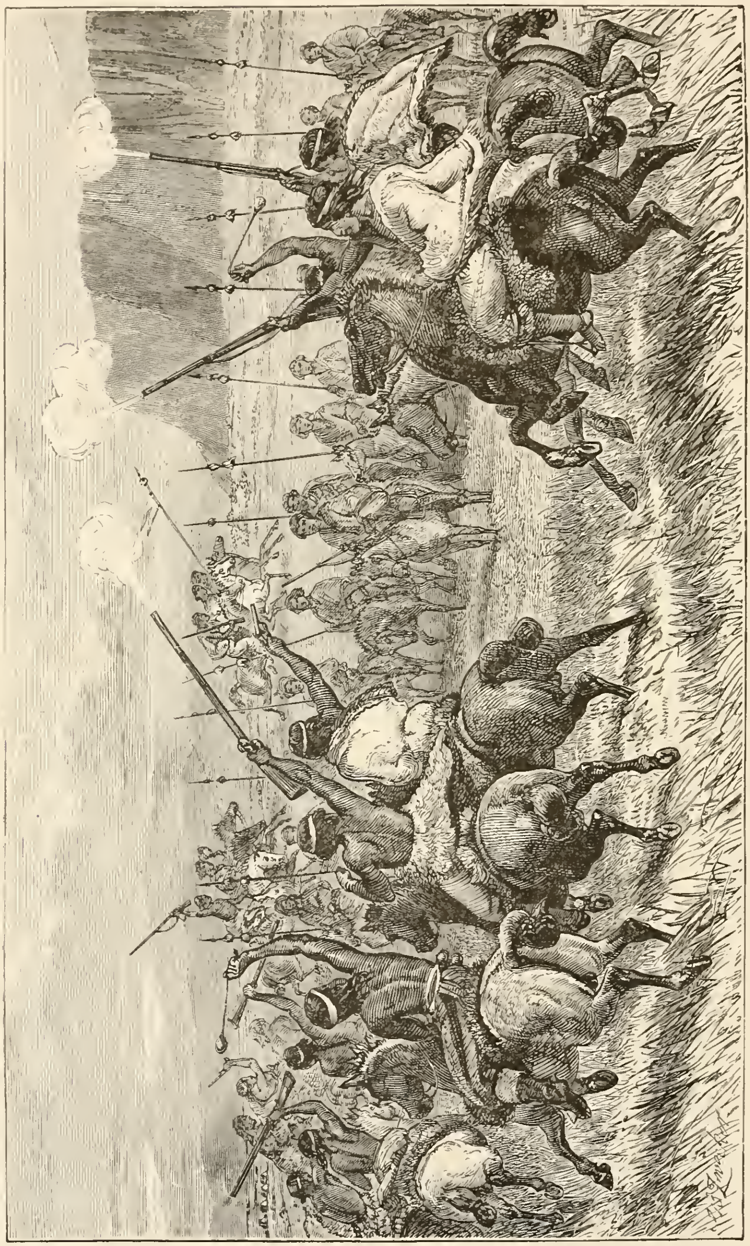
I looked forward with great anticipation to this "small and early," and shortly saw some of the women proceed to collect a considerable quantity of firewood, which was placed outside the tent. Presently, toward dusk, a fire was made, first outside the sacred precincts. The women all sat down on the grass round

THE "PRETTY HOUSE" AND DANCE.

about, but at some distance from the men, who were all seated on the grass, except four and the musicians. The orchestra consisted of a drum made by stretching a piece of hide over a bowl, also a sort of wind instrument formed of the thigh-bone of a guanaco, with holes bored in it. which is placed to the mouth and played, or with a short bow having a horsehair string. When all was ready, some of the old hags all the time singing in their melodious way, the band struck up, and four Indians, muffled up in blankets so that their eyes only were visible, and their heads adorned with ostrich plumes, marched into the ring and commenced pacing slowly round the fire, keeping time to the music. After two or three promenades the time gradually quickened until they went at a sort of trot; and about the fifth round, dancing fast to the music, they threw away their mantles, and exhibited themselves adorned with white paint daubed all over their bodies, and each having a girdle of bells extending from the shoulder to the hip, which jingled in tune to their steps. The first four consisted of the chiefs Casimiro, Orkeke, Crimè and Camillo, who, after dancing with great action (just avoiding stepping into the fire), and bowing their plumed heads grotesquely on either side to the beats of the drum, retired for a short time to rest themselves, after which they appeared again and danced a different step. When that was over, four more appeared, and so on until every one, including the boys, had had a fling. Sometimes, to give greater effect, the performers carried a bunch of rushes in one hand. About 9 P. M., everybody having had enough, Casimiro gave the sign. The band stopped playing, and all retired to bed. The dancing was not ungraceful, but was rendered grotesque by the absurd motions of the head. It was strictly confined to the men, the women being only allowed to look on.

At the beginning of November we fell in with a party of northern Indians, under a chief named Hinchel, on which occasion the ceremonial of welcome was duly observed. Both parties, fully armed, dressed in their best and mounted on their best horses, formed into opposite lines. The northern Indians presented the gayest appearance, displaying flannel shirts, ponchos and a great show of silver spurs and ornamental bridles. The chiefs then rode up and down, dressing the ranks and haranguing their men, who kept up a continual shouting of "Wap, Wap, Wap." I fell in as a full private, though Casimiro had vainly endeavored to induce me to act as "Capitanejo" or officer of a party. The Buenos Ayrean colors were proudly displayed on our side, while the Northerns carried a white weft, their ranks presenting a much better drilled aspect than our ill-disciplined forces. Messengers or hostages were then exchanged, each side deputing a son or brother of the chief for that purpose; and the new-comers advanced, formed into columns of threes and rode round our ranks, firing their guns and revolvers, shouting and brandishing their swords and bolas. After galloping round at full speed two or three times, they opened ranks and charged out as if attacking an enemy, shouting "Koue" at every blow or thrust. The object of attack was supposed to be the "Gualichu" or demon, and certainly the Demon of Discord had need to be exorcised. Hinchel's party then halted and reformed their line, while we, in our turn, executed the same manœuvres. Afterward the caciques advanced and formally shook hands, making, each in turn, long and complimentary speeches. This was repeated several times, the etiquette being to answer only "Ahon" or Yes until the third repetition, when all begin to talk, and formality is gradually laid aside. It was rather a surprise to find etiquette so rigorously insisted on, but these so-called savages are as punctilious in observing the proper forms as if they were Spanish courtiers.

Guanaco-hunting having proved a failure, Orkeke, to my great delight, proposed a visit to the wild-cattle country. The camp was accordingly struck, and following more or less the valley of the river, which flowed after one turn nearly due east, we shortly came out into an open plain running up between the mountains, at the head of which we encamped by some tall beeches on the bank of the stream. The whole of the latter part of the plain traversed was literally carpeted with strawberry plants all in blossom, the soil being of a dark, peaty nature. Young ostriches were now numerous, and in every hunt some were captured and formed a welcome addition to our dinner. The children had several alive as pets, which they used to



CEREMONY OF WELCOME (TEHUELCHES AND ARAUCANIANS).

let loose and then catch with miniature bolas, generally ending in killing them.

Our programme was to leave all the women, toldos and other encumbrances in this spot, named "Weekel," or Chaykash—a regular station which Hinchel's party had occupied a few weeks previously—and proceed into the interior in search of cattle. The following morning at daylight horses were caught and saddled, and, after receiving the good wishes of the women, who adjured us to bring back plenty of fat beef, we started off just as the sun was rising behind the hills to the eastward. The air was most invigorating, and we trotted along for some distance up a slightly irregular and sandy slope, halting after an hour or two by the side of a deliciously clear brook flowing east, where we smoked. We had previously passed guanaco and ostrich, but no notice was taken of them, the Indians having larger game in view. After passing this brook, the head-water of the river near which we had left the toldos, we skirted a large basin-like plain of beautiful green pasture, and after galloping for some time entered the forest, traveling along a path which only permitted us to proceed in Indian file. The trees were in many places dead—not blackened by fire, but standing up like ghostly bleached and bare skeletons. It is a remarkable fact that all the forests on the eastern side are skirted by a belt of dead trees. At length, however, just as we came in sight of a curiously-pointed rock which in the distance resembled the spire of a church, we entered the forest of live trees: the undergrowth was composed of currant, bay and other bushes, whilst here and there were beds of yellow violets, and the inevitable strawberry plants everywhere. After crossing a stream which, flowing from the north, afterward took a westerly course, thus proving that we had passed the watershed, we proceeded, under cover of a huge rock, to reconnoitre the hunting-ground. The scenery was beautiful: a valley, about a mile wide, stretched directly under us; on the southern verge a silver line marked the easterly river, and another on the northern the one debouching in the Pacific; whilst above, on both sides, rose high mountains covered with vegetation and almost impenetrable forests. On the western side of the valley a solitary bull was leisurely taking his breakfast, and above our lookout rock a huge condor lazily flapped his wings. These were the only specimens of animal life in view. Pursuing our way in perfect silence, as from the first entrance into the forests speaking had been prohibited, we followed the leader along the narrow cattle-path, passing here and there the remains of a dead bull or cow that had met its fate by the Indians' lasso, and at length descended to the plain. It was about mid-day and the day was warm, so we halted, changed horses, looked to our girths, got lassos ready for use, and then started on. As we were proceeding we observed two or three animals amongst the woods on the opposite side, but, knowing that it would be useless to follow, pursued our course up the valley. Having crossed the western stream, we at once entered a thicket where the path was scarcely distinguishable from the cover, but our leader never faltered, and led the way through open glades alternating with thick woods, on every side of which were cattle-marks—many being holes stamped out by the bulls—or wallowing-places. The glades soon terminated in forests, which seemed to stretch unbroken on either side. We had expected before reaching this point to find cattle in considerable numbers, but the warmth of the day had probably driven them into the thickets to seek shelter. We now commenced to ascend over a dangerous path, encumbered here and there with loose boulders and entangled in dense thickets, whilst we could hear and catch occasional glimpses of the river foaming down a ravine on our left; and presently arrived at the top of a ridge where the forests became more uniformly dense, and we could with great difficulty pursue our way. It was a mystery to me how Orkeke, who acted as guide, knew where we were, as on one occasion the slightly-marked paths diverged in different directions, and on another we literally found ourselves amongst fallen trees in a forest so dense that the light of day scarcely penetrated its shades. Our leader, however, never hesitated, but led us onward in all confidence. Whilst brushing along, if I may be allowed the term, trying to keep the leader in sight, I heard something tapping on a tree, and, looking up, saw close above me a most beautifully-feathered red-crested woodpecker. We at length commenced to descend, and, after passing many channels of rivulets issuing from springs, where a slip of the horse's foot on the wet and mossy stones would have occasioned something worse than broken bones, as they were situated on the edge of a deep ravine, finally emerged from the woods, and found ourselves on a hill of some three hundred feet in height, whence we looked down on a broad plain in the form of a triangle, bounded by the river flowing through the ravine on the north side, and on the southern by another coming from the south, which two streams united in one large river at the western apex, at a distance of about perhaps a league. Above and around, on all sides excepting to the west and the ravines through which the rivers flowed, rose the unbroken wall of the lofty mountains of the Cordillera, many of their peaks snow-clad. No sound was to be heard except the rushing of the river in the ravine, and no animal life to be seen except a condor or two floating high above us in the clear sky. The scene was sublime, and I viewed it in silence for some minutes, till the pipe, being handed to me, dispelled all nascent poetic tendencies. The Indians remained silent and looked disgusted, as a herd of cattle had been expected to be viewed on the plain below. We descended to the flats and crossed the river, on the banks of which "Paja" or pampa-grass grew in abundance, as well as the bamboo-like canes from which Araucanian Indians make their lance shafts, and a plant called by the Chilians "Talka," the stalk of which, resembling rhubarb, is refreshing and juicy. On the northern edges and slope of the ravine behind us towered graceful pines sixty feet high, which, though an impassable barrier of rock prevented close inspection, appeared to be a species of *Araucaria:* the bark was imbricated, and the stems rose bare of branches for two-thirds of their height, like those figured by M. Gay. Many had been carried down by landslips, and lay tossed and entangled on the sides of the ravine. The increase of temperature after passing the watershed was sensibly great, amounting to from seven to ten degrees, and the vegetation far more luxuriant, the plants presenting many new forms unknown at the eastern side. After leaving the plain and crossing the shallow stream, we left our mantles, and girthed up near a tree in a thicket festooned with a beautiful creeper, having a bell-shaped flower of violet radiated with brown. The variety of flowers made an Eden of this lovely spot: climbing clusters of sweet-peas, vetches, rich golden flowers resembling gorgeous marigolds, and many another blossom, filled the air with perfume and delighted the eye with their beauty. Proceeding still westward, we entered a valley with alternate clumps of trees and green pastures, and after riding about a mile I espied from a ridge on one side of the valley two bulls on the other side, just clear of the thick woods bordering the ascent of the mountains. The word was passed in whispers to the cacique, and, a halt being called under cover of some bushes, a plan of attack was arranged in the following manner: Two men were sent round to endeavor to drive the animals to a clearing where it would be possible to use the lasso, the remainder of the party proceeding down toward the open ground with lassos, ready to chase if the bulls should come that way. For a few minutes we remained stationary, picking the strawberries, which in this spot were ripe, although the plants previously met with were only in flower. At the end of five minutes spent in anxiously hoping that our plan would prove successful, a yell from the other side put us on the alert, and we had the gratification to see one of the animals coming straight toward our cover. Alas! just as we were preparing to dash out he turned on the edge of the plain, and after charging furiously at his pursuer, dashed into a thicket, where he stood at bay. We immediately closed round him, and, dismounting, I advanced on foot to try and bring him down with the revolver: just as I had got within half a dozen paces of him, and behind a bush was quietly taking aim at his shoulder, the Indians, eager for beef, and safe on their horses at a considerable distance off, shouted, "Nearer! nearer!" I accordingly stepped from my cover, but had hardly moved a pace forward when my spur caught in a root: at the same moment "El Toro" charged. Entangled with the root, I could not jump on one side as he came on; so when within a yard I fired a shot in his face, hoping to turn him, and wheeled my body at the same instant to prevent his horns from catching me, as the sailors say, "broadside on." The shot did not stop him, so I was knocked down, and, galloping over me, he passed on with my handkerchief, which fell from my head, triumphantly borne on his horns, and stopped a few yards off under another bush. Having picked myself up and found my arms and legs all right, I gave him another shot, which, as my hand was rather unsteady, only took effect in the flank. My cartridges being exhausted, I returned to my horse and found that, besides being considerably shaken, two of my ribs had been broken by the encounter.

The Indians closed round me, and evinced great anxiety to know whether I was much hurt. One, more courageous than the rest, despite the warnings of the cacique, swore that he would try and lasso the brute, and accordingly approached the infuriated animal, who for a moment or two showed no signs of stirring: just, however, as the Indian was about to throw his lasso it caught in a branch, and before he could extricate it the bull was on him. We saw the horse give two or three vicious kicks as the bull gored him: at length he was lifted clean up, the fore legs alone remaining on the ground, and overthrown, the rider alighting on his head in a bush. We closed up and attracted the bull in another direction, then went to look for the corpse of our comrade, who, however, to our surprise, issued safe from the bush, where he had lain quiet and unhurt, though the horse was killed.

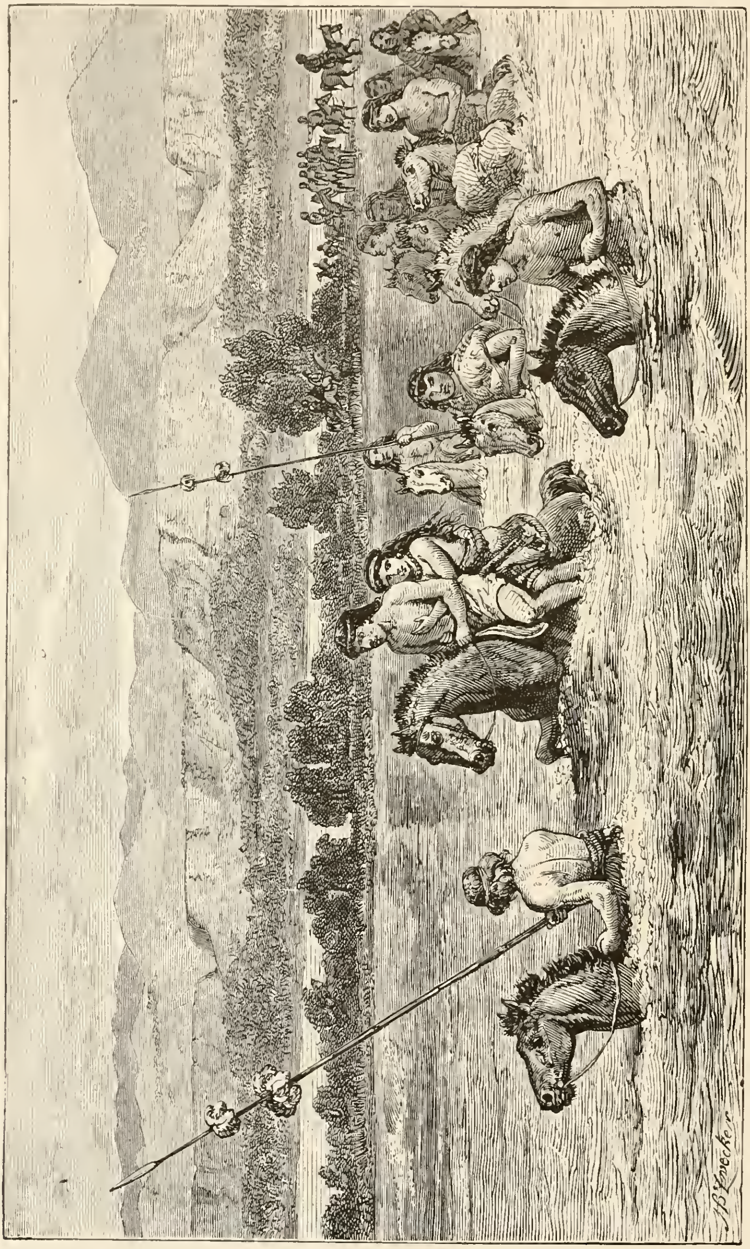
The first question asked about the Patagonians by curious English friends has invariably had reference to their traditionary stature: Are they giants or not? Whether the ancestors of the Tehuelches—to whom alone, by the way, the name Patagonians properly applies—were taller than the present race is uncertain, though tales of gigantic skeletons found in Tehuelche graves are current in Punta Arenas and Santa Cruz. The average height of the Tehuelche male members of the party with which I traveled was rather over than under five feet ten inches. Of course no other means of measurement besides comparing my own height were available, but this result, noted at the time, coincides with that independently arrived at by Mr. Cunningham. Two others, who were measured carefully by Mr. Clarke, stood six feet four inches each. After joining the northern Tehuelches, although the Southerners proved generally the tallest, I found no reason to alter this average, as any smaller men that were met with in their company were not pure Tehuelches, but half-bred Pampas. The extraordinary muscular development of the arms and chest is in all particularly striking, and as a rule they are well-proportioned throughout. This fact calls for especial mention, as others have stated that the development and strength of the legs is inferior to that of the arms. Even Mr. Cunningham alleges this to be the case, but I cannot at all agree with him. Besides the frequent opportunities afforded me of scrutinizing the young men engaged in the game of ball, in which great strength and activity are displayed, or when enjoying the almost daily bath and swimming or diving, I judged of the muscular size of their legs by trying on their boots, which in nearly all cases were far too large for me, although the feet, on the other hand, were frequently smaller than mine. The height of their insteps is also worthy of remark, one example of which may suffice. Having negotiated an exchange of an excellent pair of high boots, manufactured by Messrs. Thomas, for some necessary article with a Tehuelche, the bargain fell through because he was unable to get his foot into the boot, the high-arched instep proving an insuperable obstacle to farther progress.

A WILD BULL IN THE CORDILLERA.

Their faces, of course, vary in expression, but are ordinarily bright and good-humored, though when in the settlements they assume a sober, and even sullen, demeanor. Wáki and Cayuke, two friends of mine, are particularly present to my recollection as having always had a smile on their faces. Their ever-ready laughter displays universally good teeth, which they keep white and clean by chewing "maki," a gum which exudes from the incense bush, and is carefully gathered by the women and children. It has a rather pleasant taste and is a most excellent dentifrice, worthy to rival Odonto or Floriline, and it is used simply as such, and not, as M. Guinnard says, because their greediness is so great that they must chew something. Their eyes are bright and intelligent, and their noses—though, of course, presenting different types—are as a rule aquiline and well-formed, and devoid of the breadth of nostril proper to the ordinary ideal of savage tribes. The peculiar prominence over the eyebrows has been noticed by all observers, and retreating foreheads, though observable, are exceptional. The thick masses of hair and the obvious risk, which would deter the most zealous craniologist from endeavoring to measure their heads, must be deemed sufficient excuse for my not being able to state whether they are dolichokephalic or brachykephalic — a point, however, which I confess did not particularly attract my observation; but for the partial comfort of anthropologists, be it noted that both Chilians and myself interchanged hats with some Tehuelches, especially Orkeke and Hinchel, without finding misfits. The complexion of the men is reddish-brown—that is to say, when cleansed from paint, and, like an old picture, restored to its pristine tint, which is not quite so deep as to warrant Fitzroy's comparison of it to the color of a Devon cow.

The scanty natural growth of beard, moustaches, and even eyebrows, is carefully eradicated by means of a pair of silver tweezers, and I was often urged to part with my beard and undergo this painful operation, but I naturally objected to complying with the request. The men's heads are covered with thick, flowing masses of long hair, of which they take great care, making their wives or other female relatives brush it out carefully at least once a day. Very few appeared to have gray hair, though there were a few exceptions, one very old man's hair being of a snowy whiteness, which contrasted strangely with his tawny face. The women have, as far as I could judge, an average height of about five feet six: they are very strong in the arms, but seldom walk, beyond fetching the supplies of wood and water, all their journeys being performed on horseback. Their hair, which is of no great length, scarcely indeed equaling that of the men, and very coarse, is worn in two plaited tails, which on gala-days are artificially lengthened, probably with horsehair interwoven with blue beads, the ends being garnished with silver pendants. This practice, however, is confined, I think, to the unmarried ladies.

The young women are frequently good-looking, displaying healthy, ruddy cheeks when not disguised with paint. They are modest in behavior, though very coquettish, and as skilled in flirtation as if they had been taught in more civilized society, appealing as prettily for help as a young lady in imaginary difficulties over a country stile. Thus, when at Orkeke's request I led the way through a river — halfway across the channel suddenly deepened, with muddy bottom, and an abrupt bank to land on—I heard a plaintive appeal, "Muster, help me! my horse is too small." Exposure and work do not age them as soon as might be expected, but when old they become most hideous beldams, and the most weird-like witches imagined by Doré would be surpassed by a trio of Tehuelche grandams. The dress of the men consists of a chiripa or under-garment round the loins, made of a poncho, a piece of cloth, or even of a guanaco mantie; but, whatever the material, this article of dress is indispensable and scrupulously worn, their sense of decency being very strong. All other garments are supplied by the capacious and warm skin-mantle, which, worn with the fur inside and the painted side out, will keep the wearer dry for a considerable time in the wettest weather. This is often dispensed with in the chase, but if worn when riding is secured at the



CROSSING THE RIO LIMAY.

waist by a belt of hide or leather if it can be obtained. When in camp the belt is not used, and the garment is worn loose, something after the fashion of the melodramatic assassin's cloak. When sitting by the fireside, or even when walking about, the furred part of the mantle is generally kept up over the mouth, as the Tehuelches aver that the cold wind causes sore gums—a habit which assists in rendering their guttural, and at all times rather unintelligible, language more difficult of comprehension to the novice.

The women's dress consists of a mantle similar to that worn by the men, but secured at the throat by a large silver pin with a broad disk, or a nail, or thorn, according to the wealth or poverty of the wearer; and under this is a loose calico or stuff sacque, extending from the shoulders to the ankle. When traveling the mantle is secured at the waist by a broad belt ornamented with blue beads and silver or brass studs. The boots worn by the women are similar to those described, with the exception that in their preparation the hair is left on the hide, while it is carefully removed from those of the men. The children are dressed in small mantles, but are more frequently allowed to run about naked up to the age of six or eight: their little boots are made from the skin taken from the fore legs of the guanaco, softened in the hand. The small children generally remonstrated strongly and effectually against wearing this article of clothing, and, whatever the severity of the weather, preferred running about barefoot. The cradles for the babies are formed of strips of wickerwork interlaced with hide thongs, fitted with a cover to keep sun and rain off, and made of a convenient shape to rest on the saddle-gear of the mother when on the march. They are ornamented, if the parents are wealthy, with little bells, brass or even silver plates. The women are fond of ornaments, wearing huge earrings of square shape, suspended to small rings passing through the lobe of the ear; also silver or blue-bead necklaces. The men also wear these necklaces, and adorn their belts, pipes, knives, sheaths and horse-gear with silver. Those who can afford it also indulge in silver spurs and stirrups: most of their ornaments, except the beads, are homemade, being beaten out of dollars obtained by commerce in the settlements. Both sexes smear their faces, and occasionally their bodies, with paint, the Indians alleging as the reason for using this cosmetic that it is a protection against the effect of the winds; and I found from personal experience that it proved a complete preservative from excoriation or chapped skin. The paint for the face is composed of either red ochre or black earth mixed with grease obtained from the marrow-bones of the game killed in the chase, all of which are carefully husbanded by the women, and when opportunity offers pounded and boiled in the large pots, the grease and gelatine being carefully skimmed off and secured. On state occasions, such as a birth-feast, and for a dance, the men further adorn themselves with white paint or powdered gypsum, which they moisten and rub on their hands, and make five white finger-marks over their chests, arms and legs. The usual morning toilette is simple: after the plunge in the river, which is almost always the first thing—except of course when circumstances prevent it—indulged in by both sexes, who bathe scrupulously apart, and generally before daylight, the men's hair is dressed by their wives, daughters or sweethearts, who take the greatest care to burn any hairs that may be brushed out, as they fully believe that spells may be wrought by evil-intentioned persons who can obtain a piece of their hair. From the same idea, after cutting their nails the parings are carefully committed to the flames. After the hair-brushing, which is performed by means of a rude hand-brush, the women adorn the men's faces with paint: if in mourning they put on black paint, and if going to fight, sometimes put a little white paint under the eyes, which assists in contrast to the other in giving a savage expression. The women paint each other's faces, or if possessed, as sometimes occurs, of a fragment of looking-glass, paint their own. Both sexes tattoo on the forearm, by the simple process of puncturing the skin with a bodkin and inserting a mixture of blue earth with a piece of dry glass: the usual patterns consist of a series of parallel lines, and sometimes a single triangle or a double triangle, the upper one resting on the apex of the lower. I myself had one line tattooed by a fair enslaver, and confess that the process was rather painful.

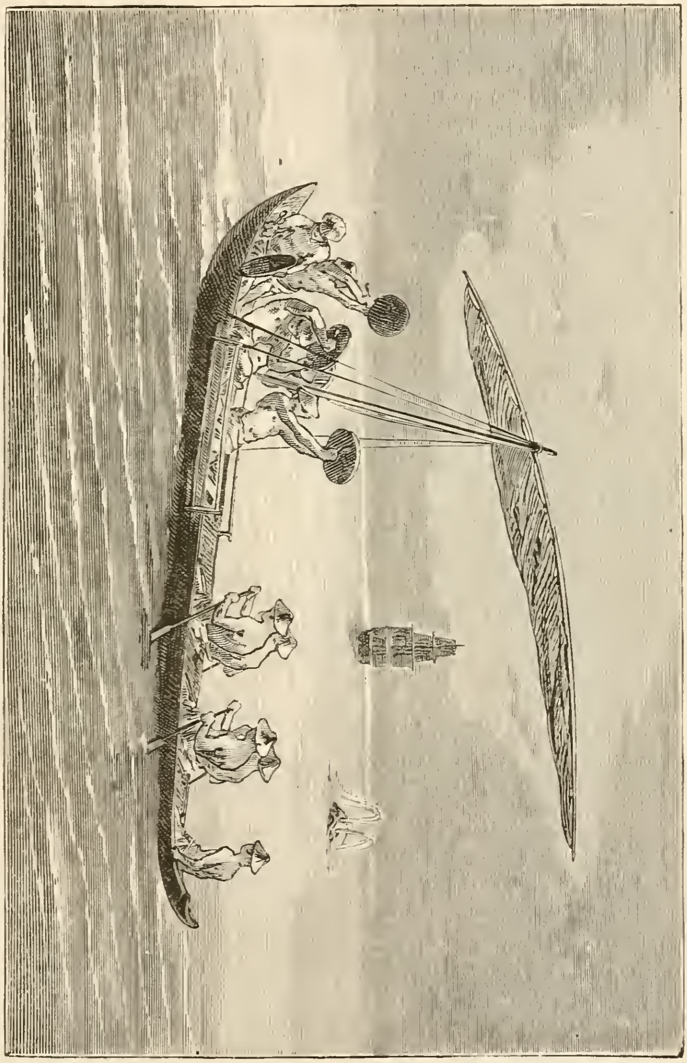
The religion of the Tehuelches is distinguished from that of the Pampas and Araucanians by the absence of any trace of sun-worship, although the new moon is saluted, the respectful gesture being accompanied by some low muttered words which I never could manage to hear. They believe in a great and good Spirit, though they think he lives "careless of mankind." They have no idols or objects of worship, nor—if a year's experience can enable one to judge—do they observe any periodical religious festival on which either the good or evil spirit is adored. The mention of this by other travelers can only be explained by confused accounts which have attributed Araucanian customs to the totally distinct Patagonians. The belief which prompts all their religious acts is that in the existence of many active and malicious evil spirits or demons, of whom the principal one is always on the watch to cause mischief. To propitiate or drive away this spirit is the function of the wizard, or doctor, or medicine-man, who combines the medical and magical arts, though not possessed of an exclusive faculty for either. All sacrifices of mares and horses, not at stated times, but as occasion requires, such as a birth, death, etc., are intended to propitiate the Gualichu. When a child hurts itself, the slaughter of mares seems to partake at once of the nature of a thank-offering that the hurt was no worse, and a propitiation to avert further harm.

Whilst in their native wilds I observed little immorality amongst the Indians: in the settlements, however, when debased by intoxication, they are no doubt depraved and loose in their ideas. But it must be recorded that on the entry of the Indians into the settlements of the Rio Negro at a subsequent period, most of the young women and girls were left with the toldos in Valchita, outside the Travesia, to be out of the way of temptations. There are many Tehuelche youths now growing up who have the greatest abhorrence of liquor; and I hope that in time this abstinence will spread farther among them, for they possess no intoxicants of their own, and the rum is an import from the Christians, the ill effects of which they are well able to discern.

One word of advice to the future traveler may conclude this imperfect sketch. Never show distrust of the Indians: be as free with your goods and chattels as they are to each other. Don't ever want anything done for you — always catch and saddle your own horse. Don't give yourself airs of superiority, as they do not understand it, unless you can prove yourself better in some distinct way. Always be first, as you are not likely to be encumbered by a wife or gear, in crossing rivers or any other difficulties: they will learn by degrees to respect you. In a word, as you treat them so they will treat you.

A TOUR IN THE CHINA SEAS.

WHAT a prospect! A six months' tour in the China seas, with the promise of touching at points of interest "all along the coast," sketching all manner of scenes *ad libitum*, and gathering specimens in every department of natural science! Who could withstand such a temptation? True, I had been over the ground before—had lingered long and lovingly among the temples and palms and all the indescribable wealth of tropical life and scenery as it lay outspread



MALAYAN KORO-KORO, OR PLEASURE-BOAT, IN THE SEA OF THE MOLUCCAS.

beneath the soft, warm skies and floating, fleecy clouds, the glorious starlight gleamings and golden sunsets, that constitute the great charm of the dreamy East. But memories of former tours had only whetted the appetite for a repetition of the feast, and I made no delay in accepting the invitation. The Lady of Lyons had touched at Singapore for water and provisions, bringing to us, in the person of her commander, the familiar face of an old friend, the genial companion of our first year's life in the Orient. Then "auld lang syne" had to be discussed, and the interval that bridged the past and present talked over; but the vessel was to sail in two days at farthest, so said her chief, and our communings must perforce be adjourned to where the friendship began—on shipboard. Fortunately, such inveterate excursionists needed short time for preparation. Light grass-cloth suits and straw hats, of which a fresh supply can be purchased at any point of the journey, do not require "Saratogas" for packing, books and baskets are easy of transit, and the ubiquitous *compradór* looks out for the rest. So a bright, breezy morning in the waning days of August found our little party "all aboard," and ready to enter with eager zest upon such explorations and adventures as the future might offer.

My earliest cruise in the China Seas had been among the almost continuous chain of islands, the narrow passages, reefs and shoals, that form the distinguishing features of the entire route from New South Wales to the island of Formosa by the north-eastern course, bringing successively to view the mountain-peaks of Australia, the dense forests of New Guinea, the emerald verdure of Gillolo and Morty, the abrupt cliffs of Mindanão, and others of the lovely Phillippine group. The course of the Lady of Lyons was to the south-west of Borneo, along the shores of a distinct division of these tropic islands, chief among which are Sumatra, Java and Timor. These, with Floris, Bally, Sumbawa and a host of smaller isles, mostly of volcanic origin, and many of them uninhabited, form the natural boundary between the Indo-China Sea and the Pacific. After several days' cruising among the myriad of tiny islets that render navigation in the Java Sea so replete with danger, the Straits of Sunda were passed, and then the narrow strait that separates Timor from Ombay. For the latter we were fortunate in having a full moon and a strong westerly breeze, enabling us to make the passage by night, and thus obtaining such a vision of radiant beauty as comes but rarely even beneath tropic skies. On our right were distinctly visible the clear smooth outlines of Timor, with its fringed verdure reaching down to the very waters, while on the left towered in grandeur the volcanic peaks of Floris, Panthar and Ombay, seeming to rise out of the very bosom of the sea, their sides wreathed in fleecy vapor, and their lurid summits seeming to pierce the blue ether.

At daylight we anchored off the coast of Timor, and spent the day in roaming about in the vicinity of the Portuguese settlement of Baton Guidi, a miserably dilapidated trading ranche, equally at variance with the verdant tropical beauty all around and the splendor of the conquests achieved in these seas by the sword of Albuquerque in old days. With a most genial climate, and a soil of perennial verdure capable of producing in abundance all the tropical fruits and grains, this island of Timor, as large as that of Sicily, has a population of scarcely more than five hundred thousand; and, though a flourishing dépôt of trade in the early part of the seventeenth century, it is now rapidly sinking into insignificance. The Portuguese have under cultivation only a narrow belt of soil on the seaboard in the immediate vicinity of Baton Guidi, where, intermingled with forest trees, grow luxuriantly grapes, bananas, guavas and shaddocks. The Chinese have a settlement on the northern coast, whence they export sandal-wood, wax, fruits and fish to Java and Singapore, driving a brisk trade and growing rich by industry and frugality, as John Chinaman always does, settle where he may. The aboriginal Malays still occupy some portions of the interior, living in a condition so little above that of the brutes as to furnish the best apology for Darwinism it has been my fortune to meet in any part of the world. The residue, comprising perhaps the major portion of this lovely island, is the heritage of monkeys, who gibe and chatter from tree to tree, and certainly seem to thrive, "multiply and increase" in this stronghold of their race.

SWORD-DANCE AT THE RAJAH'S PALACE IN TERNATE.

The third day found us again under weigh, steering toward the Moluccas or Spice Islands, of which Amboyna is the most noted, as well as the chief emporium of trade, and the residence of the Dutch governor. To this group also belong Morty and Gillolo, north of the line, and Booro, Obi, Batchian, Mysole, Waigou, the Isles of Banda and Salawatti to the south—a vast territory of rich arable and forest lands, suggestive of wondrous possibilities under better management; but many of the islands are wholly uncultivated, showing dense forests, into which man has probably never penetrated, though the timber is said to be of the finest quality. Amboyna is specially devoted to the culture of the clove, and the Isles of Banda to the nutmeg.

The island of Amboyna is composed of two mountainous peninsulas, united at their eastern extremity by a narrow isthmus. Fronting the beautiful bay stands Port Victory, built by the Portuguese in the early part of the sixteenth century, and taken by the Dutch in 1605. The anchorage-ground is underneath the very walls of this fort—a safe, wide harbor where usually float vessels of half a score of nations. We landed at evening, the glorious tropical sunshine bathing with the gold of its expiring rays roof and gable, tree and shrub, and shedding a bright haze over the smooth waters, into which dipped great fern leaves twice the height of a man, while whole forests of graceful trees filled up the background. On the coast are extensive factories for storing, selling and shipping the spices, while toward the interior, as far as the eye can reach, stretch the plantations whose balsamic perfume fills the air. Amboyna is also a grand dépôt for shells, which are shipped to every quarter of the civilized world. Many rare and beautiful varieties, among them the ear-shell, so called from its exact resemblance to the human ear, and the exquisite paper nautilus, are peculiar to Amboyna. Choice specimens of the flesh-tinted ear-shells bring readily five hundred rupees a pair, and are eagerly sought for by naturalists and amateur collectors. The Chinese, who are by far the most thrifty portion of the population, drive a brisk trade in shells and corals, shipping to Singapore and Canton, and amassing fortunes by the traffic. They are also largely engaged in the cultivation and sale of spices, and their plantations are said to be the best on these islands. The unflagging industry of the Chinese is so strikingly in contrast with the indolence and effeminacy of the European residents, their neatness and thrift so unlike the filth and squalor of the Malays, and their good-humor under all circumstances so imperturbable, that they are universally respected, often holding offices of honor and emolument in the municipality; and by the annual payment of a trifling poll-tax they are permitted to have in their own quarter a Chinese police force, inspector-general and port-captain, with whom alone they have to deal in affairs among themselves, while the officers report at stated times to the local authorities appointed by the Dutch government.

It is now about two centuries and a half since the Chinese began to settle in Amboyna, and though, in accordance with their invariable custom of taking wives of the people among whom they colonize, they have all along intermarried with the Malays, their children have been reared in their own national peculiarities of religion, dress and language. Nature, too, has seemed to aid them, for these Chinese children of Malayan mothers retain, after all these years of colonization, not only the thrift, industry and wonderful business capacity of their fathers, but the identical high cheek-bones, square foreheads and oblique angle of the eye that characterize the native-born Celestial of unmixed descent.

The entire population of Amboyna is scarcely forty thousand for both peninsulas, and of these some ten or twelve thousand reside within the settlement. The town, which is composed of three distinct quarters, is built so completely in the rear of the fort as to be almost hidden from the sea by the shadow of its immense walls. In the European section, which is that nearest the citadel, the houses are painted or plastered white, and with their graceful colonnades or verandahs, an abundance of shade trees and an occasional flower-garden in front, they present a cool and attractive appearance. To the left is the Malay *campong*, with bamboo huts built on each side of a little stream that discharges its waters into Amboyna Bay. The low, thatched roofs are often hidden by the thick jungle that is suffered to intrude almost to the doors of the cabins; and the whole aspect is one of shadowy gloom, in strong contrast with the neat, cheery air of the Chinese quarter, where each house is adorned with painted silk lanterns, and with gayly-colored screens that freely admit the breeze without interfering with the privacy of the domestic *ménage*.

ASSASSINATION OF GOVERNOR AMARAL AT MACAO.

At Ternate and Tidor reside the only two native princes who yet retain even a semblance of power over their ancient dominions; and these two islands, among the smallest of the Molucca group, are rather the political centres of the aboriginal inhabitants than agricultural or commercial establishments. The people, in feature, habits and national characteristics, are the most perfect type of the Malay race to be met with anywhere, while the language is said to be spoken with greater purity in the Moluccas than in any other of their settlements. Hence it has been argued that the Moluccas form the cradle of the Malayan race, though their original country is not certainly known. But traditions current at Celebes, Malacca, Singapore and Sumatra all point to the Moluccas, and assign their origin to the beginning of the twelfth century. The story is, that a pirate chief of the Celebes touching at the Moluccas a number of his people deserted, and concealed themselves in the jungle till the ship had sailed. The island was then uninhabited, except by a few fishermen and their families, who had come here to ply their trade. They lived in boats, and are supposed to have belonged to the *Orang Laut*, "men of water,"

CULTIVATION OF RICE ON THE ISLAND OF HANG-CHAU so numerous about Singapore, and about the most pitiable and degraded specimens of humanity known to exist. They are born, live and die in boats, usually go naked, and subsist entirely on fish, worms and grubs. The men who deserted took the daughters of these fishermen for wives and drove off the males of the party, retaining two of their boats for foraging expeditions to the neighboring islands, whence wives were obtained for those of the party not already supplied. They grew, in time, to be a numerous people, sent colonies to Sumatra, Singapore, Malacca and Celebes, and, rising to dominion, expelled or destroyed the aborigines and took possession of their lands. The Malays of modern times exhibit the

SAO QUA'S SHOP AT CANTON.

lawless habits of their fathers, and seem to retain the *penchant* of their maternal ancestors for boat-life, the combination forming the piratical proclivities for which the entire race is noted. We saw from our ship's deck several of their pleasure-excursions, always by water, in the long, narrow batteaux called by the Malays *koro-koro*. They are usually paddled by half a dozen oarsmen, and are furnished also with a rude mast and sail of cocoa matting. The stroke of the oars is invariably accompanied by music, of which the Malays are passionately fond. Their instruments — cymbals, timbrels, and occasionally drums — are of very primitive make, whilst their songs, improvised for the occasion, are often tender and touching. It is a current saying among the Malays that "all the love of a man's nature is thrown into his songs, and all the hate goes out at the point of his *kris* (dagger)."

Before taking leave of the Moluccas we paid a visit, by special invitation, to the Malayan rajah at Ternate, the grand inducement being to witness the famous "sword-dance" that was announced for the occasion. It was performed by a score or two of ten-year-old boys, who rushed pell-mell into the arena, apparently on murderous thoughts intent, but armed only with *wooden* swords. Their costume was an imitation of that of the Spanish hidalgo, except the hats, which were monstrous affairs of black felt curiously decorated with the wings and tails of birds-of-paradise, so wound and twisted up with other materials as to form immense turbans. The clang of wooden blades and the echo of bare feet over the smooth inlaid floor, with the cheery sounds of fresh young voices, rang through the spacious saloon: piquant brown faces were aglow with fun, and mischievous black eyes danced dangerously as these youthful Terpsichoreans flew wildly around in several very graceful and exciting dances. There was no selection of partners, but each took position according to his own fancy as they whizzed and whirled simultaneously about each other within the circumference of an imaginary circle, performing the most eccentric gyrations and describing a variety of figures utterly incomprehensible to the uninitiated. After these came martial exercises, a sort of hand-to-hand combat of the entire company, each selecting his own opponent; and the affair wound up by a general rush upon their leader, driving him into a corner, and then surrounding him with a circle of crossed swords, and compelling him to capitulate for his release. Then they formed themselves into two bands, and carried on a mock battle with all manner of unheard-of manœuvres—so skillfully managed, however, on both sides that forty minutes elapsed before either gained an advantage. At last one of the leaders captured his opponent's sword, and, snapping the blade in twain, threw the pieces across the stage, for which intrepid act he was rewarded by the gift of a *real* sword from his sovereign, while the vanquished retired in disgrace. Several epic poems illustrative of the war-dances were recited, and occasionally a stout little improvisatore, who could not have seen more than eight years, entertained us with a farcical song that elicited thunders of applause.

From this exhibition we passed to the supper-room, and spent an hour very pleasantly in conversation with the rajah —"sultan" by courtesy, but really only a pensioned official under the Dutch government, from which he receives an annuity of about fourteen thousand dollars. It is rather amusing to watch the stereotyped forms of etiquette so punctiliously observed between the "sultan" and the "resident" on all public occasions, each extremely chary of yielding an iota to the other. There happened to be a court-ball given by the resident during our stay, at which the sultan, his *lady* (the Hollanders will acknowledge but *one* of the sultan's numerous wives as such) and his adult children were guests. According to the programme, the resident received the sultan at the door of the main reception-room, embraced him, and led him to a seat beside his own. The ball was opened by the resident with the sultana, having for his *vis-à-vis* the sultan, upon whose brown palm rested the white glove of the Hollander's fair-haired dame. At supper there were two tables precisely alike, at one of which the host presided, at the other his illustrious guest—an arrangement intended to waive the solution of the very difficult enigma as to which of these illustrious potentates was entitled to precedence.

THE TAOU-TAI OF SHANGHAI PRESENTING HIS DAUGHTER TO THE OFFICERS OF THE BAYONNAISE.

The rajah is a handsome specimen of his race, a well-preserved, rather intellectual man of sixty, with a fund of dry humor and an eager zest for novelty and excitement. His dress, when we saw him, was ordinarily a dark silk *saràng*, with a jacket of blue or green velvet richly embroidered, and confined at the waist by a jeweled girdle, with a silken turban of vast dimensions profusely studded with glittering gems.

From the Moluccas we steered direct for the China coast, leaving the Philippine Islands to be visited on our return. Our first stopping-place was Macao, the approach to which is exceedingly picturesque, the white houses outspread between green hills, and presenting in front a long line of tasteful dwellings overlooking a lovely bay. The heights are crowned with the spires and turrets of churches and convents, and the city is flanked by two forts on the plain, while on the central mount, which is steep and towering, stands the Monté. This is the largest of the fortifications, mounting forty-seven guns, and commanding not only the harbor, but the little cove of Macao and the encircling Praya Grande, with the principal buildings that occupy the plains between these heights. The Portuguese, like the Spaniards, have the art of clothing their buildings and cities with an air of antiquity; and Macao, with its narrow streets and the quaint architecture of its public edifices, looks venerably ancient. The city contains about thirty thousand Chinese, with a drifting European population of from six to ten thousand, but its government, religion and customs are essentially Portuguese. A stranger will find many objects of interest in this quaint old city. Among the first that attracted us was the Cave of Camoens, the lovely grotto wherein the exiled poet of Lusitania courted his muse, and sang the praises of the first bold hero who doubled the "Cape of Storms," thus opening to the Western World the princely treasures of India. The cave is in the Casa Gardens, and the mansion beneath which one has to pass to the garden and grotto is held by a Portuguese family of distinction, with the proviso that strangers shall be freely admitted at all times. The passage through the basement conducts to a large enclosure and a hill having its base laid off in terraces, all planted with shrubbery. From the terraces upward are steep pathways winding through the jungle-growth of the hillside, and by one of these the cave is entered. There were formerly, we were told, a tablet and white-coated bust of the poet placed in the natural niche where he loved to sit and muse, but the bust we could find no traces of, and the existing tablet is one of a date too recent ever to have been seen by the ill-fated poet, while its inscription is in French. The author we were unable to ascertain. Even more interesting than the cave is the little observatory on the farther brow of the hill, whence may be seen the Temple of the Queen of Heaven on the outskirts of the city, the Halfway Pagoda lying midway between Canton and Whampoa, Casa Bianca far up the harbor, innumerable Chinese junks and flower-boats, with the clustering hamlets along the shore, and off in the distance Priests' Island, occupied, so say the Chinese, exclusively by Booddhist priests, without either woman or child to mar its sacred shades. What a delectable time those seven thousand men must have! The flower-boats, as I learned afterward, are a peculiar institution of the Chinese, especially in the vicinity of Canton. Their *exterior*, the only part I saw, is adorned with wreaths and garlands of fresh flowers mingled with pretty arabesques. The interior was described to me as the very abode of sensual luxury, furnished with silk hangings, gayly-colored lanterns, mirrors, pictures and lounges fit to adorn the palace of a queen: their use is that of theatres for the most debasing plays, amorous concerts and sensual pleasures of the lowest grade.

One day of our stay at Macao was given to the exploration of Mr. Beale's botanical garden, with its manifold treasures of plants native and foreign, his aviaries and aquariums. Among the flowers were some choice varieties of the pink and white lotus (*Nymphea nelumbo*), so cherished by the Chinese in connection with their religious rites, and carefully cultivated in every Chinese temple. Scarlet asclepias mingled their brilliant blooms with variegated bignonias and real Oriental daffodils, while a dozen or more charming varieties of tropical lilies shed their sweet perfume, and all along the trellis-work between orange and almond trees clambered vines of the winged passion-flower and bride-like moon-creeper with its scented waxen blooms, twining and interlacing their graceful foliage in lofty festoons or trailing like huge floral serpents along the ground. Chinese lanterns of pale blue and rose-colored silk hung everywhere, and when lighted up at night a sort of luminous haze that seemed transcendently lovely enveloped every object belonging to this magic scene. Some of the aquariums contained queer-looking monsters in the way of flying-fish, sea-crabs and star-fish that could live only in salt water, while in others sported myriads of gold and silver fish of several

A COCK-FIGHT IN A STREET IN MANILLA.

varieties. But most charming of all the treasures these beautiful gardens contain are the aviaries, in looking at which the visitor forgets everything else. One of them, in the rear of the dwelling, is forty feet long, some fifteen feet wide, and of sufficient height to accommodate two large trees and some good-sized rocks. Here the birds find ample room to exercise, build nests and rear their young, as freely as in their native woods; for, walls and roof being of fine wire, neither air nor sunshine is obstructed, while grass and shrubbery thrive as well within as without the pavilion. A large pool in the centre furnishes the aquatic birds with a sporting-place that they evidently enjoy. The immense family, composed of birds from so many climes and of habits so diverse, dwell together in perfect harmony under their spacious canopy. And how wondrously gay they looked in their many-tinted plumage! Gold and silver pheasants, graceful as lovely; pink-nosed Java sparrows, prim and prudish; flaunting cockatoos, paroquets, adjutants and macaws; English nightingales, peerless in song as demure in color; exquisite mandarin ducks, only four inches long from the point of their crimson beaks to the tip of their particolored tails; and scores of others that I cannot even name rendered the air vocal with their songs. Rarest of all was a specimen of the bird-of-paradise of the species known as the *Paradisea apoda*, distinguished by its brightly-tinted curving fillets of some fourteen inches in length springing from beneath the wings. This bird has been in Mr. Beale's possession twenty years, and was the only one he had ever known tamed or kept in confinement without dying in a few months.

Adjoining the Casa Garden is the European cemetery, and near by is the Gate of St. Anthony and a stone cross that commemorates a miracle. This was no less an affair (so said my Portuguese guide) than the descent of the saint from heaven when Macao was attacked by the Dutch in 1622, and miraculously saved to its Portuguese owners. There are thousands of good citizens in Macao who believe this wonderful story; and the cross was erected in grateful recognition of the services of their patron saint, who was at the same time elected colonel of the Macao regiment, the pay and rations accruing therefrom being duly collected by his faithful stewards the priests of St. Anthony's church.

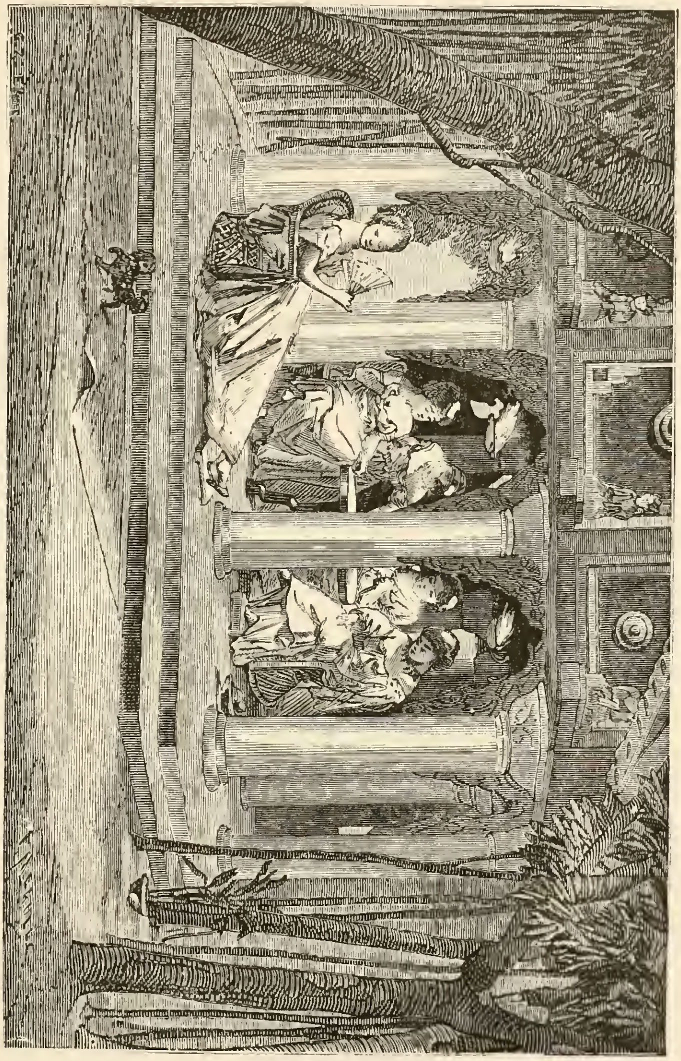
It was on the outskirts of this usually quiet city that Captain Amaral, the Portuguese governor of Macao, was atrociously murdered by Chinese ruffians in 1849. Though his rare energy and fixedness of purpose, coupled with extraordinary diplomatic ability, enabled him, without money or ships at command and with but a handful of soldiers, to save the city confided to his keeping from desertion and utter ruin, his intrepidity cost him his life. Captain Amaral's refusal to yield to the unjust requisitions of the Chinese local authorities, and his stern integrity to his own government, had, very soon after his appointment, won for him the bitter animosity of the viceroy and mandarins of Canton, where for weeks previous to his murder placards had been posted offering a reward of five thousand dollars for his head—certainly with the knowledge, if not the connivance, of the viceroy. But the immediate cause of dissatisfaction was the closing by the Portuguese governor of the Chinese custom-house at Macao, and his subsequent order for the removal of several Chinese tombs to make way for a new city road. Though duly informed by his friends of the threats of vengeance these innovations had invoked, and urged not to venture abroad alone and unarmed, he only smiled at what he deemed groundless apprehensions, and continued his walks and rides as before. Shortly before sunset on the 22d of August, when he was returning to his residence after his usual ride, attended by a single aid, several Chinamen surrounded the two horsemen, and while a lad, holding in his hands a long bamboo to which was tied a bouquet, approached the governor, as if to present the flowers, one of the ruffians struck him a blow in the face. As he reeled in the saddle six armed men joined in the attack. They soon unhorsed the governor and despatched him, the aid escaping, though badly wounded. The miscreants, after cutting off the head and one hand of their victim, fled, carrying with them their bloody trophies, and were suffered by the Chinese guards to make good their escape through the gates without challenge. The news soon flew through the settlement, being received by the natives with exultation, by the foreigners with horror and indignation. Satisfaction was demanded of the viceroy, who at first carelessly declined interference; and many curious developments of a Celestial's ideas of justice were brought to view in the complications that followed ere the final adjustment by recourse to arms.

INTERIOR OF A COTTAGE IN ONE OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

Formosa, called by the Chinese Tei-Wan, is the granary of China, and one of the most fertile spots in the world. The rice-plantations are extensive and extremely prolific—miles upon miles of flooded fields and waving paddy, till the traveler's eye wearies of the monotony. The scenery of Hiang-Chau, another rice-island visited *en route* to Hong-Kong, is charmingly picturesque, the fields being laid off in terraces, and watered by innumerable small streams, which are conveyed by ingenious contrivances to every section ; and above all waved the slender graceful stalks loaded with the ripening grain. The cultivation of the rice crop is carried on everywhere with the same primitive plough drawn by buffaloes, with crowds of patient, much-enduring women, ankle-deep in water from morn till night, sowing the seed, removing and resetting the plants ; and when the crop is ready to be gathered the women still are those who bear the chief burden of onerous duty. Hence the Chinese axiom : "The gods give to the cultivator two unfailing helpers—women and buffaloes ; and if either be wanting the harvest fails also."

Both at Canton and Hong-Kong—indeed, everywhere in China—a stranger will be attracted by the unique appearance of the Chinese shops. During the day they are thrown entirely open in front, with the wares tastefully arranged on the other three sides of the apartment, a small stairway in one corner leading to the upper or dwelling portion of the house. These shops are very models of neatness, some of them containing a varied assortment of costly wares, and occasionally works of art ; while the owners, with their long queues and costly silken garments, sit in their places of business like princes in their drawing-rooms, exhibiting a quiet dignity, and even courtliness, strangely unlike the manners of the races about them. Every line of merchandise is duly represented — silks, teas, fancy goods, lacquered wares, jewelry, plate, timepieces, books, musical instruments, birds' nests, confections, drugs : everything that can be called for, native and foreign, is now obtainable in the large cities on the coast, so rapid has been the improvement in the last twenty years. But the ushering in of the new epoch has not entirely banished the old, as witness the stores where *gods* are made and sold for silver dollars ! Ay, and "warranted" too —a god of wealth "*sure* to makee glow liche," says the polite vender ; gods of fair weather and guardians of health ; gods for the sailor and for the farmer—for every condition of life, every emergency, and at all prices. Among the most attractive of the shops are the fruit- and flower-stalls, usually adorned with pretty bird-cages, while John Chinaman deals out his dainty wares, served in exquisite porcelain or glass, with lavishing salaams and courtly words. Few visitors at Canton will fail to recall the shop of the venerable Sao Qua on Old China street, or the gentle breeding of the accommodating owner with his frosted hair and long wadded gown of dark silk. Huge silken lanterns hung at the entrance, and at the upper end was the inevitable altar, never wanting in either dwelling or place of business, on which fresh offerings of tea, cakes and fruit were laid every morning, and incense burned perpetually. The old man said the fire had never once gone out since the days of his grandfather, who built and furnished the house, to which Sao Qua had duly succeeded, and which his son would inherit after him. Said son was a frolicsome little five-year-old, exuberant with boisterous mirth, the child of Sao Qua's old age and his inseparable companion. It was beautiful to see them thus together, the weary old man seeming to grow young again in loving contemplation of the child's merry pranks ; and the little one always tender and gentle when he approached the doating sire, whose years and infirmities were an enigma his fresh young nature sought in vain to comprehend.

At Shanghai, the regular communication by mail and telegraph, the constant meeting with travelers from all parts of the world, and the frequent association in daily life with his compatriots, render it difficult for a European to realize that he is in China at all ; that is, in the foreign quarter of the city, but the native section is sufficiently Oriental in buildings, costume and customs to dispel the illusion. Shanghai is a busy, bustling, thriving business-mart, but is not attractive as a residence. The *taou-tai*, the highest municipal officer of Shanghai, is a mandarin of the third order. The post was held at the time of our visit by a man of intelligence and liberal policy, who acknowledged the superiority of Western civilization, and used the influence of his position for the advancement of his people in useful knowledge and arts. He had a lovely daughter of whom he was very proud, and whom he took great delight in introducing to distinguished foreigners. Admiral de la Gravière mentions her and her presentation to the officers of the Bayonnaise, and remarks on the fact of her feet be-



HOUSE OF A HOLLANDER IN BATAVIA.

ing unpressed—a point to which the *taou-tai* called their attention. It is noteworthy that while the Tartars after their conquest forced upon the Chinese the Manchoo style of hair-dressing, they themselves have in very few instances adopted for their daughters the barbarous Chinese custom of compressing the feet. Hence, with the members of the imperial family, and indeed with all high-born *Tartar* ladies, the feet are suffered to retain their normal condition.

We took Japan on our return, and then the Philippine group, spending two-thirds of a month in cruising among these fairy islands, making occasional excursions into the interior, and studying the habits and pastimes of Manilla, the metropolis as well as the chief shipping-port of the Philippines. From the great area of this group, stretching from the ninth to the eighteenth degree of north latitude, the climate exhibits a far greater variety than can be found in most tropical islands; while the soil has an equally diversified character, being in some localities of primitive formation, abounding in metallic ores, and in others volcanic, with a wondrous degree of fecundity. The scenery is varied and picturesque, and the geographical position of this lovely archipelago cannot fail to strike the tourist as being singularly felicitous. Situated close to the coast of China, with which it has an extensive trade, in convenient proximity to the thriving empire of Japan, connected by an unbroken chain with all the islands to the south and west for thousands of miles, and lying in the direct route between the Old and New Worlds, it affords a convenient stopping-place for large numbers of vessels, especially on the outward passage.

Spain has for centuries guarded with jealous care this fairest of all her Eastern colonies, and seeking to bind more firmly about her brow so regal a coronet of ocean gems, vigorous efforts were made from the first not only to convert the people to the Catholic faith, but so to inculcate Spanish habits and tastes that the presence of the conquerors should become essential to the conquered. A very large proportion of the present inhabitants are, at least nominally, Christians, and the incorporation of Spanish dignity and intelligence with native ardor and vivacity has produced a race the most high-toned, bold and energetic of all the tribes of the Asiatic archipelagoes. The Philippine gentleman carries himself with true Spanish hauteur, while his very sports betray a mingling of the tastes of Old Spain with the native indolence and grace of this voluptuous clime. But in lieu of bull-baiting the Philippine Islander solaces himself with cock-fights, into which he enters with real gusto, and one must be an eye-witness of a Manilla spurring-match to conceive, even faintly, the excitement of such a scene. The ordinarily placid, indolent native forgets, with the *dèbut* of his favorite game-fowl, all his constitutional sluggishness, physical and mental: his eyes gleam like those of a fiery serpent, his slight figure dilates with intense excitement, and a nervous tremor is apparent in every motion. For the time, that gay-colored little bird which for weeks or months he has been carefully training for the conflict, and which he holds now so lovingly between his arms, is all the world to him—his solitary investment for future fame and fortune—the single die upon which he would not hesitate to stake his entire family, or even his own life. And the bystanders, of whom there is always a crowd, are scarcely less interested. With each successive trial of skill between the combatants the excitement waxes more intense, betting grows bolder, and the motley gang become almost frenzied in their curiosity as to the result. These cock-fights and the ceremonials of his religion are the only occasions when a Philippine Islander forgets to be nonchalant and dignified; but these, by their very excess of ardor, make up for the lack of all others. Not only is the *penchant* for such games traceable directly to Spanish influence, but the local authorities boast of deriving a considerable revenue from the taxes levied upon them.

Desiring to get some glimpses of the aboriginal life where it was least trammeled by foreign influence, we arranged a visit to the great island of Luconia, governed in part by a native rajah, and peopled by nearly two millions of souls. Starting two hours before sunset in a native *budgerow* pulled by half a dozen oarsmen, we reached the island by daylight, and having breakfasted on rice and shellfish curry with a party at a little fishing-village on the coast, we set forth in search of adventures. Our conveyance was a primitive one—a sort of calèche drawn by oxen, sure-footed, trusty beasts, but indolent and slow like all their surroundings: the very rivulets seem to flow sluggishly, and the grand, beautiful river, that fertilizes some of the loveliest vales and meadows in the world, forces its way

SERVANTS OF DOCTOR BURGER AT BATAVIA.

over shelving rocks in a noiseless cataract, as if under protest. Our road lay between long lines of palma christi and guava trees laden with fruit and foliage, while the hedges were lined with the ever-blooming melastroma, fragrant and fair as a bride adorned for her spouse. Here and there a bamboo hut or rural cottage proclaimed the presence of the wood-cutter or farmer, and women and girls flitted about in dainty and singularly seductive garb, that displayed the symmetry of voluptuous forms even more perfectly than an undress could do. Yet, withal, there was evident modesty, even coyness, that forbade all thoughts of undue familiarity. From the widespread doors of the cottages we saw constantly such scenes as the illustration portrays —a young mother, with the careless abandon of conscious innocence, spending the sultry hours of midday in her swinging hammock watching the gambols of her offspring—the little ones, as well as the mother, very prodigies of grace and buoyant health.

At the charming little village of Taal, the most populous and thrifty of the Luconian settlements, we saw for the first time the tiny looms in which are woven the exquisite pineapple scarfs and handkerchiefs so famous for their delicate texture. The *modus operandi* seemed very simple. The fibre of the tuft of leaves at the top of the fruit is stripped out, cleaned, carded and spun by hand —the best to exceeding fineness. The looms are quaint little affairs of novel construction, and both hands and feet are used in operating them. The exquisite embroidery is all the work of *men*, whose pliant fingers are never suffered to be stiffened by rough labor. These scarfs and handkerchiefs can be purchased only at Manilla; and so great is the demand that they are usually sold three or four years in advance of their manufacture. At Gassig, a village of thirty thousand inhabitants, there is a brisk trade with Manilla in the products of the islands—gold, sugar, sapan-wood, ebony, indigo, coffee, sulphur, cotton, cordage, mother-of-pearl shells, tortoiseshell and many minor articles—but the native traders ship nothing direct to Europe. All passes through the hands of foreign merchants, mainly those of Manilla, and the revenues are immense.

Taking a reluctant leave of this peaceful Arcadia, its flowery vales and simple-hearted people, we continued our route to Calcutta, touching at Batavia, the quaint old city described in a former number of this Magazine. An old friend, a wealthy Hollander, offered the hospitalities of his house during the few days we were to remain, and at evening we were driven in pony palanquins to his elegant mansion in the "new city." Embowered in palms and orange trees, with its spacious balcony supported by marble columns and its sumptuous appointments inviting to luxurious repose, it seemed a very paradise — meet abode for the fair-haired wife and blooming young daughters who welcomed us so kindly. We dined the next day at the mansion of Dr. Burger, and spent some agreeable hours among the wonders of his gardens and green-houses, filled with all manner of floral beauty and fragrance. Flowers and birds were the doctor's *grande passion*, and both were carefully tended by the numerous retinue of female servants, whose position in that abode of affluence was a mere sinecure: their wants being amply supplied, they had little to do besides waiting on their own husbands and children.

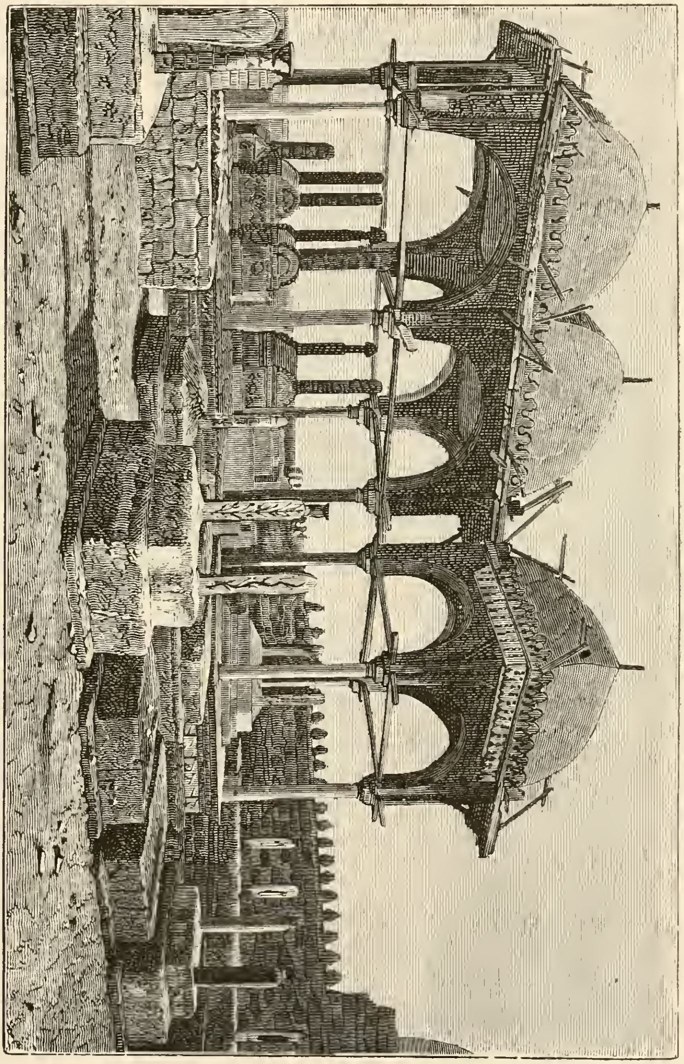
Dr. Burger used to be one of the notabilities of Batavia, and a general favorite among his friends. A man of liberal education, large fortune and many eccentricities, he led an easy, idle life among his books and flowers, devoting his abundant leisure to the indulgence of his own refined tastes, his money to the relief of suffering wherever he found it, and his genial good-humor to the increased happiness of every living thing within his reach. His abode furnished a fair type of the multitude of elegant bachelor establishments that abound in all the European settlements of the East —abundantly provided with all manner of delights, and their hospitable doors ever open to the tourist and the stranger.

FANNIE R. FEUDGE.

IN A CARAVAN WITH GÉRÔME THE PAINTER.

PART FIRST.

THE caravan took a route that was not very new, but it was made up of such choice spirits, and the aspect of things became so novel from their fresh and unconventional point of view, that the spectacle of Egypt was in a measure transfigured, and took on changes as of a familiar garment worn inside out. Gérôme, the leader, was at home in Cairo. The little band chose for him the



MAMELUKE TOMBS AT CAIRO. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

title of Colonel; which must be pronounced trisyllabically, *Co-lo-nel*, or it will acquire an American, militia-training, stand-up-for-a-drink sort of flavor, as far as possible from the humor in which it was conferred. Readers of these pages who have admired those dramatic compositions of his, those telling anecdotes expressed in color, those epigrams of antique history which constitute Gérôme the Plutarch of painters —and more especially his "Cleopatra," the cunning ivory woman,

> —— traced about by jewels which outline,
> Fire-frame, and keep distinct perfections, lest they melt
> To soft smooth unity ere half their hold be felt;
> Yet, o'er that white and wonder, a Soul's predominance
> I' the head so high and haught, except one thievish glance
> From back of oblong eye, intent to count the slain,

—may be glad of a personal introduction, which, however, shall be shorter than a formula of Sir Charles Grandison's. The painter of "Cleopatra" and "The Death of Cæsar" is a dark, energetic man, with quick black eyes set under a very broad forehead, and a triangular, top-shaped face, whose apex, the chin, is shadowed by an arching moustache. With his alert motions, his height and weight kept serviceably at a medium, his taste in dress plain and business-like, and a directness of manner so absolute that trifling with him is out of the question, Gérôme is a man whom you would call a grave person even when he laughs; but his sincerity, his reasonableness and mental superiority make him the best of traveling-companions. Only, whereas the others are going to Egypt in an exalted spirit of larking, the pencil-Plutarch is descending upon the land of Pharaoh with as fell a purpose as ever sent a Highland chieftain raiding upon the Lowlands: his artistic larder needs replenishing, and he is going after his milch cow.

This expedition was so far a crisis with Gérôme that he went out a black-haired man and returned perfectly gray. There is something memorable in the particular action that at once distinctly deprives one of one's youth: it is like a vigil of arms, where a young knight leaves his sable locks upon the altar.

All Europeans in Cairo behave precisely alike: the mysterious Eastern charm runs away with all of them together. Our Parisians, installed in the house of a rich French cook *emeritus*, had hardly disposed of their first grand nine-course dinner when they retired to dream, one and all, of the same plan. "For my part, I know very well what I am going to do," said each to himself as he buttoned the mosquito-net of his own particular bed. "I shall get up at four o'clock, take a donkey and seek adventures until breakfast-time." And so accurately was every traveler bitten by the same maggot in the same place that they all had the pleasure of finding themselves together, each on a donkey, a little before sunrise.

The ex-cook's mansion forming almost the corner of the great native street of Cairo, the Muskee, the first tableau was naturally afforded by that finest of Cairene boulevards. The Muskee, with its shops and coffee-houses, is an Orient in itself, and he would be a stupid braggart who, after living in it for three years, should pretend to have seen all its interesting features. At the extremity of the Muskee a broad covered footway separates into two the quarter where the bazaars are grouped: turning to the left, the bazaar of the jewelers is reached; to the right are the carpets and raiment, the slippers, harness and saddles. The first duty of inexperienced travelers is to load themselves down with cumbrous articles of purchase. Our caravan did not fail at the present emergency, and Saint Eloi himself could hardly have kept count of the bracelets, the necklaces, the daggers and pistols, made very probably in Brussels, which the ardent Orientalists swept into their carpet-bags. The carved woodwork on the coffers and street-signs of the merchants attracted the admiration of every artist in the group, while the Persian rugs (many of which are sold in Cairo) seemed to them adorable enough for an artist to say his prayers upon, especially those with fantastic figures on white grounds. The simple jewels prepared for the Fellah women were objects of eager research; partly on account of their broad statuesque styles and partly on account of the singular manner of paying for them. In one dish of the scales is placed your chosen lot of trinkets, in the other your gold, and the equilibrium of the two forms the payment: in this sort of jewelry the workmanship is valued at nothing at all.

FATMA. (BY J. L. GÉRÔME.)

One of the party had the fortune to stumble on a pair of ancient bracelets remarkable for their exquisite chasing: they were received afterward in France, in circles of taste, with open arms—even by those beauties whose rounded wrists were seemingly too slender to support the weight of forty centuries of graven-work.

It is always a philosophical pleasure to spoil a good story, and we feel impelled to give the sequel to the affair of the antique bracelets, one or both of which fell into the hands of Edmond About. About was accompanying Gérôme with a heart as light and a wit as ready as in the old days of the École Normale, when he used to write mock eulogies or combative arguments about Bossuet against young Hippolyte Taine and Francisque de Sarcey, or composed ridiculous tales destined to perish in an oblivion of laughter amongst his talented circle of schoolfellows. The catastrophe of the Egyptian bracelet has been betrayed to us through young Florent Heller, now in America—the secretary of About in Alsace, and in his capacity of artist a pupil of Gérôme's. On the return of the caravan to Paris, About betook himself to a jeweler with his bracelet, meaning to have it cleaned and restored, and not a little proud of the possession of a genuine antique—the *real* antiques are so scarce! The wise craftsman turned it over and about in his accomplished hands. A few turns, and he had twisted it into two pieces, revealing the existence of a *screw* in the middle. The novelist began to look supernally wise, for the ancient Egyptians have not generally been credited with knowing the principle of the screw. "Let me see," said the jeweler: "there are only the firms of Chose et Cie. and Messrs. Un Tel who make screws of that sort: I can tell you in a moment who fabricated this one." He examined it critically a minute, and decided: "This screw is the manufacture of Chose—not a doubt about it." The poor bracelet, hopelessly degraded by cold professional analysis, passed into strict retirement: it was no longer boasted of. About had been fancying it on the wrist of Cleopatra or of his own fancy-feigned *Momie:* it turned out to be only a masterpiece of modern counterfeiting, which the first Paris artisan was able to nail—or rather screw—to the counter.

The day after the acquisition of the bracelet About formed an expedition to visit the mosques of Cairo, inviting Lenoir to accompany him. We have no intention of intruding on the privacy of all the members of the party: the *Docteur*, the Photographer, the Naturalist (familiarly called the Taxidermist or *Empailleur*), the Hercules with the Buckskin Gloves, and the valetudinarian who suffered from a sunstroke at Senouhres, though they contributed in notable degrees to the interest of the party, shall rest for us unnamed. But Lenoir, who has made the difficult plunge into publicity by means of the double springboard of literary and artistic success, is fair prey for the general eye, and he who in his time has made so many outrageous caricatures of his fellows shall be lightly sketched by us.

It is incredible how the atelier Gérôme could spare him, for he was the life and soul of the rollicking band of Gérôme's pupils, as he is now of the master's Egyptian caravan, where he forms the youngest member and the pet. He led all the studio games, superintended the alumni dinners, and delivered the orations, on which occasions his quiet, sarcastic style, full of ready allusions and apt quotations, provoked those smiles that are more flattering than open laughter. Visitors to his studio remarked on the door a sketch in charcoal—*Ci-gît* PAUL-MARIE LENOIR, the phrase usual on tombstones. Entering, an interior stuffed with artistic curiosities met the eye. Among the bric-à-brac one large bust, a female head and shoulder in the grandiose, Michael-Angelesque style of the mysterious "Marcello," was sure to attract attention; and the young artist, suddenly quitting his sarcastic manner, would say respectfully, "It was the gift of Marcello to my father." This intimation would probably strike the visitor dumb, for in the Bohemian world of the ateliers nothing could be more dignified than an acquaintance with a mythical lady of genius, who went under a masculine name, and who had been compromised by the attentions of the emperor. Other characteristics added to the immense repute of Lenoir among the scholars: he was known to possess the personal friendship of the patron, Gérôme himself; finally, what is never noxious to a character in a society of jolly beggars, he was reputed rich. He certainly was able to sport garments cut in an exaggerated English style, such as proclaimed him a *crevé*, almost a *gommeux;* and he never sold, or even finished, a picture.

DRAGOMAN AND DRIVERS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

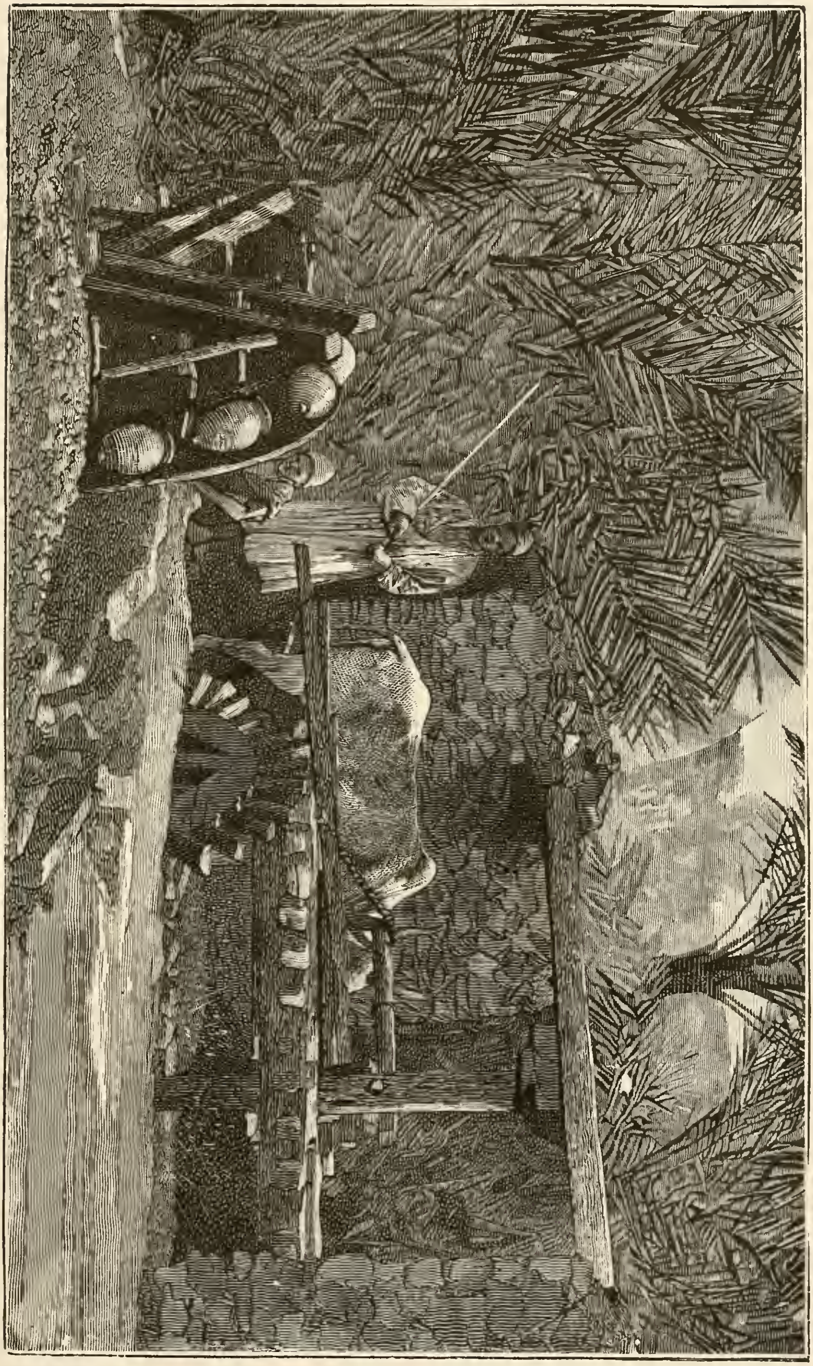
Since his journey, however, Lenoir has thrown some of his fanciful conceptions into the market, and a few have found their way to America. The Persian lover riding up the doorsteps of his mistress's house to reach a flower aloft to her balcony, the Japanese ferry propelled by swarthy swimmers, the infant of Japan dragging a toy mammoth along the street by a gay ribbon, and the Hindoo elephant upright on its hind quarters for the amusement of the ladies of the zenanah, have been familiarized here, either in the original paintings or by means of prints. And surely that picture of his imported by Mr. Avery last winter—a view of the "Entrance to a Mosque," consisting entirely of the mass of assorted slippers left outside by the faithful—is the same which he made on this auspicious tour of inspection, and of which he remarks, dissimulating the identity of the painter, "One of the band made a study in the mosque of El-Achraf. Our donkeys being left at the door, we experienced for the first time the necessity of conforming to the rule which forbids one's shoes to follow their master into the sacred place. Nothing could be more drolly lugubrious than the battalion of our gaiters in battle array dejectedly waiting for us on the steps: they seemed to be envying us our luck of getting in."

It was no contemptible privilege to approach with Edmond About the jealous doors of the Mohammedan churches, for that brilliant author, who has never shown backwardness in availing himself of courtly favor, had made use of his letters of introduction, and rode through Cairo with an escort of officers or *cawas* who glittered with gold, and displayed his pockets filled with imperial firmans whose authority made accessible the most impenetrable sanctuaries.

In the case of the great mosque of the Mameluke sultan Hassan, the party, after going through an immense gallery which contained a station of armed sentries, were conducted by a sheikh to a diminutive door concealed in draperies, which gave access to the tomb-chamber of the dead sultan. This chamber is in fact the interior of the great dome—a dome which soars over all the edifices of Cairo like the head of a colossus. Within, there is a fearful majesty about this gigantic cover of a sepulchre: looking up into the air, the eye is dizzied with the prodigious distance of the vault, which is decked with enormous pendentives and stalactites of sculpture, now in a state of dilapidation. Every day some massive fragment of the decoration falls splintering upon the floor, like a thunderbolt from the highest zenith. Far from taking measures against the danger, the Arabs accept as a favor these celestial aërolites, which have the property of sending straight to Paradise those of the faithful who have the good fortune to be under them. But the Frankish intruders, who would receive no such benefit from a fortuitous pulverizing, were hurried out by the sheikh after a visit as brief as it was rare.

The El-Hakem mosque, the most ancient in Cairo, and now a ruin, the El-Azhar, called the Magnificent, and at once mosque, college and hospital, were successively visited; but there are more than four hundred of the sacred edifices in Cairo, and the most enterprising traveler can hardly hope to see them all. What struck the infidel visitors was the perfect equality with which nobles and beggars worshiped together, and the animated attention with which they listened to the dull, endless reading of the Koran from the *menber* or pulpit. The corpulent millionaires of Cairo do not snore in church, and the young men do not nod: Saint Paul would here have lost the occasion for one of his finest miracles.

The least considerable of these mosques is a triumph of Saracenic grace. The mosque of Amru is not only as old as the year A. D. 640, and the cradle of Islamism in Egypt, but is furnished with a Fat Man's Misery, or unnaturally contracted passage. A pair of small columns near the entrance, cut out of a single bit of marble, and running together at the capitals and bases, are credited from time immemorial by pious Arabs with various engaging qualities, among others that of prolonging the lives of those who are able to pass between them without breaking the ribs. The excursionists in a body took an early opportunity of submitting themselves to the test. Most of them, thanks to their youth and genteel slimness, slipped through like letters at the post, but there was one hero in the number whose powerful bulk threatened to uproot the columns at each of his vigorous efforts. "He will pass!"—"He will not pass!"—"He will!" At each conjecture of his solicitous friends the Samson re-



A SAKHYIA NEAR CAIRO. (FROM THE PICTURE BY J. L. GÉRÔME.)

doubled his energy. He passed, but at a terrible ransom.

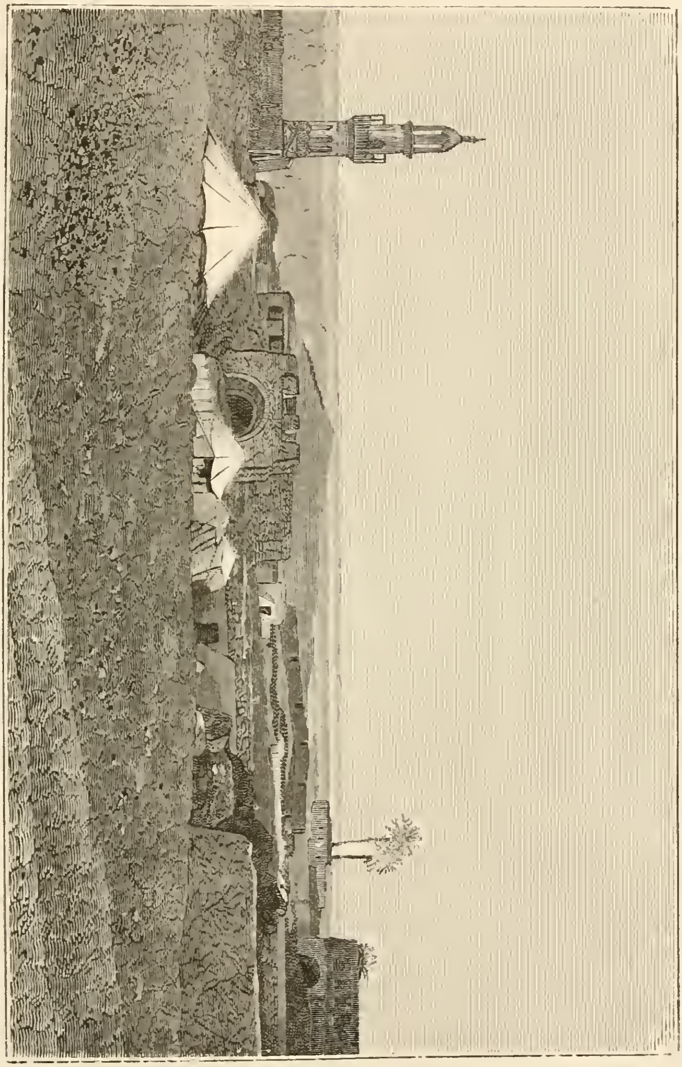
In another part of the same mosque the faithful are promised eternal felicity in case they can touch, after marching blindfold for some distance along a wall, a certain black square imbedded in it. The Franks had such uniform success in laying hand on the lucky stone that the sheikh in charge appeared to imbibe some doubt of their good faith—a doubt possibly not without foundation. Strange, juvenile people, which runs toward its eternal salvation in sack-races and games of hoodman-blind!

In leaving El-Barbouk, El-Achraf and their neighbor mosques it was impossible not to pause for a comprehensive survey of the whole group of edifices, a suburban settlement usually called the Valley of Tombs, but more properly the City of the Caliphs. The group of oval domes floating one above the other, the threaded minarets whose every stage is a marvel of sculpture, the golden Turkish emblems forming a constellation of moons above the whole, the faultless Saracen grace of the general architecture—to which, here and there, cling the remains of old iridescent tile-work—all make up a composition surpassing the most elaborate effect of the most sumptuous theatre. The Valley of Tombs is decidedly one of the most pictorial scenes in the whole East.

Our *dilettanti* regretfully quitted this beautiful dream of the Orient of Saladin and Haroun. Returning into the city, they passed the Tombs of the Mamelukes, a collection of funereal monuments forming a succession to the Caliphs' Valley, and diminishing, without doing violence to, the *suite* of fair Eastern forms which constitutes that radiant picture. The mausoleums, placed close together, and relieved against the mountain of Mokattam, present an aspect as picturesque in their kind as the bouquet of mosques. They are sheltered under catafalques of stone and sculptured woodwork, which struck some of the party as nearly analogous to Persian decorative styles. Might artists from Persia have executed these monuments, or at least been charged with their ornamentation? It is possible enough. On the coverings of these tombs are small decorative cupolas remarkably like the peculiar tapering ogive of the Persian dome, which generally makes the outline of a mere triangle with rounded corners. These elegant sepulchres are thickly planted, and form a little special necropolis where one perceives a very select efflorescence of the best modern Orientalism. Those cruel Mamelukes must have been at bottom persons of great distinction to be followed by sculptors so candidly effeminate, so amateurish of whatever was most aristocratic and fine in Arab art. Our fastidious Frenchmen sniffed in the tombs of the Mamelukes a vague odor, as of primeval Jockey Club: these fine mousquetaires of Islam, said they, must have been in their time collectors of pictures and connoisseurs of Japanese porcelain, like us!

They re-entered the city by the gate El-Karafah, having gone out by the Bab-el-Nasr, the Gate of Victory. Everywhere was a new group, a new incident—combinations of figures, costumes, picture-motives, which stung with the highest ardor these enthusiastic young pencils, as yet unfleshed in the Orient. The Gate of Victory, with its two lofty square towers, had been the first study which Gérôme had made on his earliest journey to Egypt: the junior painter of the band felt it only a piece of faithful discipleship to sacrifice there a piece of clean canvas. A rival attraction, however, was the sacred bath and protecting palm tree of the mosque of Amru—the church of the more or less impassable pillars; and the eager youths, defying the stings of the enemy, leaped outside their mosquito-nets in the French cook's house to pass a good part of the night in the lightest of costumes among their preparatives — their brushes, their canvas-stretchers, their boxes and the little armory of colors contained in those shining cartouches of sheet tin.

These explorings and sketches were not all done at once: the photographer of the party was the only one who could pretend to get "instantaneous" impressions. The great day of the official visit to the mosques was finished up by About and his invited companions with a presentation to the ambassador from Persia, the economical notion having occurred to them that it would be well enough to go somewhere with their embroidered guard of *cawas* where it would be worth the display. Nothing is more comical than the ceremonious turn given to afternoon calls in the East. The strangers passed the allotted time in receiving from a person they did not know a succession of compliments on the honor they conferred by using his house and consuming his provisions. They were stuffed with candies and inundated with coffee, none of which might be refused, and they pushed etiquette so far as to imitate those involuntary guttural noises which indicate repletion, and which in Oriental lands are accepted by your host as the most



VIEW OF TAMIEH. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

delicate flattery. The Persian ministry was a dream of luxury, an edifice lined with porphyry and gold; yet the most incongruous Westernisms intruded everywhere to spoil the effect: vulgar mahogany chairs were offered the visitors as an attention sure to please, and lithographs of Victoria and the shah in yellow-painted frames were hung amongst pictures studded with pearl and precious metals. The Frenchmen accepted everything with bland admiration, and gave affable salutes to the ambassador's sons, young men more Parisian than Persian, clothed by Dusautoy, and having nothing national about them but the points of their tapering hats. Delighted with their own good manners, they were passing out, congratulating themselves on the effect they had made, when the darkness of a corridor caused them to rush ruinously into the stomach of a black giant who was guarding the harem. The watch-chains and jewels with which this living canopy was hung, the rings, necklaces and pendants which gave him the jingling effect of a Spanish mule, and the sabre as long as himself which he dragged at his side, all crashed in a dreadful manner at the shock; but he salaamed politely, and the visitors receded with all haste from the forbidden ground.

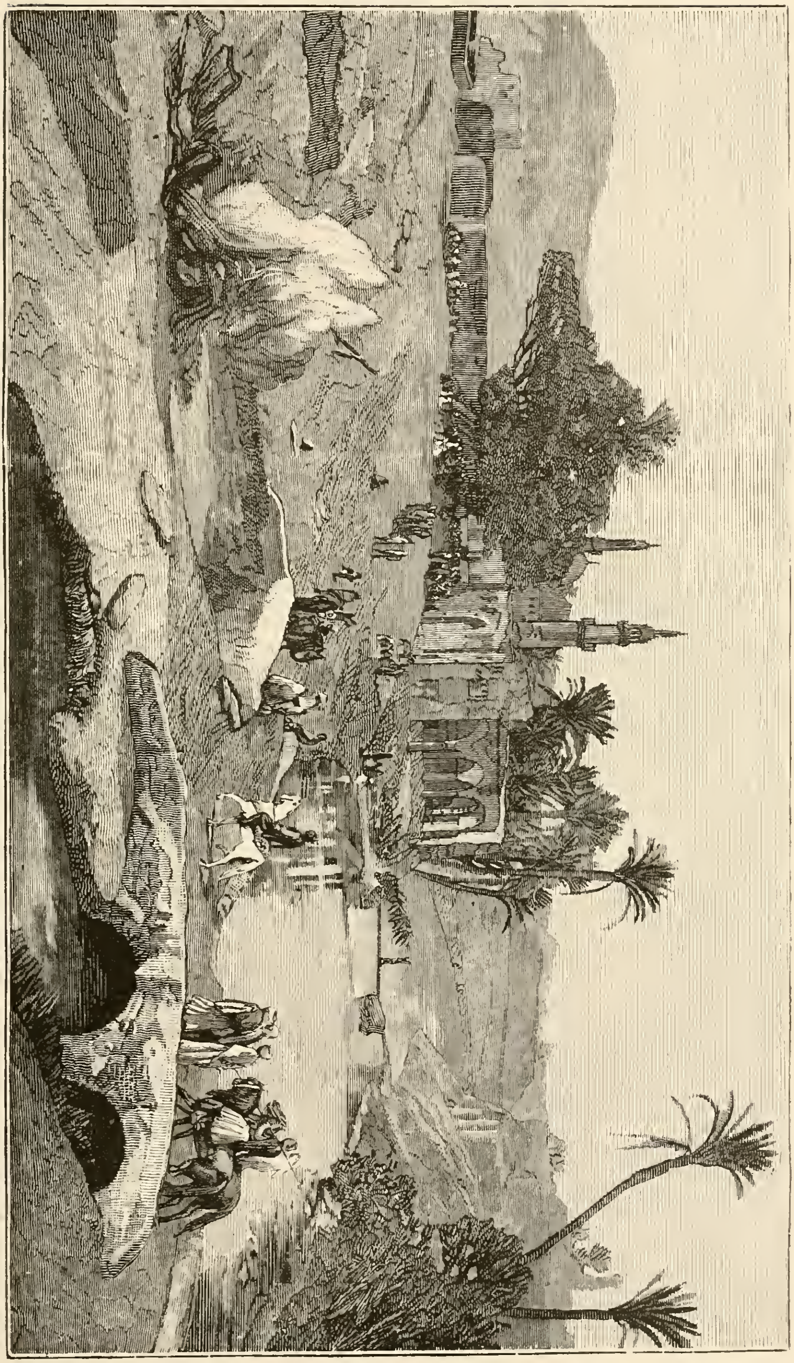
We are indebted entirely to lady travelers for accounts of the interior of harems. Yet the imprisonment in them of the native women is a condition greatly exaggerated in our impressions. If no man is allowed to enter, the ladies at least can go out at discretion, whether for a visit or for the bath, and they avail themselves largely of the liberty.

It is unhappily evident that the most beautiful women in the East are those whom you do not see: those whom you do see are more singular than fair; and those whom you are sorry to have seen are invariably the most free in proposing themselves for admiration. The orange-girls are as liberal of their charms as they were in England under the Merry Monarch, and certain quarters of Cairo are a perfect population of Nell Gwynns. The native names of these women are not very various.

"Fatma! Fatma!" you may call at hazard in a street, and twenty Fatmas will start to life at the apertures of the carved windows, like the automata of so many cuckoo-clocks. In the whole collection some few may be worth the trouble of the rude trick. It was a Fatma whom the Co-lo-nel and his pupils decided to summon for an artistic sitting; and it is Fatma whom the reader sees reproduced among these pages, with her strange and stony sphinx head. It has been very accurately copied on the wood, as well as the other sketches and photographs, by another disciple of the atelier Gérôme, the good-natured and chirpy little Saint-Elme, the same whom his fellows of the studio, never at a loss for a graphic nickname, called invariably the "Poulet."

Educated only as pieces of display, like rare birds or parlor dogs, the Fatmas of the East exhibit the most innocent gluttony and childishness. To dance well, sing well, drink well, smoke well and sleep well are the lessons of their school. The particular Fatma of Gérôme, tall, young, majestic, dreamy, and of the purest Egyptian type, had the surplus qualities of drinking araki like a camel-driver and smoking like a foot-soldier. Two days in succession she brought her fine profile and her military accomplishments to the mansion of the ex-cook. She found herself not badly off, it was evident, for the artists had difficulty in convincing her that affairs of the greatest importance compelled them to renounce the pleasure of her society. She departed finally with a stock of Paris baubles and a collection of backshish sufficient to eternalize in her heart the memory of the infidel painting-travelers.

After a time, it must be confessed, even Cairo began to pall. The eternal rattle and fuss—the constant clattering turn of the kaleidoscope—the fine pictorial effect immediately covered or effaced by a new combination or a prosaic interference,—all this fatigued the artistic sense. The painters longed for scenes more penetrated with Egyptian repose. A day came finally when Lenoir was tired of sketching slippers at mosque doors, and even of painting—supreme



MEDINET. (FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY J. L. GÉRÔME.)

luxury! — in the reposing-room of the Turkish bath: it was somewhat exhausting, too, to assist day by day in making the fortune of those irresistible merchants of the bazaars; and he had his Persian carpets and Janizary armor made up into bales for transportation to Paris.

The grand preliminary for a journey to the Desert and the Nile was the choice of some good honest thief to keep off the banditti of the plains. At the first summons the garden of the ex-cook's house was filled with most abandoned-looking reprobates, who severally invited the travelers to confide to them, as dragomans, their lives, liberty and fortunes. All shrieking at once, these estimable brigands offered the certificates of character they had torn from former victims, and prayed to be engaged. With the assistance of friends and advisers the party succeeded in making a choice not too infelicitous: the gentlemanly tyrant whom they secured for donkey-master was named Hassahuee. They devoted a day to testing their animals and examining their tents, set up for show under the sycamores of the Esbekiah: Lenoir, incorrigible sketcher, managed to snatch a journey and an étude among the Tombs of the Caliphs. The camel-drivers who took charge of the baggage in the expedition up the Nile, and afterward in Arabia Petrea, were under the government of a very intelligent Syrian named Yusef Mussali. To do these dragomans justice, their conduct proved that they had nothing very brigandish about them but their looks. They were simply types, vivacious and various, of an artless and docile Arab people. Only that horrible marplot, the incorrigible English tourist, could succeed, in the opinion of the Frenchmen, in twisting awry those gentle creatures by a systematic course of injustice, inconsiderateness and brutality.

Crossing the river by the lively ferry at the island of Rudah, the caravan was quickly got in order by the impartial justice of Yusef Mussali, which expressed itself in energetic blows administered impartially to the beasts and beast-drivers. The party contemplated the activity of that vigorous arm, cleared for action by sleeves turned up to the shoulder, and felt that they could repose in the authority of a member so prompt, so far-reaching and so decisive. Gizeh was soon reached, a village offering nothing remarkable but its ovens for chicken-hatching and its strategic position as the key of the Grand Pyramids. The valley of the Nile here offered a scene of artificial culture quite creditable to the national industry, but not so satisfactory to the fastidious artistic eye, which very quickly tires of the raw, uniform, metal-plated, unyielding green of agricultural improvement.

One tableau, however, was afforded by these regions of immemorial husbandry. The irrigation of the country, in some localities where the banks were steeper and more cliff-like, was effected by that most poetical of watering-machines, the sakhyia. Remnant of the antique Egypt, the sakhyia is a primitive revolving pump, turned by a camel, an ass or an outlandish-looking buffalo, who wears his horns in the fashion prescribed by the paintings in the ancient tombs. Two huge wheels, which form the water-works, keep lowering and lifting a succession of buckets, an ever-turning rosary of russet-colored urns. The location of a sakhyia usually affords a combination of all that is Orientally picturesque in shapes and colors: there the artist may constantly find a foreground with broken banks, water, tufts of palm, animals and drivers, as well as infants and women who come with their jars in preference to dipping in the Nile itself.

The great sycamore near the Pyramids, habitual resting-place for traveling encampments, was leased by the caravan for three days, with right and privilege of tent-pitching. Here, under the superintendence of the cook, they lived on potted meats dressed with desert sand, sanded bread, poultry *au sable*, and wine improved with a fine crusty flavor from the same condiment. Several watches among the party, visited by the penetrating element, stopped as if by an enchantment. The Pyramids of course were made a conquest.

"Monsieur the count—*Cawaga*—forty centuries—Bonaparte—look down upon you—monsieur the baron—*Bono Franzaoui:*" then with a personal application, "Good Arab—good backshish." It was a chorus to deafen the Sphinx. They visited the interior as well as the surface, and were touched by the dismantled state of the "Queen's Chamber," a boudoir bare of furniture or even wall-paper, and resembling nothing so much as a room of the Quartier Breda when one of the volatile inmates has lost her "things" by the cruel swoop of a sheriff's attachment. Poor queen! said the Paris callers: her bedroom is not chargeable with much Benoiton extravagance.

There is but little forage for the artist in the Pyramids when close at hand: their pictorial value is when seen in a silhouette, as from Gizeh. Then the mathematical relation of their lines and angles, suggestive as it is to science, is found to be also particularly satisfactory to the æsthetic eye. As for the Sphinx, it is the exemplar and gnomon of a passed art, whose perfection and self-sufficing attainment may not be ignored by the most frivolous observer. It is not the magnificent vastness which alone causes this imperious effect: the face wears an expression entirely definite and voluntary—the look of beatitude, pointed with the sense of superiority and irony.

The appetites which the tourists brought back from their climb ought to have been satisfactory to the forty centuries which have the office of surveying Frenchmen who encamp beneath the Pyramids. The same evening was enlivened and made almost archæological by the presence of an asp, which one of the camel-drivers had neatly intercepted. This astute-looking little reptile, the true *coluber* or asp of Cleopatra, and perhaps the lawful descendant of that which drank from the queen's unsceptred arm, was not very frightful in appearance. The fang of the asp, however, is more venomous than that of some more hideous serpents, and its two horns, resembling the antennæ of a beetle, give it a look of alertness and curiosity not at all calming to the nerves. The first night in the desert was further marked by the production of a wolf-trap, with which one of the younger pilgrims had encumbered his trunk, in the hope of seducing a jackal, or possibly the jackal's master. The trap was set with a savory luncheon, but the jackals were modest and did not call.

The village of Sakkara, attained the day after leaving Gizeh, allowed the travelers a hunt after a quieter sort of game. They were there among the ruins of Memphis, and soon found themselves picking the bones of old burghers of that vanished city. The ghoul-like G—— took possession of two skulls, horribly decayed, which form to-day in his opinion the loveliest ornament in his museum at Chatou; and Lenoir, with the instinct of a pearl-diver, detached from a female skull a row of beautiful teeth, almost as perfect and primitive as those which Eve set in the apple of Paradise.

The same enterprising youth at Dachur had a success of gallantry by painting the fingers of the water-bearing maids with blue and yellow from his color-box. The mysterious sketches which he drew on their earthen jars were also viewed with the greatest favor. Tamieh, whose graceful oasis and buildings form the subject of one of our engravings, was distinguished by a stroke of sportsmanship on the part of Gérôme, as lucky in its way as the finest stroke of his pencil. The bowers around the village have been selected for a residence by droves of wild boars, who form there a noisy and pestiferous republic. Gérôme, whose present visit was not his first, can attach to Tamieh the most flattering recollections of the chase, for he drew upon these outlaws the finest bead that the villagers had ever seen, and contributed partially to relieve them of the pests that ravaged their kitchen-gardens. Attended by the son of the sheikh of Tamieh, an uncouth fantoccini gamboling in a brown night-shirt, he gave chase to a huge beast that had approached the encampment. Three bullets in the shoulder and leg sent him rolling into the river to drown, whence he was fished up by the Arabs, streaming blood and Nile water.

The sheikh's son startled the village with his cries of "*Alouf! Alouf! Kalas! Cawaga* GÉRÔME *kebir!*" as he danced into the town at the head of the hunters, preceding the prey, which formed a heavy camel-load and weighed three hundred pounds.

At Fidemine the young sheikh of the place visited the artists' encampment. He brought the ceremonial present, a plate of steaming rice seasoned with saffron and perforated with a few withered drumsticks of poultry.

"How long since," said Gérôme to the youthful governor, "have you been visited by Europeans? Not many foreigners pass by here, to judge from appearances. Your town will not be improved with gas and English railroads until they have spread over all the world."

The sheikh took the question seriously, as if Mohammed himself were catechising him. Consulting his own thoughts a minute, he answered studiously, "Five years since they came: my father was the shiekh of Fidemine then. I was younger than at present, but I have faithfully kept the recollection."

On calculating the date by certain details, with the season of the year and the day of the month illumined by the passage of the well-remembered travelers, it was found that the sheikh was alluding, without knowing it, to the second Egyptian tour of Gérôme himself.

After a pause of several minutes the Arab added: "My father described to me how, just five years before that again, strangers had come to our village and gone a-hunting. Some of those Europeans installed themselves opposite our houses, sitting down in front of small boxes, and seemed to forget everything in a kind of labor which was unknown to us."

That uncomprehended craft was the art of oil-painting. The pilgrim absorbed before a box which he held on his knees beneath a broad umbrella was Gérôme again, on his first journey, a periodical comet due every five years.

The province through which the artists were now passing was Faïum, one of the most patriarchal and primitive in the Nile valley. Its most important focus is the lake of Mœris and the town of Medinet. The simple arrangement of the edifices, the fine sculptural forms of the land, and the unworldly simplicity of the manners make Medinet an artist's jewel. Gérôme owes to Medinet-el-Faïum one of his conceptions of greatest beauty, a picture stamped with the very seal of the East, and perfectly adapted to the monumental nobility of his taste. Of this picture, which has been in America, we are able to present an elaborate and sufficing wood-cut, one of Saint-Elme's most careful reproductions.

Medinet was likewise the theatre of Lenoir's remarkable adventure in spoiling the Egyptians. Struck with the long, bridle-like ear-ornaments of a young village girl, the young amateur undertook to track her as she walked along balancing her water-jar. The damsel, conscious of being followed, suspiciously hastened her pace. Lenoir ambled on more vigorously. Sure now that the evil eye was bent on her, the maiden fled into the thickest of the bazaar of Medinet, the pitcher on her head rocking like a tower in an earthquake. Lenoir galloped, and Atalanta fled still faster. Nothing would have arrested her but what really did occur for that purpose—the loss of one of her slippers. Lenoir, picking up the sandal, offered it like a bouquet, his hand on his heart. The graces of Paris, always irresistible, made a hasty conquest of this primitive gazelle, and she ultimately gave him her ear, then her ear-drops, and finally the slippers whose treachery had led to her conquest. Pressing the enormous galoches to his heart again, the artist suffered her to vanish with his backshish, retaining for his share the memory of a fleeting Grace and the slipper of a fleeting Cinderella.

Faïum charmed our painters by its character, essentially gentle and patriarchal, its inhabitants, almost biblical, and the wild growths of its oasis, partially uncultivated. It was the realization of a Paradise inhabited by the *personæ* of a pastoral.

(END OF PART FIRST.)

IN A CARAVAN WITH GÉRÔME THE PAINTER.

CONCLUDING PART.

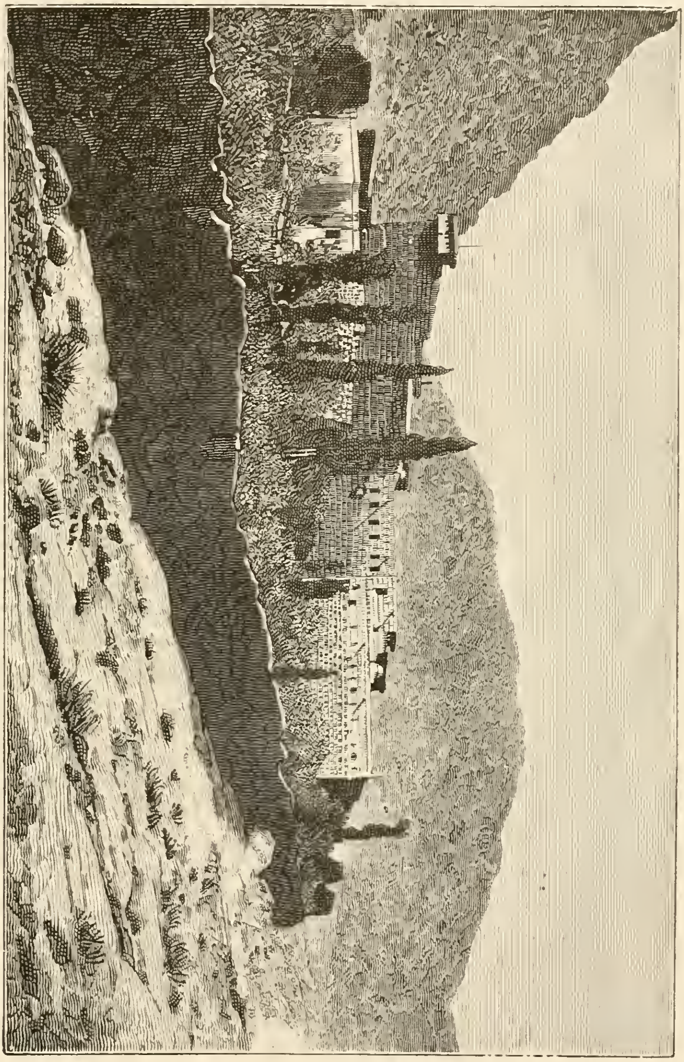
ALMEH. (FAC-SIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL ETCHING BY J. L. GÉRÔME.)

THE camels of state provided by the khedive expressly for Gérôme were awaiting him and his party at Suez to continue the excursion through the burning deserts and wadys of Arabia Petrea. One member of the artist-band, attacked by painful symptoms of sunstroke at Senures, was longing to get back to Cairo and to the possibility of seeing a good doctor in that capital. The allotted days of the journey were passing. Yet Gérôme and his fellow-painters, infatuated with the beautiful oasis of Faïum, continued to explore its canals and examine its little towns as long as they could find the least excuse for so doing. It seemed to them like a page of pure Bible life fastened down upon the desert; and they hesitated with luxurious reluctance to cross the Nile and face the robber-infested wilderness of the Red Sea. A rencounter almost worth a sunstroke to meet was the lucky chance of the travelers at Senures.

Here for the first time they found the primitive, unsophisticated dancing-girls of the East. The circumstances and the company amongst which they met them supplied the most piquant relief, and the whole performance remains imprinted on the minds of Gérôme and his friends as the perfection of impromptu farce.

The primitive almeh whom Gérôme represents in his etching is very different from the spoiled, cosmopolitan dancing-girls, contaminated with a hundred tricks learned from European travelers, who cheapen their exhibitions to the taste of staring Cockneys in Cairo. This is a Muse of the wilderness. Sullen and passionate by turns, she traces her plastic statuary for the eyes of rude men of the desert, swart Nubians, simple connoisseurs from the cradle of the Nile. The negroid features, the heavy festoons into which she plaits her tresses, the sculptural way in which she can throw a drapery over her head, the rude coins she decks herself with—so different from the half-crowns and shillings with which the Cairo beauty is proud to bedizen herself—all seem strange, picturesque, remote, peculiar. Her head, scrupulously imitated in our engraving, is one of the very few studies in aquafortis which Gérôme has ever given to the public. It attracted the attention, before he died, of Théophile Gautier, ever on the lookout for something bizarre and savage as a stimulus to his jaded appetite. Having found the etching in an exhibition arranged for the profit of unfortunate artists, Gautier, in his own strenuous language, raved of the "eyes half shut, and as if blinded by the sun," the "heavy lips, liberal divan on which to lay a kiss," and the "cheeks polished like those of images in basalt." The simple strength of the execution, too, was much to his taste. "All these traits are indicated," he remarked, "with a few strokes of a swift, assured needle, which expresses more facts than all the patient toiling of the burin. It is a rough sketch on copperplate, quite as valuable as an original pencil-drawing: the biting of the aquafortis has nowise changed its character." Indeed, Gérôme, granting to him his pronounced love for forms in repose, is an unequaled draughtsman, expressing with a light scatter of strokes a texture, a complexion or an arrested movement. "Go to the crayon-drawings by Raphael in the Louvre," he will sometimes say, "and see what directness of expression! With the simplest and readiest curves he defines a bony articulation, the round hardness of an acting muscle or the swinging line of a relaxed one. Having the secrets of anatomy by heart, Raphael knows instantly whether there is soft flesh or hard bone under a piece of skin, and in the most definite way tries to find a stroke that will express at once the desired texture. There is no rubbing the drawing over to an even state of grit or wool: everywhere is tendon, skin or bone, defined in the plainest language." His own strokes and hatchings are much less inventive and varied than Raphael's, but they search in a similar way for the plain carriage of some truth, and, as his industrial motto seems to be *Nulla dies sine lineâ*, so is the lesson of his pencil *Nulla linea sine animâ.* — Of all which practice and theory the head we refer to is a good example, not easily obtained otherwhere than in our pages.

Hasne, with her fine braids intermingled with threads of gold, with her eyes cast down to hide their liquid brightness, with her pendent coins and sweeping blue draperies, was the heroine of a fête which Gérôme saw fit to give at Senures in honor of the civic authorities. Our expedition, when approaching provincial towns, found it necessary to put on a good deal of state and to assume an almost plenipotentiary importance. Thus, when the ditch-threaded fields and ruined tombs of Senures were reached, the tents were ostentatiously spread in an eligible spot, and the flag of France was allowed to unroll its colors to the respectful African breeze. These preliminaries arranged, the painters, their beasts hung about with glittering ornaments in the taste of the country, went solemnly to pay their regards to the sheikh. Arrived at the mayor's office of Senures, a young Arab in gorgeous raiment came forth to apprise the visitors that his sheikh, although aware of the illustrious strangers' approach, was obliged, together with his municipal council, to forego the pleasure of receiving them. Reasons of the last importance compelled this civic action. On the next day, however, the ediles would hasten to present to the strangers, on the thresholds of their own tents and under the shadow of the French flag, their profoundest homage.



VIEW OF THE MONASTERY ON MOUNT SINAI.

Not undelighted with this response, the Frenchmen withdrew; but, while the elder and more serious members of the troop prepared to regain their tents, the younger artists, willing to ride somewhere after the trouble of being mounted, desired their dragoman to take them to the dancers' quarter. There was Hasne, with a dozen of her friends, drinking araki among a crowd of well-dressed and courteous Arabs. The evening was spent over lessons in the softest Lalla-Rookh phrases at the feet of these princesses, care being taken to sit out the well-dressed Arabs, who retired salaaming.

Next day, for the reception of the

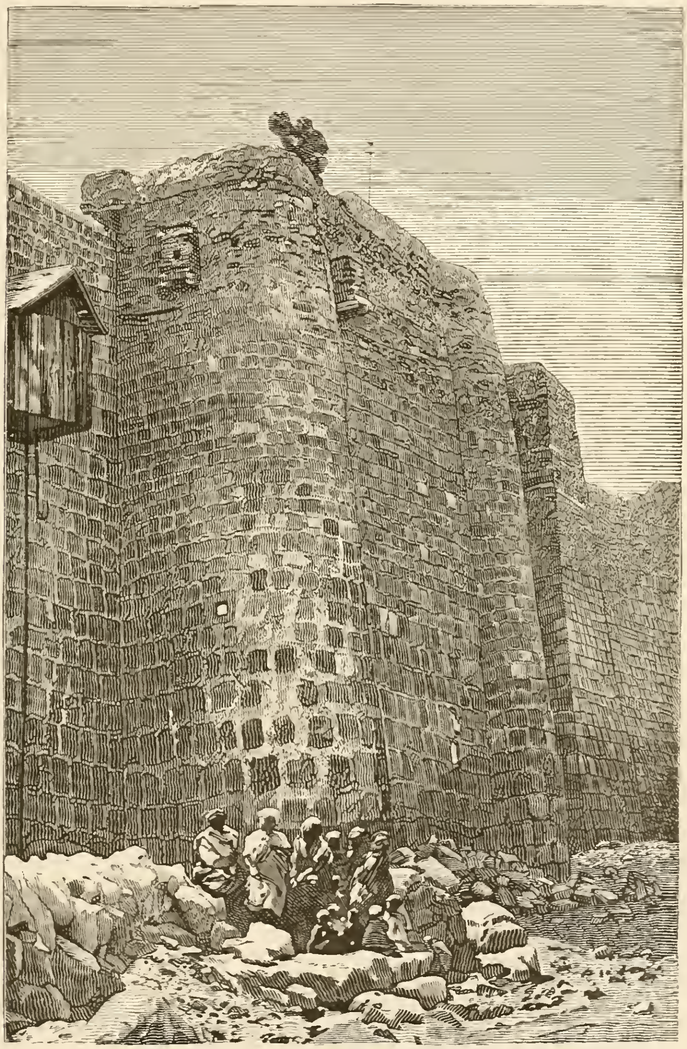
sheikh, a feast of splendor was arranged, ably combining the revels of Cleopatra with the discretions of Mabille. Paper lanterns were strung up in the largest tent, the chests and trunks were disposed like tiers and orchestra-seats in a theatre, a carpet folded in two made the imperial box allotted to Gérôme and his staff, and the dragoman rolled a bran-new *kuffi* round his skull-cap. The city council arrived in state: it was the very group of civil Arab gentlemen who had been surprised overnight in the courts of the dancing-women, and whom reasons of the highest municipal importance had kept from being at home to receive their visitors!

The *nil admirari* of Eastern character prevented these statesmen from being any way embarrassed as they met the amazed recognition of one after another of the French youths. Shirking a ceremonial observance in order to keep appointments made with dancing-girls, and then being surprised in the act of dropping the national pocket handkerchief at the feet of these enchantresses, appeared to them the simplest thing in the world. So far from being abashed at having been seen in the exercise of their austere functions, the council met their European acquaintance with the air of congratulating them on the way in which the friendship had been formed, and they greeted with lofty Eastern languor the entrance of that charming Hasne with whom they had so frankly unbent the night before.

Hasne swept in, a surprising spectacle. Having been summoned to add to the pleasures of the entertainment by a display of her art, she had dressed for the part with a sense of its importance, and presented an aspect worthy of international criticism. She was draped in a long blue robe bestarred with patines of bright gold: this was caught up at the girdle by fringes of embroidered silk in a style of the wildest innocence—or bravado. Her head was artistically wrapped in a yellow cloth, which formed the strangest of coiffures, combined as it was with innumerable slender tresses falling from under it to the shoulder, some of them caught together on the forehead with imperceptible clasps of gold.

The metallic clamor of all her netted coins and pendants, the harsh cries with which she preluded her first steps, and the awful bray of her barbaric accompanists, gave something of a diabolic cast to the comedy. The travelers had never felt so far from home. At the first accords of the two-stringed viol with the *darabuka*, or earthen kettledrum, Hasne planted herself all at once in the middle of the tent. Nailed to her place by the feet, the dancer seemed to suffer, in her body, like a thrill of passion, the vibrations proceeding from the instruments Waves of motion rolled down the muscles of all her supple form from the neck to the ankles. As the music, from its first slow cadences, became brisker, the gestures of the dancer, her contortions and the convulsive movements of her limbs took on a more feverish and savage character. Raising her heavy lids, the velvet blackness of her eyes seemed suddenly furnished with vivid lightnings, for the strangest sparks shot from them during the unintermitted shocks of the movement. Not only did the muscles of the torso and the limbs seem now one convulsive, complaining mass of love-tormented motion, but the flexible hips were made to move with incredible suppleness, and the soft bare feet, though never detached from the ground, were seen to be treading a measure by sympathetic movements of all the bones and of the arch of the insteps. Arrived at the climax of this rhythmic drama, the dancer sank shudderingly to her knees, and then executed kneeling a new series of figures, more strange, suggestive and picturesque than the first. Hasne had certainly the most faultless natural grace in seeming to undergo these nervous possessions: with the instinct of the true artist she controlled every movement even when seemingly most abandoned to an irresistible convulsion, and never once betrayed the angularity of weakness and imperfection. For more than an hour she varied her unearthly postures with the limpid softness of a water-serpent joined to the grace of a gazelle.

Apparently on this occasion inspired by the Africo-European expansion of her little world, by the promise of double bakshish and by the official assistance of the mayor and his suite, Hasne surpassed herself. The raptures of the native audience seemed to indicate some performance beyond the common. Oranges, sweetmeats, money and araki were poured at her feet. Behind the guests a compressed mass of humanity, formed from the servants of the caravan and the friends of the musicians, was sweating and grilling, presenting a hundred vignettes of wild Arab character surprised in its sincerest expression. Two camel-drivers in Gérôme's service, entirely given over to the enjoyment of their senses, formed a group fit to illustrate the *Arabian Nights*. Both were



MONASTERY ON MOUNT SINAI: THE AERIAL DOORWAY.

one-eyed, and both blind of the same side. Whether or no sympathy had brought them together, they were perched side by side, and were loudly expressing the effects of drink and beatitude; but when Hasne, falling on the carpet like a wounded tigress, stretched and contorted her limbs with expiring efforts, they could contain themselves no longer. One driver suddenly seized in both his hands the head of the other, and shook it violently to the music with actual howls of delight: the other, while his head was thus used to beat time like a bâton, yielded himself to the treatment with the most expressive spasms of pleasure. At length, just as the head, shaken more violently every minute, seemed about to be plucked quite off and hurled to the dancer like a rose, the two turbans, after tilting over the ear, unrolled themselves and fell into ruin, showing the mysterious tuft called "the Mohammed"—the crown which the true Moslem is forbidden to expose, and by which he will be lifted into Paradise. Scheherezade herself would have been glad to introduce into her repertory these two irresistible figures, with their parallel blindness, with the scarlet immodesty of their hot shaved heads, with their embraces, their raptures and their tipsiness. The others, expressing themselves in their several ways, were hardly less pleased. Hasne, contorted in a kind of spiral with her oranges at her feet, presented the superficial semblance of a *cornucopia*, or horn of plenty.

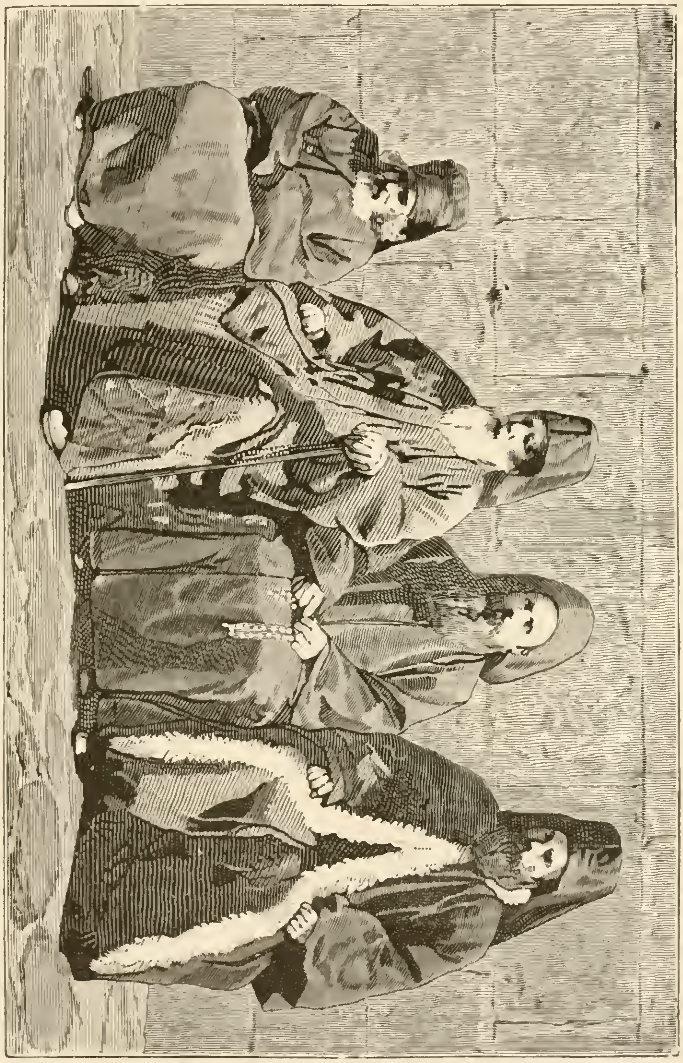
Lenoir, in a spirit of mischievous curiosity, approached her with a little neck-scarf, worth thirteen sous at home, such as the country-girls wear around their nut-brown necks on Sundays. At this temptation, Hasne very suddenly dropped her *rôle* of possessed Pythoness. Lenoir commencing to show the treasure by inches, she snatched it like a monkey, took possession of it, applied it to her neck, then over her head, and seemed about to flee lest it should be taken from her. When made to understand that the gaud was to be given her as bakshish, she approached her benefactor with convulsions of contentment that resembled epilepsy, and for a while Lenoir seemed less likely to be thanked than bitten: floods of words escaped her, harsh, piercing and discordant. The dragoman gave up the task of translating her grateful Orientalisms, and Lenoir was obliged to retire with half his meed of thanks ungrasped by his understanding.

More successful in his lingual transactions with the sheikh was Gérôme, the Co-lo-nel of the party and chief Amphitryon of the feast. It is one of the bizarre accidents of M. Gérôme's education that while ignorant, as all Frenchmen are, of the most widely-spoken of European tongues, and constrained to respond with "Hélas! non," to the first question put by every hopeful American visitor whether he speaks English, this conversationalist, so one-sided in his own studio, has but to go to the ends of the earth to find himself in easy communication with the people. Gérôme speaks Arabic like a native. His adieus with the lord mayor of Senures were performed, then, with much grace, at becoming length, in suitably extravagant metaphors and with endless repetition. The esteem of the municipality was gained securely. The burgomasters retired. Hasne, for her part, made a much more popular and sensational exit than they, and rode royally off on Gérôme's biggest donkey, followed by the acclaims of all, from masters to lowest servants.

Next morning at five a fire-cracker cackling was heard outside the tents, and there was Hasne, accompanied by a vociferous chorus of friends and companions. She explained that upon the rising of the sun she had experienced a desire to see her friends again. Hasne was quieted with a little coffee: a rather brilliant matinée reception was achieved to the constant tune of "Ya kulum habibi kebir." The morning call would have been an unshadowed success had it not been for Hasne's unprincipled seduction of Jules.

Jules was a wooden-headed jumping-jack, which Lenoir, as the baby of the troop, had claimed the privilege of bringing from home, with the vow of showing him every famous sight from France to

Persia. This hopeless little imbecile, usually suspended by an elastic to the neck of his patron's donkey, had regarded the wonders of travel with unmoved vacuity, had gazed from the summit of the Pyramids upon the French camp as stoically as the forty centuries themselves, and had been a perpetual solace to his protector by the consistency and obduracy of his dullness. Hasne saw him, attached him to her ears and her forehead, and uttered sharp shrieks of joy. In the afternoon Lenoir made a color-study. Night came: Hasne and Jules had eloped.



GROUP OF MONKS, MONASTERY OF SINAI.

The efforts and emotions attendant on giving and composing the feast were now followed by sensations still more dramatic, as the painter and his friends, threading the populace of actresses in their dens, undertook to bring to light the mystery. Their new but close relations with the municipality were not unneeded in obtaining a separation of body, bed and board between this impressionable lady and her last alliance. Hasne lingered fondly around the camp for many days, and the only way by which the painters could obtain the privacy necessary for their studies was in frightening the damsel almost sick by photographing her. Lenoir, consoled at the return of Jules, betook himself industriously to painting water-carriers and washing-women. One day, returning to camp, he saw a hideous "spectacle serpent," or *naja*, lying in the middle of the road engaged with its digestion after a hearty meal of chicken, and apparently waiting for its doctor. The creature, having swollen around its prey like a leech, was almost unable to stir, and presented the figure of a monstrous frog with the rudiment of a tail. It was killed by the Arabs, its head literally whipped off with a switch, and the striped skin offered to the traveler. The golden *uræus*, the emblem worn on the forehead in so many Egyptian statues, is nothing else than a representation of this serpent, taken at its most dyspeptic or fully-gorged moment.

Meantime, the visitation of sunstroke upon a cherished member of the party cast a gloom upon the whole band, and preparations were made for accompanying the invalid back to Cairo. Indeed, the further tracing up of the Nile was not a part of their plan: they proposed, returning by Medinet and Cairo, to push on to Suez, Akabah and the mysterious wilderness beyond. The final luncheon at Senures was embellished by the presence of Hasne, who manifested a touching sensibility at the thought of a separation. To try her with a new test, the Hercules of the expedition produced his celebrated buckskin gloves, adapted to the measure of a pair of hands that could have strangled a great many *najas* or *uræuses*. The little paws of the dancer were quite lost in the great reddish-colored gauntlets, but the joy of Hasne was indescribable. She walked from tent to tent shrieking with happiness, and showing her small fists and enormous shields to every one. To reobtain the gloves it was necessary to have recourse to the Fabulist or longbow-puller of the caravan, who assured her that the buckskins were accursed and would bring ill-luck. Bakshish, the universal healer of wounded hearts here below, consoled this susceptible female, and she saw the caravan start for Cairo with a good grace.

The attentions and repose obtainable at the metropolis had a happy effect upon the invalid, who was soon able to accompany his fellows in the further explorations they chose to make among the streets and mosques of Cairo. Each painter, as he watched the incessant crowd and caught the varying silhouette of the groups of domes, wished that he had months to give for every day allotted to Cairo. But the East is compassed now-a-days at railroad speed, and it was the railway that hurried them off one brilliant morning to Suez in modern first-class carriages intended to hold six persons, but into which eight were packed lest they should feel cold.

The desert separating Suez from Cairo was formerly a real bugbear and very toilsome to cross, the camels sinking in the slippery sand to their knees. This sand is a white impalpable dust yielding to every wind, so that the domed hills of to-day give place to-morrow to an absolute plain. The color of the powder is the color of treachery: it varies with the wind and with the time of day. At early dawn the sands are rose-colored, with violet shadows; sometimes at noon they are a plain of untinted snow; in the short period of twilight, reflecting like metal plates the burning tones of the sun at his setting, the mountains of snow sometimes seem turned to mountains of fire.

Our travelers found Suez full of passengers making the transit to or from India. The English hotel was overflowed, and, after obtaining the use of the saloon for bed-room, the painters discovered a dozen Britons snoring in chorus even in that retreat. The Englishmen were not very polite on being disturbed from their dreams; and their ill grace aroused the most reprehensible

GENERAL VIEW OF PETRA.

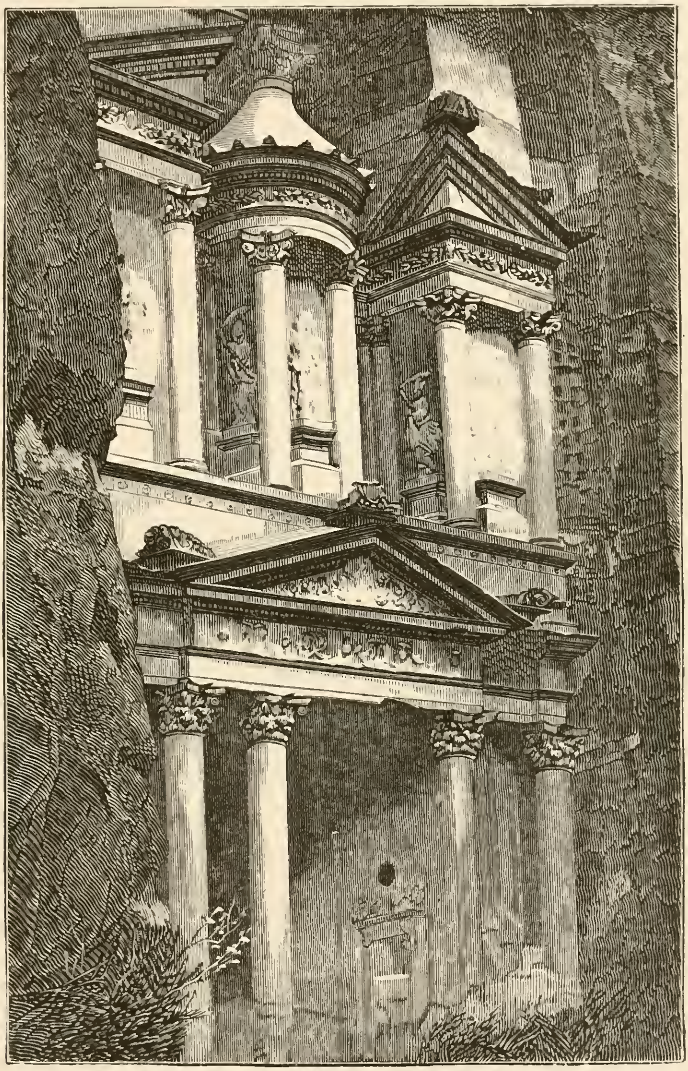
feelings of revenge in the Gallic bosom. The sleepers were quickly awakened to the fullest extent by finding the gas turned on and burning at full head, while a group of fantastic beings in nightcaps and airy robes, sitting under white umbrellas with color-boxes in their laps, were making sketches of the rows of English boots, and all the while loudly discussing the eternal and glorious principles of art. Nor were the young men content with this mild victimization. Having given strict orders to the bootblack, they set at the door a single boot out of every English pair, the majority of which were of crude yellow leather: when these came back, all ebon and varnish, they were silently placed among their original mates, but not until the authors of the jest were far on their way.

The superb blooded dromedaries which henceforth bore the party on their way were the special and graceful loan of the khedive. This gentleman, whom prolonged residence at Paris has made a perfect European at will, was as well aware of Gérôme's reputation and intellectual rank as any Frenchman of the boulevards. Nine immensely tall beasts, with mountains on their backs and no end of legs, did up their joints into compressed kneeling postures as the artists mounted, and shot up to a fearful altitude the moment they felt their loads in place. These quadrupedal giants were an appropriate offering from the viceroy's own stable to the painter who had done so much to make Egypt famous and bring its glories of landscape or history visibly before the eye of the world. Gérôme and the Doctor and the Naturalist mounted with such grace and dignity as they could command. When it came to the turn of young Lenoir, he found that the most colossal of the nine had been derisively allotted to him. Now, Lenoir is not in his own person an overgrown man: already at Medinet, when the damsel of the large slippers offered him drink from her urn, it occurred to him that he could not play a very good Eliezer, so far as profile went, to her Rebekah. He is in fact constructed rather on the pattern allotted to Mr. Harry Foker by the author of *Pendennis*, having a dark skin, short legs and an incorrigible grimace. He stood up by his camel a moment, measuring his length against its endless legs: then, as the brute knelt, after a brief space of serious meditation he recommended his soul, and immediately staggered up with the rising animal to a height superior to that of anything in the caravan—a preeminence which he guarded proudly for the rest of the expedition.

The wilderness life of the party, under the active dragomanship of Yussef Mussali the Syrian, soon became a triumph of organization. The commissariat was supplied with the usual preserved meats and an unusual assortment of choice wines. The *personnel* of the artist-troop had by this time, on that principle of natural selection which has arranged the solar system, gravitated into a certain rank. Gérôme and a given contingent of his friends formed the serious group. One of the pair of smaller tents was allotted to himself and closest comrades, and ran up the national tricolor whenever it camped: the other was for the rest of the "serious." Of the three large tents, one was the club-room and dormitory of the spirits unblessed with quiet, the sons of Belial who loved to dance all night round a table: this unhallowed precinct was, unhappily for the interests of a quiet theory of existence, the popular one. Every night the "serious" philosophers came to the door and begged to be admitted, but Lenoir always exacted a dear payment for this entrance. The five tents with their furniture, borne upon a total of twenty-seven camels and dromedaries, formed a train of very respectable magnitude.

The Red Sea, as seen on the map, puts up two long arms at the top, much like the horns of a snail. At the extremity of one horn is the town of Suez: the corresponding town garnishing the other horn is Akabah. The land clipped between the two horns is a mountainous, irreclaimable wilderness, full of cañons or wadys, forming a sort of peninsula as it extends deeply into the embrace of the two arms of the Red Sea.

On this tongue of rocky land immemorial tradition has fixed the location of Mount Sinai. The accuracy of this attribution is being just now strongly combated by a learned and venerable British geographer and traveler. If Beke's drifting of Sinai toward Arabia, quite to the east of Akabah, be right, it may have this of importance about it, that we may be compelled to relinquish Egypt as the land from which the Jews escaped, and imagine the Misraim which held them in bondage as some temporary dynasty which succeeded in reclaiming a part of Arabia Petrea from the Ishmaelites.



MONOLITHIC TEMPLE AT PETRA.

The course through the wadys and along the shore of the Red Sea is slow and difficult. The caravan is thrown completely on its own resources, and one feels at last the close, savage, throttling embrace of the Desert, like a snake, bound to kill if it may. Nature here is no friend to human life: she must be fought at every step. One day—it was in February, but hot as a furnace—the tents were drying after a storm, near Wady Sadr on the shore of the sea, and the artists were admiring the sausage-like red of the rain-washed mountains, when two human forms were seen on the horizon. Approaching, they were seen to be naked, wasted to skeletons, their eyes unnaturally large, and they made signs that they were dying of hunger. Fishermen of the Red Sea, they had lost their boat in the storm. The Colonel and the Doctor constituted themselves friendly rivals in the task of preserving these poor starved beings from death. They were served with judicious rations of food, which restored them little by little, and at last, shedding tears of gratitude, they departed with a contribution of food, wine and spirits to try and find their way to Suez.

The Mardi-Gras, February 25th, found the pilgrims bathing in the Fountain of Marah, whose corrosive salts pricked their skins and covered them with blisters. At home what gayeties and maskings, thought the lads, while we are smarting with the bitter penalties and laws of Sinai! Determined not to be entirely conquered, a kind of Mardi-Gras procession was organized. The grave Syrian servants looked on in wonder as the young men, dressed in such travesty as their wardrobes afforded, executed torchlight promenades, with patriotic songs and atelier jokes of the most respectable antiquity.

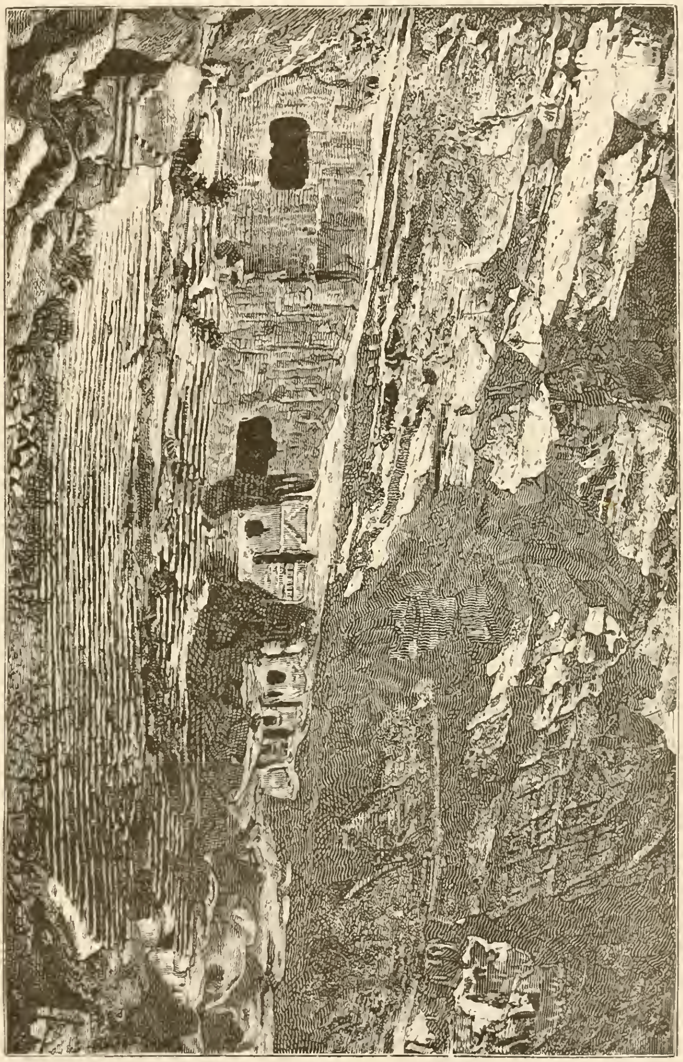
The next wady, called Wady Schilla, surpassed all that they had heard of in the way of fantastic coloration: the rocks, all ochre or vermilion, with geologic strata of blue and green, seemed to be coarsely painted by a voluntary hand. A distribution of the painters was made to secure the memoranda of all the principal colors. Gérôme undertook to copy the red and yellow cliffs, and treated their strange effects with a master hand: Lenoir accepted the blue, and his bedfellow the green. Several days were occupied in this singular scenic art. Then came Wady Mokatteb, the Written Valley; Wady Faran, with its forests of virgin palm, whose untrimmed plumes swept the ground; Wady Solaf; and finally Sinai, as the whole world calls it, with its rock-perched monastery.

The convent is a great stronghold, a castle fully able to sustain itself against the surrounding bandits. In the immense tower is fixed the elevated doorway, soaring over the ground at a prodigious height, wherein provisions, visitors and materials are admitted, with the assistance of a basket, a rope, a pulley and a capstan worked by the fathers. At present, however, a modern door at the base of the tower is generally used. By this prosaic entrance the artists invaded the sanctuary. They were made welcome guests, and passed frequently, day after day, from their camp without the walls to the warm, candid and intelligent hospitality within. The monks, dressed in the dignified robes of the Greek Church, were figures to strike the eye of a painter. Their superior, an old man with a splendid white beard tumbling like a cataract of snow to his very girdle, took Gérôme and his friends into high favor. They were made free of the library, where Lives of the Saints and other manuscripts enriched with the finest mediæval miniatures, the Evangels written by the emperor Theodosius, and many other books in grand old bindings, made the artists' mouths water with appreciation. In the enclosure is seen the place of the apparition of the Burning Bush, where visitors still approach with uncovered feet; and on the hills hard by the place where the Law was delivered to Moses, and the five holes at the base of Horeb where the miraculous fountain was opened.

The holy men are held in the highest respect by all the robbers around them, who come up with their disputes for arbitration. In the same way the camel-drivers of the expedition, disputing about some trifle, were appeased as soon as the monks had spoken.

The Sinai encampment concluded with

a joyous ceremony, in which the monks joined with the best possible grace. It was the birthday of one of the caravan, the beloved Doctor, whose boot-soles had been worn to paper in the most active researches among these rocks consecrated as the milestones in the biography of the grand Jewish legislator. Six days beforehand the cook had been put upon his mettle, and the happy day was graced by a dinner fit for Sardanapalus. Two soups, four side-dishes, three roasts, salads, sweets and plenty of mustard,—it was the Frankest outrage upon the cuisine of quails and manna for which the place is traditional. Wines and studio-songs lubricated the whole dinner, while the good fathers were present to grant absolution wherever necessary. The monks, who carefully cultivate the manna-yielding plant, gave to each of their visitors on departure a little bag of man-



THE ROMAN THEATRE, PETRA.

na and a tin tube filled with honey from Mount Sinai. They submitted with delight their handsome faces to the photographer of the party: the proofs were distributed to the good men when the artists made their call of farewell, and copies of the group which the reader sees among these pages are gazed at with complacency to-day by the originals in that rock-built nest so bare of incidents.

More of the wearisome wadys, and then Akabah. This station, much to the artists' surprise, was full of interest and character, far beyond Suez. It is the dépôt where the troops of pilgrims to Mecca are provisioned; and, with its savage sheikh and brigandish neighbors, affords quite a surfeit of adventure. The ceremonial feast offered to this robber-mayor was a most singular comedy, affording many a rueful laugh.

The sheikh, whose name was Mohammed Gadd, was absent at the time of the caravan's arrival, being engaged, as his son very candidly expressed it, in robbing camels among the neighboring tribes. Meantime, the artists' kitchen-tent, as soon as it was set up, was visited by crowds of furiously-hungry people, including many estimable country sheikhs —characters who could only be treated with politeness, and whose meddling ways drove Achmet the cook almost mad with rage as he served them repeatedly with coffee and cognac.

The respectable robber-sheikh came home late at night, when the rockets had all been fired and the paper lanterns hung up in his honor had burned out. He approached the little camp, and the dragoman, in a panic of apprehension, announced the veritable Mohammed Gadd, the most authentic, as he was the fattest and ugliest, of all the sheikhs.

Gérôme was extremely exasperated at this untimely visit. Awakened all of a sudden after a hard day's journey, he came out gloomy and lowering in a hasty toilet, and looked about for his guest; but the sheikh was not to be seen. In fact, finding the principal tent deserted on his arrival, he had rolled off his mare and made with unfailing instinct for the kitchen. Here he called for everything that he took a fancy to, not disdaining to fall in line so as to pass to his numerous suite the coffee-cups and glasses which he demanded from Achmet. Apprised that the Co-lo-nel was ready to receive him, he started like a child caught in the jelly-closet, and was found hastily ensconced in the saloon-tent, his mouth full and a Rheims sponge-cake in his hand.

"Tell him," said Gérôme sharply to the dragoman, "that now I have seen him I shall be happy all the next four-and-twenty hours, and that, to begin immediately, I am going to go to bed."

And with this honest growl the weary Co-lo-nel retired to his pavilion, leaving to his courier and young friends the task of serving out compliments and coffee: the last, to simplify the manœuvre, Mohammed Gadd finished by swilling in large quantities out of the sugar-bowl.

The sheikh departed with the consolatory remark that he would call again. The artists expressed rapture, but proposed to be off at an early hour to avoid the proffered honor. In fifty minutes, however, there was heard a new and increased confusion. The faithful mayor had come to fulfill his promise, with a new band of provincial sheikhs, among whom was his brother, Sheikh Mak-Bul, who would accompany the artists to Petra. Poor Achmet, as the new demands for coffee began to fall upon his ear, raised his arms to Heaven and uttered cries of grief.

The poor caravan left a large part of its provisions in the maws of these Akabah cormorants. The rest it distributed, on a precisely similar system, among the savage sheikhs whom it was Mak-Bul's business to introduce and to conciliate. Thus complimenting, complimented and robbed, they moved on amongst the banditti to Petra.

It was at three o'clock in the afternoon when, after a gradual ascent from the level of the sea that had lasted for days, the guides called a halt and pointed to the marvelous panorama.

Petra, the city carved out of a single stone, like a cameo on a ring, was before them, encrusted upon the spurs of Mount Hor and its satellites. From this point the monuments and constructions of the city could not be distinguished. A vague and general sense of artificial design could alone be traced in the modeling of the sweeping valleys and precipitous ravines. Naturally fortified by its position on the mountain, the strategic importance which made the Romans undertake so elaborate a construction as Petra could be understood. The natural rock in which they worked out their prodigious design is a sandstone, of a deep red color which cannot be represented in our engraving, rather friable in quality, and sometimes displaying the swollen boulder-forms of volcanic lavas. Petra, as a settlement of rock-dwellers or troglodytes, goes back to the earliest Bible times. It was the Romans, however, who appreciated its position as a junction-point between Arabia, Egypt and India, and who chose to develop it into the fantastic, theatrical and altogether extraordinary city we see.

Unhappily, the Romans, powerful as their hand was, did not always apply it to works of the best taste. The designs of the Petra monuments awakened but mediocre admiration from our company of artists. It is Roman architecture of the decline, surcharged with ornament, with a quantity of overweighted pediments, flowering columns and needless niches; one architectural motive shouldering away another, and the whole heaped together without system or control. The backgrounds of Pompeii paintings, with their mad perspective and giddy porticoes and colonnades, are here repeated in the solidity of stone. To show the melodramatic character of the whole construction, it may be mentioned that Petra is entered through a gloomy fissure, over which is thrown an arch like a bridge; but it is a bridge which carries no road, which is inaccessible, which connects nothing, and which therefore can be nothing but a big and useless ornament.

Even more puzzling is the temple, which bursts upon you after a long scramble through dark and difficult passages, cunningly illuminated with a narrow beam of sparse sunshine. The ignorant Arabs, who connect everything hereabouts with the past glories of Egypt, call this façade by the name "Treasure of Pharaoh"—*Kasneh Firun.* It is intended, apparently, as the entrance to a roomy temple, but it gives access to nothing but a small, undefinable room with niches, too petty for a chapel and too large for a tomb. It is like a monument in a church, and perhaps perpetuates the fame of some Roman tax-collector or magistrate. It is two stories high, and the urn on the summit is much marked with bullets, the Arabs being firmly convinced that it holds enormous treasure, yet not having enterprise to attempt any more systematic exploration than an occasional shot at it. The real interest of this relic, as indeed of Petra in its entirety, is not in its design, but in the audacity of its construction: the temple, like the whole city, is carved in the solid mountain—a monolith.

Near the great theatre, which still curves its hemicycle of benches in a cup-like nook of the mountain, is an inscription in Greek, pointing to an antiquity much higher than the Roman conquest of Arabia by Ælius Gallus. Around the circumference of the theatre, too, just over the heads of the imaginary sitters, are chambers cut out in the rock, which, though taken by some savants to be a sort of theatrical boxes, are much more probably the rooms of the primitive cave-dwellers.

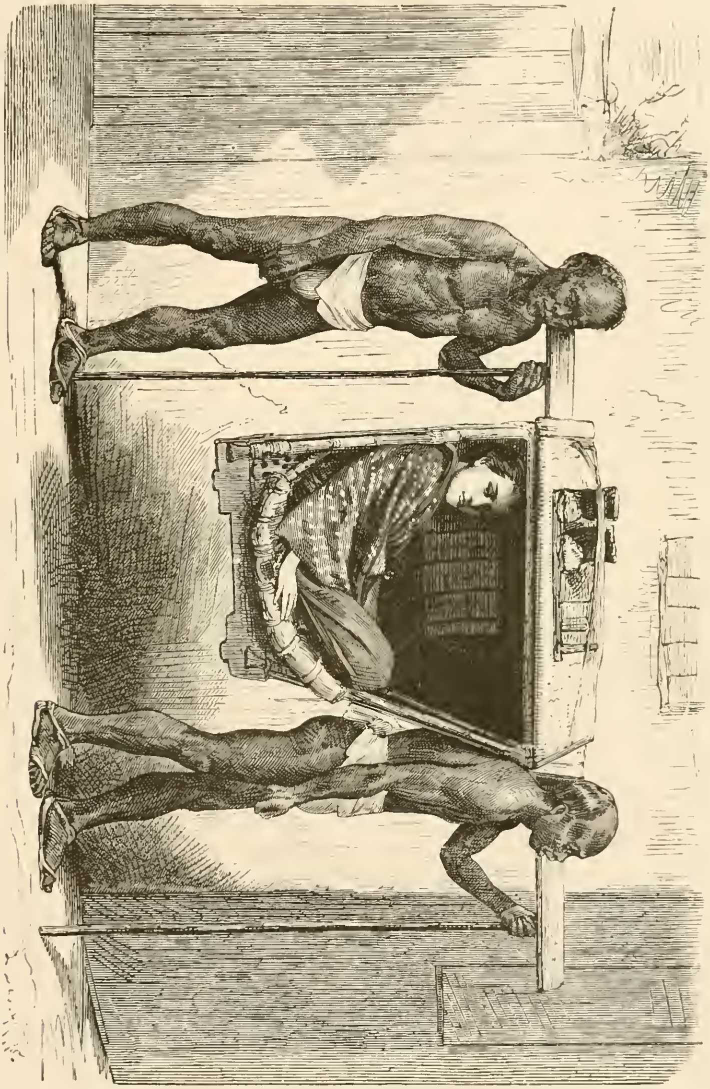
The young impertinents of the band could not leave Petra without mending out the Greek and Roman inscriptions with additions entirely original. Also, they kindly wrote on the walls the names of passages and avenues, such as *Wady Mouffetard* and *Guignol Square;* accompanying this nomenclature with energetic profiles of sheikhs of the country who had obtained their esteem or notice, and in whose likenesses they took care to abstain from flattery. Four months later, at Damascus, Lenoir encountered a party of antiquarians who had been exceedingly baffled and irritated by these amended inscriptions, and he had the pleasure of inveighing strongly with them against the sacrilege of unscrupulous wits who would complicate the study of the past with gross or inappropriate restorations.

The sortie from Petra might have been difficult but for the firmness and coolness of Gérôme. The sheikh who accompanied them as a guard against the Bedouins chose to be dissatisfied with the amount of his recompense, and required a pay proportional to the grandeur of the viceregal dromedaries which carried and *posed* the party. When called upon to escort them out of the defile, he demurred, objecting that his horse was not there. The Co-lo-nel, with a steady glance from his black eyes, ordered him imperatively to mount and escort the band: he grumblingly obeyed. The other Arabs accompanied the procession, muttering claims for payment. At last, Nossar, the sheikh of Petra, dismounted, and came up to Gérôme lance in hand, asking for an increase of his present. The Co-lo-nel simply drew out his pocket-book, and smilingly showed it quite empty: to complete the allegory, Gérôme took off his cloak and proffered it to the sheikh. Utterly confused as he was by this offer, the fellow was still dissatisfied, and presently a young Arab, nephew to Sheikh Nossar, placed himself in the way of the travelers, with a pistol pointed at the dragoman. Three of the Frenchmen thereupon showed their revolvers, and the cowardly rascal rode away, while the procession wound through the rocks in silence. The pile of stones limiting the boundary of Petra was reached, and the caravan was in another jurisdiction. By good judgment and abstinence from either threats or timidity the day was saved without bloodshed. The artists were free to continue their journey toward Jerusalem and Damascus.

Such is the coolness which it often takes a brave man a whole lifetime to learn! Gérôme has not always been so forbearing. In this astute, ready, sober-headed man of the world, which of his old comrades of '48 would recognize the radical young demagogue who headed a deputation with a petition for abolishing marriage? The self-command exhibited in his pointing at the brigands without firing does perhaps show a little more of the old spirit of self-forgetful courage, as when, in his early duel, he discharged his own pistol in the air, allowing the jealous husband to plant a bullet in his arm, where it still remains and causes a slight lameness of the member. Perhaps that little transaction came into his mind when, in the ravines of Petra, he showed the muzzle of his weapon to the nephew of Nossar without pulling the trigger. It is well to guard what was calm and courageous in our youth—the offspring of healthy nerves—and let what was unsound and visionary go. So Gérôme has acquired, as the auxiliary of his remarkable artistic talent, a decent modicum of business tact. He married, and his choice was the daughter of a great picture-merchant, who since the union has taken care of his son-in-law's fortunes and found splendid markets for his ingenious pictures. And when traveling in Dreamland, as it were, in the land of sunrise and enchantment, Gérôme does not scorn the assistance of the powers that be, but rides to his ideal right out of the viceroy's stable, on a dromedary twice as high as that which supports the ordinary tourist. A little sense, mixed in with the composition of genius, is a "mon'sus good thing," as our uncle the Major would say; for it gets, instead of the cloud that is almost in shape of a camel, the royal beast himself in all his housings, and may calmly survey the world from that eminence.

WITH THE COUNT DE BEAUVOIR IN JAPAN AND CALIFORNIA.

ON landing at Yokohama, M. de Beauvoir and his companions were struck by the animation of the place and having secured quarters at a hotel rushed to the window to admire the costumes, and the want of them, in the active crowd that passed through the street.



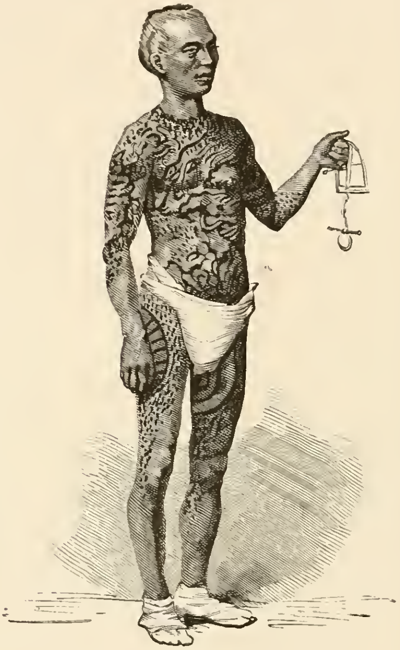
THE KAGO, OR JAPANESE CAB.

The Japanese appeared to be smaller than the Chinese, but their countenances were much more expressive of vivacity and amiability. The women especially were charming, their ebony-black hair elegantly arranged in three stories with ornamental pins; their faces smiling and rosy—painted a little, it is true—and their teeth, in some instances, stained or gilt. They trotted along upon small wooden shoes, and were wrapped in overcoats, with a thick band of scarlet or green cloth about their waists, tied in a large knot behind, sometimes a foot square and shaped like a cartridge-box.

As for the men, according to their social position they had costumes varying from zero up to half a dozen jackets or tight-fitting trousers, worn one over the other. Here comes an officer with a round hat of a lacquered stuff, upon which are painted in gilt the arms of the daimio in whose service he is. His carriage is majestic: two very long sabres hang from his belt. He wears a coat with sleeves two feet and a half wide, and having an opening in the back which runs almost up to the shoulders, through which the sabres pass. On the back of this garment are embroidered the arms of his lord, hieroglyphics or flowers in red, yellow, blue or green, contained in a circle about a foot in diameter. From his belt hangs suspended the complicated apparatus of a smoker—a pipe with a metallic bowl about the size of a child's thimble, a tobacco-bag of leather-paper, with matches and other appliances. Every two or three minutes he fills his little pipe with a pinch of his tobacco, lights it, takes one or two whiffs, and the pipeful is smoked. On his feet he wears blue stockings, with a separate compartment for the great toe, and over these sandals of plaited straw, held on by two bands which are adroitly held by the great toe as though it were a thumb.

Here comes the escort of some prince—mounted guards, covered with armorial embroideries, and each with two sabres. They ride on decorated saddles, shaking their reins, which are large scarfs of some blue stuff. The crowd divides before them, all the spectators prostrating themselves on the ground.

The costumes are various. Many people wear only a pair of sandals, and a strip of white cloth about the loins. Many are tattooed from head to foot with all sorts of figures, dragons, warriors, women, in the most brilliant colors, which stand out in striking relief on their yellow skins. Some carry "kagos" or "norimons," a sort of basket, which serves for the Japanese cab, and in which the traveler buries himself. Others push heavy chariots with solid wheels, keeping time with the most incredible cries. Then there are fruit-sellers, carpenters and mechanics of all kinds, clothed generally with only a short jacket of calico, on the back of which is painted in large Japanese characters an inscription indicating either the trade of the wearer or the lord whose serf he is.



A BETTO OR RUNNING GROOM.

The streets of Yokohama are wide and straight. Each house is built of wood, without an atom of paint, and is a real toy-house, a genuine Liliputian Swiss chalet, built with a taste, a nicety and a neatness which are admirable. The Japanese are wonderful workers in wood, and it is a pleasure to see the roofs, so light and yet so strong, supported by walls which are made, like the side-scenes in a theatre, of thin strips of wood, over which are pasted sheets of a cottony, transparent paper. In the evenings, when the lanterns dispense their soft light round the inside of these white buildings, the spectator seems to be looking at a magic-lantern. During the daytime the sides of the houses are slipped out, as side-scenes are, and the house becomes only a roof resting on the four light corner posts, the whole interior being thus opened to the air. Every part of the house is exposed to view, and everything done in it can be seen, while behind it appear the charming verdure, the cascades and the diminutive plantations of the little gardens situated in the rear.

INARAIA, A JAPANESE YOUNG WOMAN.

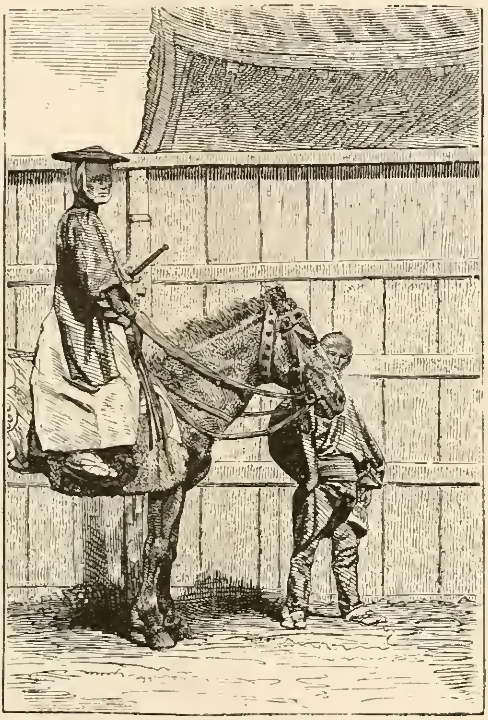
The great luxury of the Japanese consists in their mats made of plaited straw. They are perfectly rectangular in shape, about three inches thick, and soft to the touch. They are never stepped on with shoes, since the Japanese go about their houses always barefooted. Of furniture they have next to nothing: a small furnace in one corner, a closet made of side-scenes like the sides of the house, and intended to contain the mattresses, a small set of shelves on which are arranged the lacquered plates for rice and fish,—this is all the furnishing for these houses, in which they live, as it were, in the open air. In the middle of each house are two articles of general use among all classes—the "chitat" and the "tobacco-bon;" that is, a brazier and the box for tobacco. Being great tea-drinkers, great smokers and great talkers, the Japanese pass their days around the brazier: there they can be seen in groups of seven or eight, seated on their heels around the tea-kettle.

In every shop our travelers visited they were received with a distinction and politeness which surpassed even the proverbial manners of their native country. In walking through the city they passed through the street of baths. In Japan, where every one lives, as it were, in public, the costume of our first parents in no way shocks the sentiments of the people, who in this matter may be considered as still in the Golden Age. This street is filled with bath-houses, to which the population resort, many of them twice or thrice a day. Here all sexes, ages and conditions mingle, fifty to sixty at a time in each bath-house. The passer-by sees them crouched down or dancing on an inclined plane, surrounded by pyramids of small tubs made of copper and filled with hot water. Here they sprinkle and soap each other. Attracted by the sight of the travelers, they come to ask "the noble strangers" politely for a cigarette.

A woman seller of dry goods invited the party to enter her shop and seat themselves upon the mats. This was for her a great honor, and as the party entered she saluted them by bowing until her forehead touched the floor, then offering them tea in small cups, she brought out tobacco for their pipes, and presented lighted coals held between two chopsticks. "I cannot hope," writes the count, "to express to you all the elegance of this woman of the people in her slightest movements: her features expressed the most simple womanly affability as her habitual condition. Well, in whatever house you may enter you will be treated with the same distinction: we were almost stupefied to find it, and confessed that this people can rightly call us barbarians. I have not seen a single fight or dispute in the streets: all the men, in saluting each other with profound bows, wear a smile upon their lips; and when we desire to appear amiable we are awkward and ill-bred in comparison with these Japanese, who are gracious without thinking of being so. Among them a man who gives way to his anger, or shows it in his tone or words, is avoided by his kind as unfit

BRONZE STATUE OF DAIBOUTS AT KAMAKOURÀ.

for society. Thus, when at first our plenipotentiaries in the diplomatic conferences became animated, the Japanese said, 'Let us put off this matter for another day: we cannot treat with those who are not masters of themselves.'"


A YAKONINE (JAPANESE OFFICER).

For a trip into the country ponies were hired, each of which was accompanied by a "betto" or groom, who ran by the side of the horse the whole way. The road ran between rice-fields, the frequent ditches between which were covered with small bridges of bamboo. The "betto" of the count was named "Aramado." During the whole of the journey he kept up on foot with the horse, warning him by a sharp cry of any difficult place in the road. At setting out, Aramado's costume was superb: a bright blue coat with immense sleeves, and a tight pair of pantaloons. As he ran through the rice-fields, his sleeves flying in the wind, he looked like an enormous blue butterfly. Piece by piece, however, as he warmed up with his course, he took off his garments, until he was clothed in only a pair of stockings and his scarlet tattooing, representing a combat between a woman, some large birds and a serpent. The "betto" of the count's companion was even more singularly decorated. Though absolutely naked, he was clothed. His tattooing represented a blue jacket with white buttons and red seams, with a coat-of-arms in scarlet in the middle of his back, and a pair of trousers in black and white squares.

Ascending to high ground, the view became very fine. On the left, at a distance from the sea, rose the volcano "Vries," with clouds of smoke rolling from it; on the right, Foosiyama (the sacred mountain — the "mountain without an equal"), its top covered with snow. This mountain dominates all Japan, and is revered as a divinity. The perfect regularity of its cone shape is familiar to those of our readers who have examined any specimens of Japanese ware, since it is very frequently represented on all sorts of utensils. Perhaps no people in the world are more sensitive to the beauties of Nature than the Japanese: everywhere throughout the country where there is a fine view, or where a fine tree offers an opportunity for a retreat in the shade, even in the paths most unfrequented, will be found a tea-house, a light cabin with a thatched roof and paper sides, with soft mats spread round the brazier used for boiling tea or rice. Here there was one, where the daughters offered our travelers tea and rice in small cups, while their mother brought tobacco, and coals in the brazier. Other travelers stopped for refreshment, and here, as all along the road, the party was surprised at the politeness and amiability of the people they met.

The route continued picturesque and

beautiful along the course of a brook with cascades, and through groups of trees and hedges of camellias, azaleas, and other plants in full flower. Finally, coming to the coast, after a ride along a fine beach the sacred island of Inosima was reached. This is an immense volcanic rock shaped like a gigantic mushroom. There are steps, but no roads, to ascend it, and it is filled with temples, to which crowds of native pilgrims resort carrying wallets and wearing cockle-shells. The priests of the sanctuary dislike foreigners, so that the party was struck with meeting, instead of the smiles of an hour before, the hostile faces of the shaved priests muttering prayers, with the expression of stupidity, insolence and laziness which comes from the conscious possession of an undisputed and undeserved power. To the centre of the island runs a grotto over five hundred feet long, at the foot of which is an altar brilliantly lighted and surrounded with the pious offerings of thousands of visitors.

Returning to Yokohama, they visited on the way the temple of Pleasure near the city of Kamakourà. This is one of the largest temples in Japan, and is visited yearly by thousands of pious pilgrims. Continuing their way through trimmed hedges of camellias and azaleas thirty feet high, they came to the bronze statue known as the Daibouts or Daibutz. This statue is fifty feet high, and represents Booddha sitting, in the Oriental manner, on a lotus. It is ninety-six feet in circumference at the base, and is raised on a pedestal five or six feet high. The intention of the artist was to represent Booddha in Nirvana, or the state of utter annihilation of external consciousness which is to be gained only through ages of purification by transmigration. The attainment of this condition is the great promise held out to the faithful, and has for more than twenty centuries been the guiding hope of countless millions of human beings. The face of the statue is of the Hindoo type, and, with the attitude, is in perfect harmony with the artist's conception. All visitors agree that it is an exceptionally fine realization in art of a profoundly abstract religious conception. The small knobs upon the head are intended to represent the snails which, according to tradition, came to protect Booddha from the heat of the sun. The statue was made about six hundred years ago, being cast in sections, and joined so artistically that the seams are hardly to be seen. It is said that a temple formerly enclosed it, but was destroyed by an earthquake. Being hollow, it has a temple inside of it which the party entered, and were offered by a priest for

THE COLONEL OF THE ESCORT.

two cents a copy of the statue, which he guaranteed as a cure for all possible maladies, past, present or future.

In the construction of their houses, the Japanese, unlike most builders, begin with the roof. This is built on the ground, and when framed is covered with small shingles about the size of two fingers, as thin as a sheet of paper. When it is finished they raise it on four corner-posts. The sides are then slipped in grooves, and the house is finished without the use of a single nail. The danger of earthquakes is a reason for not using more solid material. The mats furnish the scale on which the houses are constructed. These mats are always made rectangular, measuring six feet by three: the houses, therefore, are constructed for six, twelve, eighteen or twenty-four mats, and when finished are masterpieces of neatness and elegance.

The Tokaido is a long road which runs along the whole length of Niphon, the chief island of the empire, from Nangasaki, the south-western, to Hakodadi, the north-eastern extremity. On this road specimens of every class of Japanese society are met—princes and princesses traveling in norimons; pilgrims on their way to shrines; tattooed porters bearing burdens hung from each end of a bamboo stick supported on the shoulders; men and women of all ranks and conditions. The post-office is a most flourishing institution: the distribution of the letters is performed by men who go upon a trot, wear nothing to impede their course, and carry their letters tied in a bundle on a stick swung over the shoulder. Relays are stationed at every third village, and the distribution is carried on day and night. The Japanese are great letter-writers, sending polite congratulations to each other from one end of the empire to the other, simply from amiability, and without any pretence of business. It is considered a great accomplishment to write a good hand, as well as to express one's self elegantly. A well-written sentence is frequently admired almost like a work of art.

Having secured a safe-passport and been furnished with a guard, the party set out for Yeddo. The escort consisted of ten "yakonines," wearing flat, round hats of gilt lacquered ware on the top of the head, looking like dessert plates, two sabres passed through their girdles, and the backs of their coats embroidered with the arms of the Taikoon. Their pantaloons were large and made of colored silk, while on their feet they wore straw sandals and long spurs made of bronze. Wide scarfs served as reins for their horses, whose manes were cut short. At the gate of each town was a house decorated with flags, in which were seated four men writing the names of all passers, with the object and extent of their trip, and collecting the duties, which are laid upon everything.

At Meiaski the party rested at a tea-house, where they were served by thirty-six young girls. The decorations of this house were wonders of art, it having just before served as a stopping-place for the Taikoon in one of his visits to the town. The garden in the rear was an admirable specimen of Japanese skill and taste in these matters. It seemed like a fairy park looked down upon from an eminence through a reversed opera-glass. Forests of small purple or dark-green trees stretched out their petty branches round ponds of red goldfish; Liliputian paths wound through pigmy lawns, crossing rills and bridges of turf large enough for the comfortable passage of a rat; while towers and summer-houses of proportionate size enlivened the landscape.

In Yeddo the party stayed at the French legation, an immense square building, divided into corridors and chambers by some fifty double lines of such side-scenes as the Japanese use for the partitions and walls of their houses. Yeddo being filled with the nobility, who are hostile to the introduction of foreigners, it was injudicious to leave the legation without the escort. One of the first things done after their arrival at the capital was to visit the temple of Atango-Yahma, which stands on a mountain outside of the city. Having arrived at the top of the hill, a flight of a hundred granite steps led to a terrace presenting a view of the whole city, which looked like a park so large that the eye could not discern its limits. The sea washes one side of the city, and a river runs through it, while the undulations of the thirty hills upon which it is built give it a unique appearance.

ONE OF THE GIANT TREES OF THE VALLEY OF CALAVERAS.

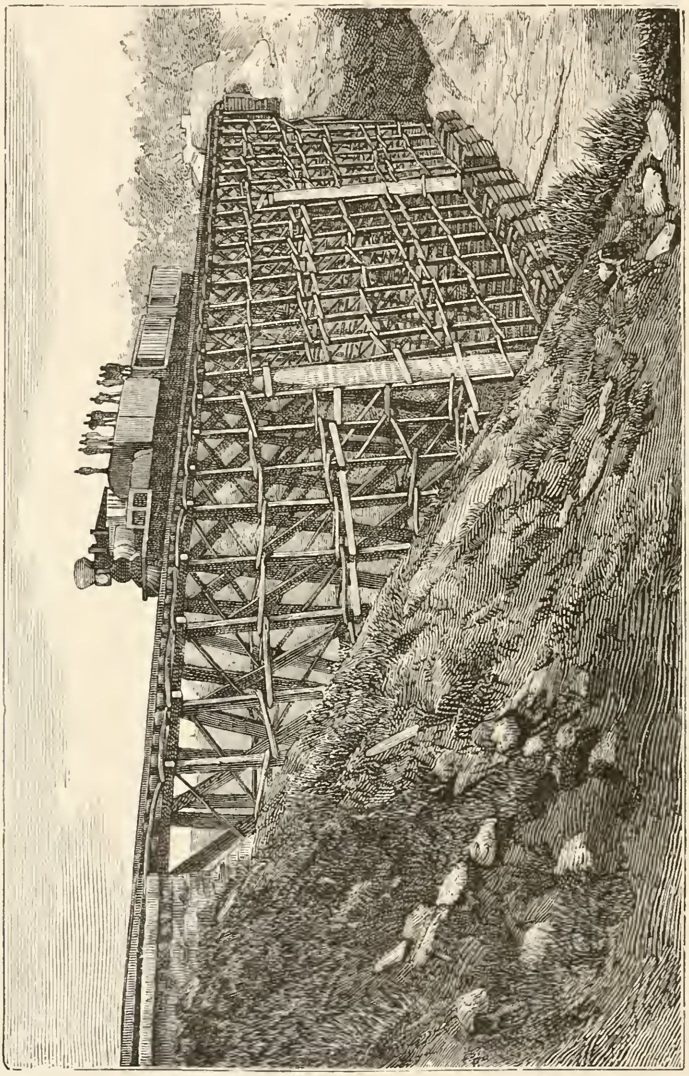
Yeddo consists of three cities: "Siro," the palace of the Taikoon; "Soto-Siro," the palaces of the daimios; and "Midzi," the city for trade. Siro, which is about five miles in circumference, appears like an immense citadel surrounded with terraced lawns, that descend to lakes and circular canals. More than thirty bridges of granite unite this residence of the Taikoon with the city of the daimios, which contains more than three thousand palaces. Soto-Siro differs also from other Japanese cities in being built entirely of stone. There is not a single wooden house in it. The general style of the architecture is simple and severe, each house being a large rectangle, built of white and black stones, and surrounded like a fortress with a ditch fed from a running stream. The mansions are the official residences of the daimios, who during the continuance of the feudal system were obliged to reside in them one year out of every three when they came to Yeddo to pay their homage to the Taikoon. There were eighteen daimios of divine descent, three hundred and forty-four created by the Taikoons during the last two centuries, and nearly eighty thousand "hattamothos," or great captains and knights. On their visits to Yeddo these daimios were accompanied by their harems, their official suites and their troops. Each of them tried to surround himself with as brilliant a cortége as possible, and brought with him from eight to nine hundred persons in his train. It may be imagined what a display of luxurious ostentation Yeddo afforded on these occasions, especially since it was the purpose of the Taikoon to stimulate each display, in order that he should, by eclipsing all his vassals, maintain his ascendency over them.

Perhaps no feudal system in Europe was ever more effective than that of Japan in its flourishing days. The land was partitioned out among the daimios, who organized its culture by their serfs. The crops that were raised the daimio bought at a price fixed by himself, and when the serfs required food they bought back from him such quantities as they needed at another price, fixed also by himself. The difference constituted the revenue of the daimios. At present many of the palaces in Soto-Siro are nearly deserted, and the number of resident daimios is by no means what it formerly was. Still, the streets are animated, and our party was greatly interested in passing through them. The view in one of the streets passing from Soto-Siro to the trading portion of Yeddo was very striking. Rows of granite walls divided the parks of the palaces from the street, and immediately above them rose hedges from six to thirty or forty feet high, admirably trimmed, and formed of camellias, azaleas and laurels in full bloom, while the sacred birds, with their white plumage, made a scene as brilliant as anything in Fairyland. Passing along this road, the party met the escort of a prince. He was preceded by heralds dressed in blue and armed with wooden swords to keep off the crowd. Then came a whole procession of soldiers, with falconers, damsels and pages, escorting the lacquered "norimon" carried by eight men, in which His Highness sat with his legs crossed and a sword sticking about two feet out of the window on each side.

The trading city was full of life and bustle, while the streets were so neat that they looked more like the paths in a park than the thoroughfares of a busy city. Great precautions are taken against fire. At the chief points wooden towers are built, provided with bronze bells to sound the alarm. Almost every house has a pump arranged to work, and about fifty steps apart are hogsheads hooped with copper and filled with water.

The Japanese government having granted to our party the privilege of visiting the garden of the imperial residence, the opportunity was seized with avidity. This was only the third time that such a favor had been granted to Europeans. The garden was a splendid specimen of Japanese skill and taste. There were walks, ponds filled with brilliantly plumaged aquatic birds, trees with variously colored foliage, kiosques, tea-houses, appliances for hunting, for music and dancing—in short, everything to charm or amuse.

Among the temples of Yeddo, the most striking was one called "The abode of thirty-three thousand three hundred and thirty-three divinities." Another, dedicated to the god of toothache, was remarkable for the rites practiced in it. The sufferer who seeks the agency of the god in his distress pays his contribution and receives a slip of paper. This he chews assiduously until it becomes in his mouth perfectly plastic, and then, rolling it into a ball between his fingers, he throws it at one of the pictures which hang suspended high on the wall. The skill of the Japanese enables them more generally to hit their target than our boys do when in country school-houses they engage in a somewhat similar diversion, and the devout worshiper goes away cured of the pain which brought him there.



WOODEN BRIDGE ON THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

At the arsenal our party were astonished to see the rifled cannon and guns made by the natives with machinery of their own construction. M. de Beauvoir mentions Da-Keda (or Takeda) as the designer. This ingenious officer had studied Dutch, and with the help of a Dutch-Japanese and an English-Dutch dictionary had so mastered Bowditch's *Navigator* as to be able to calculate longitude from an eclipse. Mr. Pumpelly, who was employed by the Japanese government to improve the working of their mines, had this Japanese gentleman attached to his suite, and tells this fact concerning him; adding, "But this knowledge was purely mechanical, and mathematics from a philosophical point of view was a new field to him, though when he took them up in this spirit he exhibited for the study a mental power which I almost envied him."

Returning to Yokohama, the party by special permission was allowed to visit the sacred mountain Foosiyama, and the sacred city Hakoni, situated at its foot. With guides and an escort of yakonines, and provided with passports, they set out on horseback along the Tokaido. Everywhere the country people received them with most amiable politeness, while the views of the country were superb. The hills rose to mountains in the distance, while on the other hand the green valleys lay spread before the eye, with precipices and cascades, rivers and virgin forests, ancient temples, rocks covered with verdure, and the line of the blue sea in the distance. The houses in the country have a slight covering of earth on the higher parts of the roofs, where lilies are planted, from which the oil is made that is used by the Japanese women in dressing their hair. This custom originated in an edict by the Mikado forbidding the use of the "sacred soil" for any plants except such as are useful, but giving permission to plant the lilies on the housetops, "since they give beauty to the hair of women, and will serve as the living hair of the paternal roof."

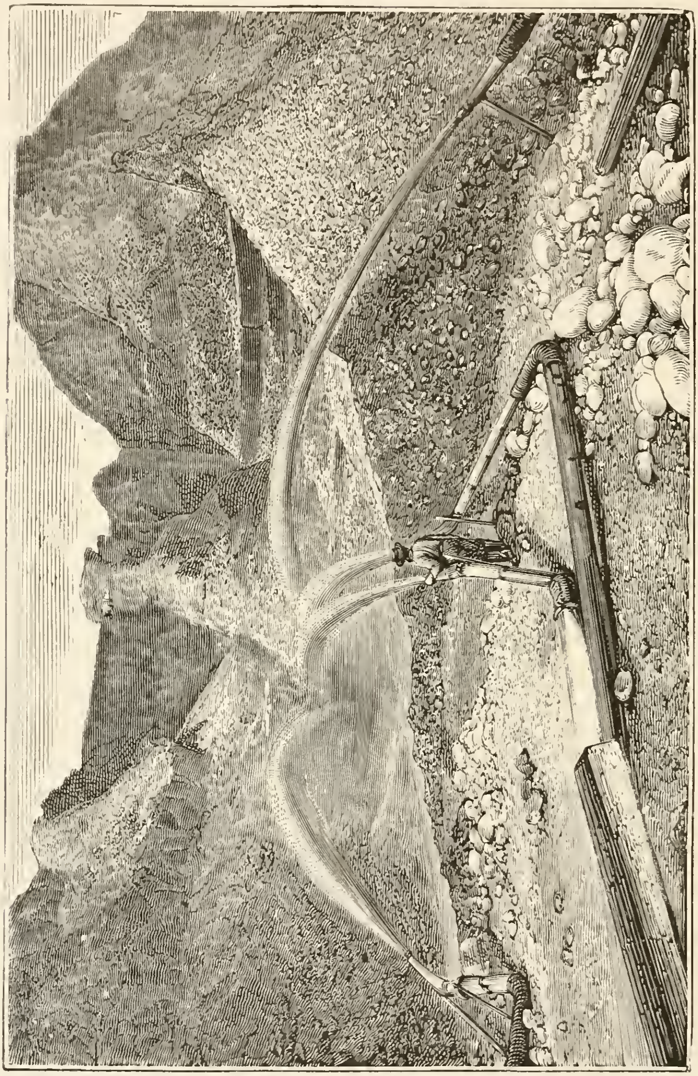
From Hakoni the party passed on to the baths of Mionoska, the Baden-Baden of the Japanese aristocracy, a village built in a deep valley on the flank of a steep mountain, where the streets are flights of granite steps, and the houses, in the midst of cascades, seem piled on each other. The baths are sulphur ones, and here the peculiar want of conventionality common in Japan was again forced upon the attention of our travelers. The towels offered them after bathing were small sheets of a cottony paper.

Having spent somewhat more than a month in Japan, our travelers embarked on the Colorado for San Francisco. The Colorado was the first ship placed upon the line between San Francisco and Japan. Her beauty of model, the admirable appointments for the comfort of her passengers, and the fact that though she was a ship of four thousand tons her speed, averaging eleven miles an hour, was obtained with the consumption of only thirty-five tons of coal in twenty-four hours, were matters of surprise. In fact, says the count, "this result it is not possible to attain with our engines."

In crossing the one hundred and eightieth degree of longitude, the duplication of the day—it being for two days the third of June—called attention to the fact that the party had circumnavigated the world, and had seen one less sunrise than those who had remained stationary at home. The first sight of San Francisco, for our party so fresh from Japan, was one of disappointment. "The earth, the houses, the sky, all seemed the same color, while the city looked yellow and mean. The hills surrounding it seemed to be engaged in burying it under clouds of dust driven by the wind through the streets." The contrast with the fresh, beautiful green and fairy coasts of Japan, which had been so recently left, produced this impression. A visit to the theatre, however, changed this feeling. "In this hall there was an elegance, a brilliancy, the indescribable perfume of civilization, such as we had no idea of."

Though in haste to return to France, our party lingered long enough to visit the Giant Trees, and before them stood "confounded." "Our most majestic oaks in France, the tallest firs of the Alps or the Pyrenees, the gum trees of Australia, all seem like dwarfs in their shade. Here they are, six hundred and twelve of them, in a single clump, rising like gigantic columns a hundred yards high." A few days were spent in a run through the mining country and to the valley of

Calaveras, where is another group of giant trees, ninety in number, one of which furnished its bark for the Crystal Palace. It is dead, but stands erect, and without the bark measures eighty-one feet round.



BLUE TENT HYDRAULIC MINE.

The structures on the Pacific railroad also excited our travelers' admiration for their lightness, solidity and strength. In the mining region of Nevada the process at the Blue Tent Mine was so new as to greatly surprise the party. This is a hydraulic mine, where a mountain-stream, brought down in pipes, is driven with a pressure of two hundred and seventy-five feet elevation against the mountain-side. So great is the force of the stream that a man struck by it would be killed instantly. The idea of using this force for mining purposes seemed to our party purely American in its boldness. Two or three men suffice for managing the operation, and in a day will wash down twenty-five hundred tons of gravel. Other methods of this kind, on a larger scale, have been able to wash twenty thousand tons in the same time. Of course the amount of work done varies with the conditions. Sometimes groups of petrified trees are uncovered, and at times the soil is so dense that it comes down in blocks too hard to be broken except by the use of powder. The gravel thus loosened is then carried to a canal, with mercury in troughs placed in the bottom, and the gold is absorbed by the mercury. Every month the work is stopped, and the amalgam gathered and the gold recovered by a chemical process. A brief visit to New Almaden, where the second richest mercury-mines known are worked, then occupied the party. Returning to San Francisco, they crossed the Isthmus of Panama and proceeded to New York, and thence to France, thus happily completing a journey round the world from east to west.

EDWARD HOWLAND.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE regular approach to Constantinople is as rich in historic memories as in exquisite scenery. The Danube is such a "slow coach," owing to its impeded navigation and its inferior steamers, that all the world takes passage by the Dardanelles; though this can hardly have been the case with the Cockney traveler, who, when asked if he had seen the Dardanelles, replied, "Oh, to be sure —I breakfasted with them in Paris!"

Before you enter this renowned strait the Trieste steamer carries you over the route of the greatest of the apostles, right under Cyprus, close to Crete, perhaps in the teeth of that Levant hurricane, the Euroclydon. After sailing by the harbor of Agamemnon's fleet, you coast the low shore of Troy and see the mound commemorating Achilles, delaying a moment near these Dardanelles forts, whose immense guns have been so famous. Twelve hours more of steaming and the most coveted city of Europe looms in sight; as with all Oriental cities distance lending enchantment to the view, and the outward splendor ill preparing us for the squalor and wretchedness within. The glory of the scene is partly the blending of colors, partly the surpassing elegance of the tall minarets and majestic domes, partly the Arabic and Saracenic architecture of many a palace lining the blue waters; but Nature herself is not wanting, and there are noble mountains for a background on the Asiatic shore.

A STREET SCENE.

The Golden Horn, the inner harbor

THE GOLDEN HORN.

richly deserves its name. The commerce of the world could be sheltered there, and the largest frigate land its crew on the solid street. Washed clean by the flowing "Sweet Waters," its banks are lined on one side with arsenals, barracks and hospitals, and dotted on the other with pavilions and palaces. On fine days a fleet of gayly-painted canoes will carry you in sight of the Greeks' quarters, the West End of Constantinople, past the palace of the sultan's mother, the famous burial-place of Eyoub and its mosque, until, the arm of the sea contracting, you gradually approach the former sultan's summer-house, the graves of his more renowned horses, and the marble kiosk where he was wont to smoke away many an hour, lulled by the sound of falling water.

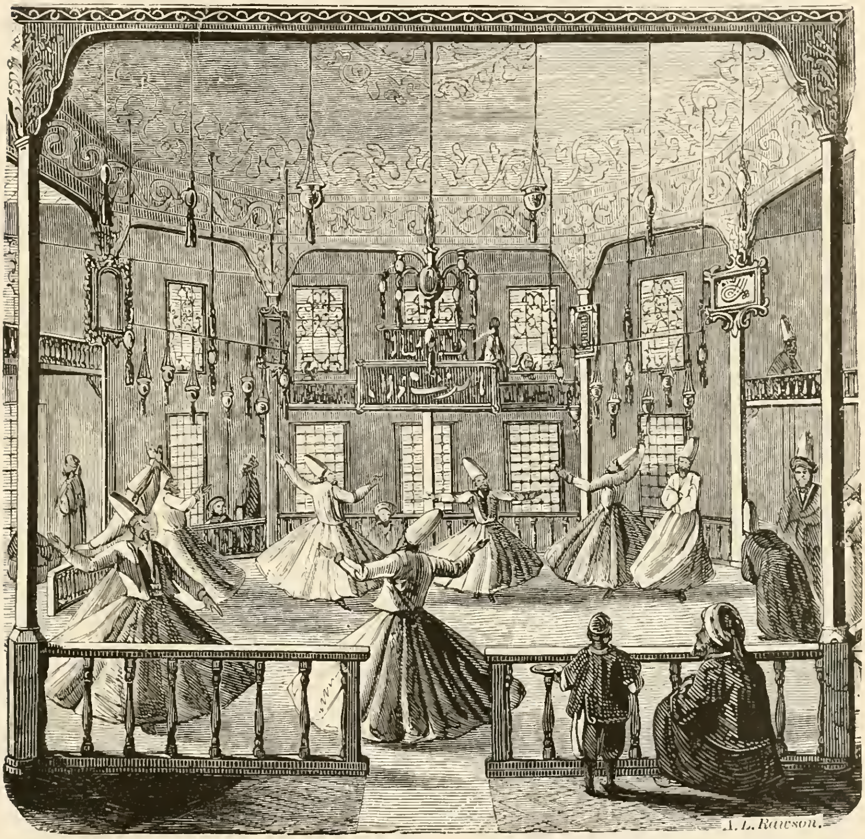
Along these sloping banks picnics are held the summer long, musical entertainments are given, the young Greeks dance, the fragrant coffee is sipped from eggshell cups, the time-killing "hubble-bubble" is smoked by rose-lipped maidens, while gentlemen lose themselves over the stronger chibouque.

Constantine showed genius in selecting this spot for the imperial city. It is the bridge of two continents, the confluence of two seas, the union-point of Grecian and Asiatic arts and manners. It towers over the Bosphorus on seven hills, each hill crowned by superb buildings, which bear aloft the waning Crescent amidst masses of cypress and orange trees, numerous domes rising over baths and mosques, the flags of all nations floating around, the whitest of minarets piercing the heavens, the mixture of traffic and pleasure forming a far richer scene than Rome can ever have offered.

But the enchantment vanishes as you draw near. Mouldering city walls, overgrown with the rank weeds of many centuries, tell the story of twenty-seven sieges and three captures: vast squares are passed with naked chimneys marking where extensive conflagrations have been, and the immense cemeteries are filled with half-ruined monuments. The Turk never repairs: a bending minaret, a cracked dome, a broken window, a leaning wall, a yawning grave, provokes no notice. Everywhere decay stares one in the face. Many a Mussulman feels it to be the national doom. Often the streets are cumbered with ruins. Often the sacred cemeteries or the "Sweet Waters" betray the fallen turbans of some gilded tomb. What a type of the Ottoman empire! How visibly is life ebbing away from its unburied corpse! How that fatalism which is the backbone of its faith pledges the dissolution of an empire which no foreign powers will again combine to uphold!

So I believe; and yet I admire many traits in this city's life: its honesty, for instance. Warrington Smith bought some goods of a Turkish merchant for seventy-five piasters. Such was the price, but the Mussulman had expected to be beaten down half; so when he delivered the bundle he returned the pieces he had intended to deduct from the price. No mosque has more minarets than that of Achmet; but more imposing than its architectural grandeur is that famous gallery where a fabulous amount of plate and jewels has been deposited for safekeeping by families leaving the city, some of whom have fallen victims to the cholera or plague. No iron vault encloses this uncounted heap of treasure, no combination-lock secures its door, no sleepless sentinel forbids access. Nothing but general honesty guards it from needy sultans or famished revolutionists. At the mosque Suleiman I found a smaller illustration of the same hardy virtue. The door was open, the shrine deserted: there was no one to betray the sexton if he took my bribe. I offered four times what would have been "open sesame" to any Christian church, and was refused. I honored that poor sexton, and thought better of human nature.

Constantinople is the most temperate capital of its size in the world. Spending day after day in the open air, wandering among the common folk, having at one time several people in my employ, even in the biting air before daylight I never found any Turk drinking stronger beverage than coffee. But that is nothing to their great annual fast. During the Ramadan, which lasts a whole month, from sunrise to sunset the panting boatman, the heavy-laden porter will touch nothing like food, not even tobacco, and no drink whatever; and at sundown will make up for this abstinence not by a drunken carouse, but by a larger dish of pilau and a longer smoke of Latakia. To be sure, temperance is a part of the Turk's religion, but is it not of ours? And *that* religion—an imposture as we call it—has something very real in its worship at four in the morning the year round, its indifference to "Infidel" gaze, the heartiness of all its observances, the severity of its daily self-denials. Often have I found the shop entirely open while the shopman was at his prayers, and I have taken up the goods to see if anybody would remonstrate, and laid them down again without anybody's interference. And how often have I watched the thin-clad boatman kneeling in prayer on the wet sand or in drizzling rain, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot"! To be sure, there is less of this outward piety at Constantinople than where Christians are less common, but it is a character of the religion not to mind being sneered at, to feel sustained by a divine sanction, and lifted far above the criticism of men by the favor of Heaven.



DANCING DERVISHES.

Hospitality is another striking feature of the Moslem faith, and belongs to these patriarchal lands. Even the meanest village provides a few days' shelter for every stranger in its khan; fugitives from every nation are protected by entering its territory; every pasha invites the traveler to taste his coffee and smoke his tobacco, wishing him a prosperous journey and offering him government protection. And if this does not mean much, it is exceedingly soothing to a spirit chafed by disappointment, fatigue, excessive heat, the ever-besetting vermin. It gilds the chain if no more.

THE GRAND BAZAAR.

The dervishes I take to be an emblem

of Mohammedanism. Once the inspiration of the Faithful, their decay of fervor is apparent enough. Their colleges are sometimes deserted, and desertion in Turkey means ruin. Still, their exercises are worth looking in upon any Friday noon after the mosque service. The Whirling and the Howling saints are not altogether unlike. After some readings or recitations from the Koran, performed by a circle of wild-looking men, some of them exceedingly old and some evidently insane, comes among the Whirlers a waltz, each performer turning on his own axis, some of them hundreds of times, without getting dizzy or falling from fatigue. The Howlers, on the other hand, shout the name of Allah ever faster and louder as the music gets more uproarious, until it becomes nothing better than the bellowing of a hound: then two or three make a dive at the bare walls, striking them again and again with the naked head, until somebody seizes the frenzied fanatics and lays them, just breathing, on their backs. Running daggers through the cheek is still done, but rarely, because the heart of a ferocious superstition is becoming death-chilled, its weekly service is fossilizing into a ceremony. The only mystery is why an iron skewer thrust through and through the mouth should do no harm—the butting of one's head against a marble block leave any brains. It must be that the excitement sustains the system—that fervor of feeling makes up for the injury done to the frame.

I have spoken of the shops. They are funny little boxes, with one half of the cover turned up, the other half laid down as a counter. The purchaser stands outside, the merchant squats within. No goods are made a show of; there seems to be no anxiety to sell; no anger at having everything turned topsy-turvy; no offence at an offer of just half the asking price. The bazaars are collections of shopkeepers in some particular branch—gloomy sheds, often odorous, generally dingy, crowded and stupid. The number of tobacco-pipe merchants and manufacturers amazes one at Constantinople as at Damascus. An amber mouthpiece often costs hundreds of dollars: the long cherry tube is beautifully wrought in gay silks, and jewels often glitter along the sides, because the pasha expects to pass his pipe round among his visitors, and has no better means of displaying his wealth. His wife cannot receive strangers and make her parlor a museum, because the harem is forbidden ground: her slippers outside the door prevent even her husband's entrance; and most of his leisure he is glad to spend anywhere else than in such monotonous stupor. A genuine Turk sees hardly any Turkish ladies: he never beholds his wife till after marriage, and does not commonly marry more than one, unless he is some grand official who is expected to live in style. He never alludes to his family in public, or expects it to be alluded to: to ask after madame's health would be the worst insult. The French ambassador's wife succeeded admirably when she presented some silks to Mrs. Redschid Pasha through the prime minister, by saying, "Please accept these, sir: you will know how to use them."

Among the antiquities are some cisterns which are perfectly gigantic. That of the "thousand-and-one columns," exaggerated from a quarter of that number, would alone supply the city with water through a year's siege, but it is now a silk-factory, exceedingly cool in summer, and as decidedly unhealthy. It has played some part in politics by sheltering those whom a change of dynasty put in danger of the bowstring. In another of these cisterns (perhaps an abandoned quarry) there is water enough to float a boat; and lives have sometimes been lost in its dark recesses, about whose extent there seemed to be some mystery.

No other city has anything like such burial-grounds for immensity. The dead actually occupy more ground than the living, and are never encroached upon by streets or buildings. Huge forests of grand old cypresses cover millions of marble monuments extending back four hundred years. Fortunately, the ground is not lost to the public, as the citizens have no dread of the cemetery, and the

MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA.

gayety of its decorations, as well as the beauty of its position, makes it a precious breathing-place for the city. And there is something noble in the idea of perfect repose—that even the beggar rests immovably until the judgment trump, sung to by innumerable birds, cheered by the play of children, greeted, so long as any friend survives, with occasional flowers.

The solitary story of Turkish superstition which reached my ears was of a dervish who had hid himself in a sultan's tomb in the Eyoub cemetery, and who cried out "Water! water!" as a procession marched by. He meant to practice on pious credulity, and secure a grant of money for prayers over the dead. But Mahmoud's successor was in the procession, and snuffed up the nonsense at once: "He wants water, does he? Well, give him the Bosphorus, then." So the tomb was opened, and soon the concealed dervish was swimming for life in the cold bath he had so unexpectedly earned.

There is a legend of the capture of the city by the Mussulmans still current and still credited. A priest was engaged in his morning devotions before the high altar of Saint Sophia when the fierce shouts of the bloodthirsty conquerors drove him to a side-altar, where he carried the sacred vessels and continued the service. As they drew near the walls opened and he disappeared, leaving a promise to return the twenty-fourth day of May, 1864, and complete the un-finished sacrifice on the grand altar of Justinian.

The gentleman failed for some reason to keep his appointment. Moslem worship goes on still under that Christian dome; the Koran is read there instead of the Gospels; prayer goes up daily in the name of the Arabian prophet, instead of the Nazarene. But I have faith he will yet come. The Russian avalanche every year draws nearer to Constantinople. The czar's hand is outstretched to seize this key of the Mediterranean. Through the weakness of France and the apathy of England he is certain to supply his most urgent want—is bound to re-establish his Church at its ancient fountain-head—is summoned to redeem the True Faith from the stain of four centuries of servitude. It is only a question of time. Recent reforms in Turkey have chilled the people's faith; debts have accumulated upon the palsied government's hands; the fanaticism which was its life has grown cold as a tombstone; the mouldering graves which crowd upon the living in the imperial city seem to cry aloud, "Dust unto dust!"

F. W. HOLLAND.

WANDERINGS IN PALESTINE.

THE sun was sinking, and the surrounding hills were steeped in the richest purple, when I joined the throng pouring into the city of Jerusalem by the Damascus gate. Evidently I was an object of curious speculation to the groups of *fellahin* as I passed within the gate, a natural result of my being unattended and yet a decided Anglo-Saxon. My only traveling companion was the mule which bore me, and whose persistent crawl was not accelerated even by the immediate prospect of fodder and rest. My naturally fair complexion had become tanned by exposure, and my dark cloth suit had arrived at the shade technically called pepper-and-salt, through the prolific dust encountered upon the road from Jaffa to Jerusalem. Tourists are always in a party and accompanied by attendants. I bore all the appearance of a tourist, and yet was unattended: it therefore became every one's business to find out who I was, whither I was going and whence I had come; but I passed through the gossiping crowd with the calm composure of my countrymen, and left the fellahin to establish my nationality and rank to their own satisfaction. To be without attendants in the East is to lose prestige, but then prestige is a perpetual and an intolerable burden It was better to be master without prestige than to be the servant of a dragoman with prestige. If you wish to travel *en grand seigneur*, you have but to sign a contract and deliver your purse and your person into the hands of a dragoman. He will smooth away all difficulties and asperities; he will be the mediator between "Your Excellency" and all obstacles; you need have no care as to what you shall eat, where you will sleep or what you shall pay. The dragoman protects you from the rapacity of others, but his regard for his own interest is generous in the extreme. He will answer every possible question that may be innocently put to him, and his invention is boundless. But once in his hands you will enjoy the luxurious slavery of a prince, for you belong to him and he nurses you with maternal solicitude. I had no officious *kawass* to announce my coming in, and I had no thieving *meki* to delay my going out. The trip from Jaffa to Jerusalem had been almost without incident, and the journeys by both routes—Beth-horon and Gibeon, and by Ramleh—have been often described. In the East the roads are, as a rule, optional and imaginary, being simply magnified sheep-walks, although to Nazeef Pasha, the recently-recalled governor of Jerusalem, must be awarded the credit of having established a turnpike-road between Jaffa and Jerusalem on the ancient route *repaired* by Solomon. I allowed my beast to take his own course and creep along, hoping to avoid the bands of enthusiastic tourists which flock along the road to Jerusalem. I wandered through a series of groups of fellahin, strange fellow-travelers, but full of interest; of Armenian traders, Jews, devotees, pious and unclean, and Arabs, unclean without the recommendation of piety; stragglers of all kinds bent on trade, and many with no bent at all. At Ramleh the trains of fruit-sellers on their road to the Holy City overtook me, the same picturesque troupes of men and boys, with the same trappings and packs, as the caravans that two thousand years ago went up from Ramleh to Jerusalem laden with fruit. Although the modern Ramleh is but a collection of dilapidated dwellings, yet the green fields and orchards which surround it perpetuate its ancient prototype. But the charming reverie that this scene aroused was doomed to be abruptly interrupted by a sudden turn of the road, bringing me in full view of an extensively-equipped tourists' encampment. Attendants were madly rushing to and fro carrying dainty dishes into a grand marquee, each provided with a napkin slung over the arm, in emulation of the true Parisian style. I would have fled from this disenchantment of my dreams, but for the misfortune of being recognized by one of the party of tourists, an English gentleman who remembered having met me in Alexandria, and insisted upon my joining his friends. I was forthwith introduced to a very agreeable company of Englishmen, army officers on leave of absence from the British garrison at Malta. These luxurious picnickers had established quite an encampment, with their grand tent and tributary cooking and servants' tents, whilst a lynx-eyed but obsequious dragoman administered the whole with a delicious air of satisfaction. With the announcement "*Le souper est servi, messieurs*," he ushered us into the marquee, where we found an ample table covered with a swan-white cloth, upon which an elaborate service was spread. Around the table the party disposed themselves, some on iron bedsteads, others on camp-stools. Imagine dining *à la Russe* in the land of Canaan! The anomaly was almost too much for my nerves, and this recurred to me with increasing force at each successive pop of the champagne corks. I glanced furtively through the tent door and looked out into the distance in vain for my picturesque fruit-sellers. I listened for the tinkling of their mule-bells in the hope of catching some of the harmony that my present situation had broken. But all in vain: the evening shades had closed rapidly upon the scene, and noisome petroleum lamps were brought forth. Through the vigilant providence of that pink of all courtesy, the dragoman, "café noir à la Turc" was served in *Parisian porcelain cups*, and a general parade of cigars, meerschaums, hookahs and nargilehs followed. The attempts to matriculate in Eastern styles of smoking were laudatory but ridiculous, and the water-pipes (nargilehs) gave forth bubble-bubble, toil and trouble. Conversation grew, and the coffee suffused the most delightful temper through the company. So let this picture of happy sociality be wrapped up and dissolved in the curling smoke and evening shade.

At early dawn I parted from my epicurean hosts, and once again resumed my journey toward the Holy City. I had not proceeded far ere I overtook a motley caravan straggling along, some members of it walking and others riding on donkeys. They proved to be Russian pilgrims on their way to the shrines in the Holy City. I recollected their recent arrival in a Russian steamer at Jaffa. Each devotee carried at his back a brass kettle for tea-making, which appeared to be indispensable, from the large supplies of really fine Souchong with which each pilgrim was provided. They steeped tea like true connoisseurs and after the manner of tea-merchants. Spreading some leaves in a small bowl, they poured boiling water from their brass kettle upon them. Their manner of drinking this decoction struck me as rather original: holding the bowl of tea in the left hand, they scooped up a handful of dirty-looking sugar with the right; so that every sip from the left was followed by a munch from the right. I mingled for a while among these Greek devotees, whom I found degraded by superstition and astonishingly ignorant. One of their number, who spoke tolerable French, courteously offered me a bowl of tea, but I was careful to decline some crunched sugar proffered by a hand unwashed since the departure of its owner from Russia.

In pursuing my journey I was afterward met by other travelers, native and foreign, whose *salaams* I returned with all the dignity I could affect, somewhat impaired by a sense of the absurdity of going through all the flourishes of an Eastern salutation in a checked cloth American riding-suit. The dignified sweep in keeping with the graceful folds and curves of the Oriental garb is impossible in the tight-fitting sleeves and other irregularities of European dress. This consideration of the subject of dress led me to reflect upon the comfortless and inconvenient character of European dress in the East. He who would carry a free lance there must give up all thraldom to national dress if he would avoid persecution, annoyance and perpetual payment of backsheesh. I made, therefore, a resolve that I would at once cast off my American citizen's dress, and with it all my national prejudices. I decided to become "one of them," to see with their eyes, eat from their dish and sleep under their tents. The adoption of this method would, I was convinced, introduce me to much novel experience, and would disclose to me original material for observation which would be shut against the general traveler who did not thus sink his individuality. I determined, therefore, to request my friend, Haroun-er-Rhamond of Jerusalem, to purchase for me an Oriental outfit, habited in which I would proceed on my wanderings in the Jordan Valley.

Once within the gates of Jerusalem, I am met by that scene so often described, that strange experience to the eyes and ears of a foreigner—an Oriental city. The fast-declining light rendered the dark, narrow streets almost obscure. After struggling through the throng of camel-drivers, mule-teamsters and fellahin unloading, and as a matter of course all screaming together, I advanced into the city through some deep arched streets, saluted at intervals by the shriek of a camel-driver as he swerved his huge animal down some narrow causeway, while the sharp bark of the ubiquitous dogs pierced the air above the indescribable din or murmur of sounds that rises from an Eastern city at dawn and at sundown. The people were streaming into the city in anticipation of the closing of the gates. It was just that moment when an Eastern city arouses from its normal lethargy and indulges in a temporary bustle. But my way was not that of the throng, and I turned down a narrow, gloomy arched street, on doing which I almost fancied that my mule quickened his pace, but this must have been a delusion. Anyhow, ere I had checked the animal, it pulled up suddenly before a shabby, tumble-down, low-arched door, built in a lofty beetling wall. Whilst alighting I noted that the din of the city had now

CLOSING THE GATES.

THE WAY TO JERICHO.

subsided, and, except the howling of the dogs, all appeared to be wrapped in sudden silence. It was the hour of prayer. Soon my ears caught the strains of the *muezzins* singing the "call to prayer" from the balconies of the *mudnehs* (minarets). First the plaintive voice of an aged singer chanted in murmuring cadence the opening exultation: "Al-la-hoo ak-bar! Al-la-hoo akbar!" ("God is great! God is great!") This strain was echoed from another minaret by a rich tenor voice, and then from the tower near the governor's house, calling the faithful to prayer.

Haroun-er-Rhamond, I knew, was a faithful Moslem, so I waited until the last muezzin had finished his solo, which he did with a grand *ralentando*. I found the door of my friend's dwelling closed, the hole of the lock being covered, and the cumbersome cross-shaped piece of wood that has done service for a lock from time immemorial secured for the night. I banged lustily, shouting, "Yah! yah!" and making all the hullabaloo customary in the East. My banging without soon called forth shoutings within, and after sundry explanations and expletives the lock was drawn and the opening disclosed. The cumbersome wooden door turned upon its creaking hinges, and a lazy-looking slave appeared, to whom I said, "Go tell thy master that his friend the Scribe waits to be blessed by his presence." He salaamed profoundly, and, leading away my mule, motioned toward his master, whom I observed finishing off his prayers with the concluding *rekah* or prostration as he stood in a recess facing the east in a recumbent position, each hand resting above the knee. Then falling gently upon his knees, he turned his head solemnly over his right shoulder, and quickly gave a half nod "over the left." The Mohammedan religion teaches that there is a guardian angel at each shoulder, the one on the right recording the good deeds, whilst the one on the left takes down the evil deeds.

HAROUN AT PRAYER.

Whilst Haroun was concluding his reverent genuflections I looked around me, and indulged in the contemplation of the strange contrast between the outside and inside of a rich man's house in the East. Without, were the narrow gloomy alley, the high dreary wall, the clumsy broken-down door that would be but an indifferent entrance to a pig-stye; within, were an exquisitely spacious court paved in checkered marble, and in the centre a refreshing fountain-basin, whose jet of limpid water rose and fell with a soothing, indolent murmur. In the rear was the Moresque-arched corridor or *soofah*, overhanging lattice windows, carved in elegant arabesque tracery, rich pendent draperies from them adding their color to the pleasing picture. There is always, to me, a touch of enchantment, a glimpse of the *Arabian Nights*, in this entrance from a shabby causeway to Oriental luxury. Haroun, having at length concluded his devotions, entered a long chamber with a divan at one end: he had been informed of my arrival, and awaited my entrance. Eastern life may be compared to still water that is occasionally agitated by a stone being thrown into it: there is a grand splash, perturbation, bubbles, and then the stagnant water, weighted by its weeds, returns to its normal stillness. The Mohammedans are slaves to form and punctilio, and the dramatic fervor of the Oriental, which is exhibited in the ordinary actions of life, has degenerated into tedious theatrical display. The natural and spontaneous actions of life are directed by a religious régime, and habits of antiquity that would now be obsolete anywhere else are jealously retained and dignified into religious ritual. My friend Haroun, although quite an exception among Moslems in education and liberality of thought, was no exception in this matter, and pursued etiquette with punctilious exactitude. He rose from his divan at my approach to do me especial honor, and although a fortnight had barely elapsed since our last meeting, yet we rushed into each other's arms, leaning first to the right and then to the left: then he seized me by the hand, bringing the palms together and grasping my thumb, which he wrenched backward and forward, exclaiming, or rather shouting, "Sel 'a 'mat—Tei 'yebeen" ("I hope you are well or safe") over and over again. To all such ejaculations you have to be ready with your reply. Indeed, so great is the excitement "got up" for these occasions that you become absolutely warmed up to your work. My friend continued to shout with gusto, sometimes gasping forth the exclamation, "Ow-hash-'tenë!" ("Thou hast made us desolate by thine absence"). Then, as customary, he proceeded with complimentary interrogations as to my relatives, none of whom he had ever heard of. What appears perhaps most comical to the foreigner is the sudden manner in which the Orientals decline into their normal dignified apathy after these exuberant exhibitions of feeling. After all, anything is a Godsend for whiling away the long weary hours in that hot climate, where thinking is a labor and a bore.

Upon entering a house the ancient custom should be observed of removing the shoes or the outer shoes; but as that would have reduced me to my socks, and as, moreover, the unlacing of heavy gaiter-boots of European manufacture would have been ridiculous, I entered my friend's presence shod. I was at his house a privileged guest: nevertheless, I avoided stepping on the small carpets that were spread here and there. My friend conducted me to the divan to the right, and he squatted upon the crimson silk cushions *à la Turc*, while I seated myself after the manner of Europeans. Servants came in with chibooks, and coffee was served, Arab fashion, in small porcelain egg-shaped cups enclosed in metallic holders of filagree-work. Washing of hands and all other processes necessary to be observed were gone through, whilst a nimble-fingered boy undid my shoestrings, which were only replaced years after.

Haroun willingly offered to go with me to the bazaar, and to undertake the commission of purchasing a full Oriental suit, as otherwise I should expose myself to be cheated; but with the Eastern spirit of procrastination he suggested that a few days' time would make no difference: moreover, he desired to be gladdened by the light of my countenance. After more mutual admiration and complimenting, finding me firm in my purpose to depart on the morrow, he concluded to accompany me to the bazaar early the next morning. Having settled the business, we chatted and puffed the pipes of peace. A recherché supper was served in Eastern style upon a small octagonal stand that looked more like a footstool than a table. The innovation of imported French wines graced the repast, but my host, being a true follower of Mohammed, only sipped his sherbet and left the unbeliever to enjoy his generosity.

The fatigues of the past two days introduced me to a most delightful sleep, from which I was awakened by the bustling of the pigeons against my latticed window. The sun had long risen, and the city was in commotion. I found my friend awaiting me to do the honors of the house by offering the first repast, which in the East is a light one. The principal dish was, as is customary, honey and butter, but the cunning hand of the Armenian cook

"ORANGEES!"

had provided a well-milled cup of chocolate, a luxury imported for Frankish guests. Such a breakfast would have been despatched at home in fifteen minutes: I considered myself fortunate in having meandered through its courses in an hour, when, at the expiration of this time, servants trotted in with the indispensable pipes and coffee; after which Haroun arose, a servant brought in his *abba* or cloak, and we went forth on our errand, followed by the lazy-looking attendant to carry home our purchases.

WASHING FEET.

On emerging from the mean causeway on to the main street a most varied and picturesque scene was presented. Here was a person of importance in rich costume walking along with dignity; there was a party of staring tourists; then the eye caught successively Greek monks, devotees, fellahin, richly-costumed slaves —some riding on camels, others on asses —with a mingling of strange cries and a background of a Saracenic fountain rich with carved stone ornaments.

At the corner of a street was a solemn-looking fellow with what appeared to be a sack slung under his arm, crying in a mournful voice "Moyah! moyah!" This was the sakis carrying his goat-skin of water, which was served in a brass cup he held in his hand. Notwithstanding the recent improvement in the water-supply of Jerusalem through the magnificent liberality of that queen of philanthropists, Miss Burdett-Coutts, so deep-rooted are customs in the East that the water-carrier can still ply a good business. Then arose another cry, "Orangees! orangees!" coming from a poorly but picturesquely clad girl, selling large, luscious Jaffa oranges. She held them in a graceful and statuesque manner, but the cry she made was a kind of nasal squeal of most inharmonious sound. Before a *khan* or coffee-house was a group that suggested many biblical pictures. A traveler was crouched upon the ground whilst a boy washed his feet. A fine bearded old Moslem was engaged in going through the chapter of Oriental complimentary inquiries as to his friend the traveler's relatives and his journey. Again I observed the force of custom, for although water in Jerusalem is now comparatively abundant, yet the attendant followed the habit founded on its scarcity by dribbling out a few drops at a time from a small antique earthenware cruse. As we entered the bazaar the throng of people compressed into such confined causeways became quite dense, and the noise fearful, whilst a general chattering arose from either side. Here my friend Haroun met his business-agent, an Armenian, a shrewd, obsequious, but fox-eyed-looking fellow, attired in what appeared to be a very long dressing-gown with a narrow standing collar, and a very tall, queer-looking cap. Haroun asked the fox-eyed-looking lawyer whether his Frankish friend's firman had yet been made out. I had many days previously requested friend Haroun to procure me a firman or passport, which the Armenian coolly informed us had been in preparation since that time, and was still in the hands of the scribe. To be in a hurry in the East is to make yourself ridiculous—to exhibit the slightest vexation or impatience is worse still. That delays are dangerous never enters the Oriental mind; and whereas it is with us a matter of difficulty to find time enough, in the East all the difficulty is to kill time. I greatly feared that this was but the precursor of a series of delays which, although disconcerting to me, seemed to be perfectly *en règle* to my friend. Giving a parting injunction to the fox-eyed Armenian to induce some despatch in the scribe, we proceeded to purchase the garments that were to convert me into an Arab.

An Oriental bazaar is a wonderful place to a stranger—a masquerade in which all is real, a constantly-moving panorama of strange life, a stream of ever-varying color. Around me were Arabs and Turks, northern Syrians, with their fur-lined jackets, Jews in black, Armenians in blue, Latin and Greek monks, priests and parsons, whose white chokers and black cloth were cropping up everywhere, tourists of all nationalities gaping and staring, and a legion of humanity too numerous and varied for description. Each shop was like a little stand or box, divided from its neighbor by a rail. The largest portion of available space in these queer little open shops appeared to be appropriated by the proprietors, who smoked and sipped coffee in the imperturbable manner of the East, apparently utterly indifferent to their interest until you came to the bargaining, when they proved to be wide awake and sharp enough. These merchants never stir from the divan upon which they squat. Their stock in trade is so carefully packed and parceled as to appear very scanty. With one of these my friend Haroun now disputed over the price of a turban-cloth for me, whilst the merchant, to gain temporary advantage by delay, was offering his customer coffee and a pipe.

THE ARMENIAN.

We at last left the bazaar and arrived at the stall or office of the scribe. After much circumlocution and a liberal gurgling of the hookah, the venerable-looking sage fumbled in an antique clasped trunk in front of him, out of which he brought two or three heavy reed pens looking like sticks, a knife, a pair of scissors to trim the edges of the paper, and a vessel of ink of a gummy, viscid character. The paper is very thick,

BAZAAR.

mostly of Venetian or Parisian manufacture, heavily glazed. A strip or spatula of ivory is used to trim the nibs of the reed, as we trim quill pens on our thumb nails. Finally, he brought forth my firman, a very imposing-looking affair, commencing with the usual form, "In the name of God the merciful," etc., and terminating with a grand flourish, which I supposed was a signature, but which was really the date, reckoned from the flight of Mohammed. The signature and seal are always at the top of the page or instrument, and suggest the tracks of some lively insect: in this case it was a tremendous seal that would have crowded out the barons of Magna Charta. The importance attached to the seal, the sign-manual, is greater than that of the actual signature, and a signet-ring wrapped in a dirty piece of rag is guarded with jealous care by every Arab sheik.

After paying sundry fees and charges, and making a present of backsheesh, we obtained possession of the firman and bent our steps homeward. With much readiness I cast away my European clothes, and by the assistance of two servants, who both jabbered away at the same time, I learned my first lesson of how to dress in Eastern style. The difficulty of fitting on the garments is not very great, as they are all roomy, and but for the length of the *libas* a man might dress in woman's clothes or a woman in man's. Upon presenting myself to my friend he seemed much delighted and amused, especially at my awkward manner of squatting, which had the effect of twisting my legs so that I was seized with cramp. He was kind enough to teach me how to squat, smoke, eat and salute like a genuine Mohammedan. My mule was ordered to be in readiness on the morrow to conduct me out of the city, to start on my journey to Succoth by Bethel and Shechem.

After a good night's rest and a de-

THE SCRIBE.

lightful repast, over which we lingered for nearly two hours, I parted from Haroun, first thanking him cordially for his hospitality and kind attentions. Besides a pack on the mule, I cloaked myself in my abba and girded up my loins, placing all my extra luggage in the folds. An Arab will often carry all his personal effects within the folds of his abba, held in this receptacle by the girdle or cord which gathers the cloak around the waist. My mule-pack contained a blanket, a cooking-apparatus, a heavy camel's-hair tent-cloth, with its cords, nails and short sticks lashed to the animal's back. I was already something of a campaigner—could pitch my own tent, cook my dinner and turn in snugly, independent of Arabs and all other torments. I carried no arms for personal defence. The absurd manner in which every tourist, lay and clerical, arms himself with a revolver, invites and courts the dangers that would be avoided by a more peaceful demeanor.

I now left Jerusalem by the Damascus gate, having passed through the thronged streets unnoticed, although an object of the most absorbing attention to myself. My road extended straight before me, in the direction of Nablous. The vernal tints of the not too abundant foliage lent an agreeable aspect to what would otherwise have been an uninteresting country, but the heat was oppressive, and the dusty thorn-bushes that bestrewed the pathway rendered traveling still more tedious. Bethel was only a ten-mile ride, but it was late in the afternoon ere I ascended the low-browed hill and entered the village, which lies somewhat off the direct road. These ancient villages are places to be avoided by travelers, owing to the exceeding uncleanliness of the inhabitants and their abodes. I therefore selected a station on rising ground, near the ruins of an old tower in the outskirts. Some Arab tents were clustered hard by, but my seclusion was sufficiently secured, and I proceeded to pitch my tent, committing so many blunders in the course of the operation that had my neighbors caught sight of me, I should at once have been recognized as a stranger in the land, and singled out for backsheesh.

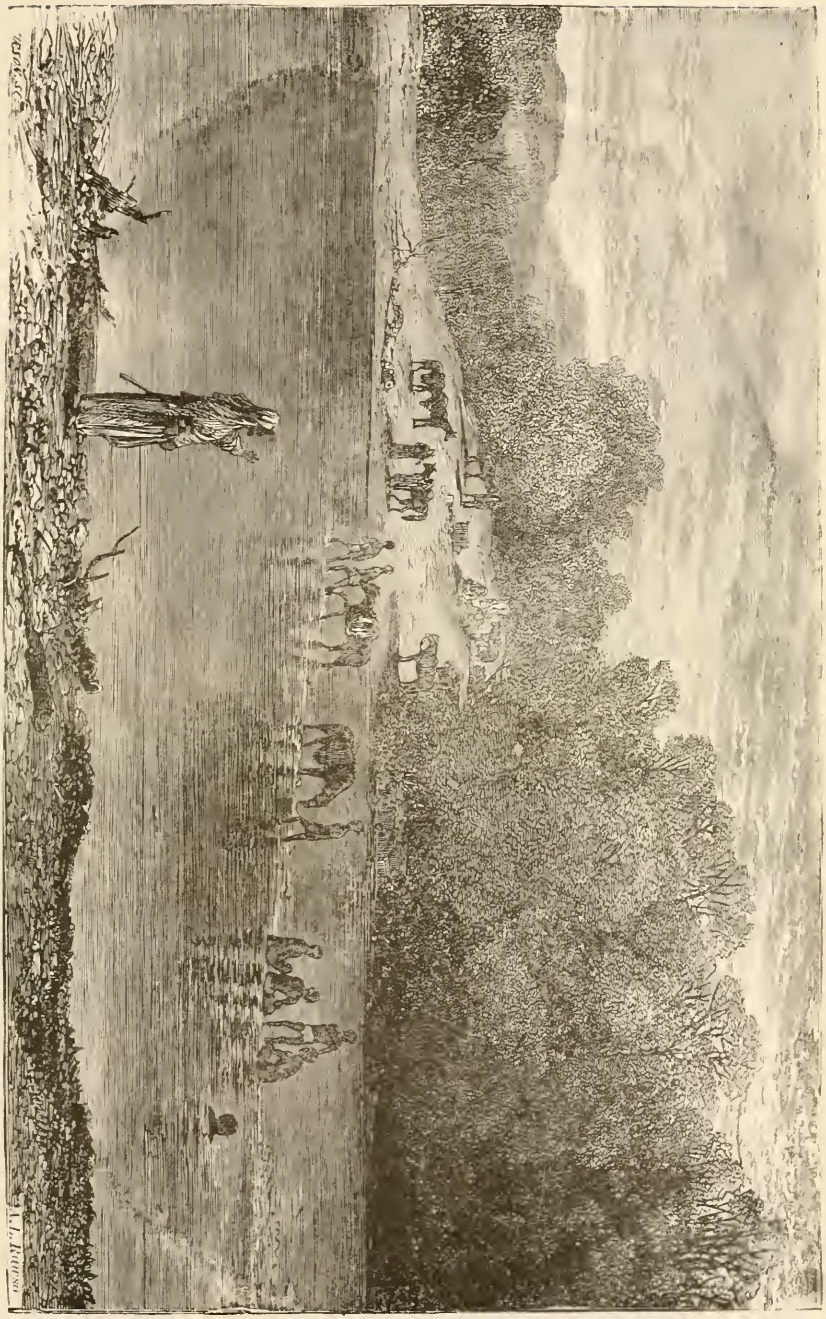
BETHEL.

At daybreak I resumed my journey,

still east of the road to Nablous. On approaching Shiloh the country became more varied and picturesque, and the people somewhat more curious and impertinent. Shiloh is now called Seilun. Nothing remains of this interesting site but some scattered ruins amidst the broken ground. There must have been a time when the surrounding hills were leveled into terraces and richly cultivated, but now they are barren, olive trees alone peeping up here and there.

SHILOH.

Another encampment was followed by further wanderings, which brought me to a region more fertile and picturesque, where many caravans and travelers, as well as shepherds with their flocks, were pushing on toward Nablous. Some groups of travelers had halted at a spot for which I had been on the lookout. It was Jacob's Well, and thither I now directed my mule. A few scattered stones are all that indicate the former existence of a constructed well, but it is generally admitted that this is the spot spoken of as Jacob's Well in the fourth chapter of the Gospel of St. John. The question will occur to any visitor why the patriarch should have sunk this



FORDS OF JORDAN.

deep well when there was abundant water at hand a little to the west; and the most plausible explanation seems to be that the water, however abundant, was regarded as private property, and its use jealously restricted.

As the sun was fast declining, I pursued my journey, watching the long shadows of a caravan of camels in advance. Isolated huts now appeared, giving evidences of the approach to a city. Outside one of these an Arab woman appeared in the distance to be violently shaking some animal suspended by the neck from a vine fence. Knowing the barbarity sometimes practiced by the natives, I approached the hut, and found to my satisfaction that what I had mistaken for an animal was merely a skin filled with milk, and that the woman was churning in the mode practiced by her ancestors thousands of years ago. The butter thus procured is a horrible substitute for the real article. In winter it is of the consistency of honey, and in the summer of oil: the olive oil, fresh and sweet, is always more acceptable.

JACOB'S WELL.

A sharp turn of the hill, and I was looking down upon the lovely valley of Mukhna, with Shechem at the farther end, steeped in the rich tints of the setting sun, and flanked by purple fringes of hills and the green and brown sides of Gerizim. This valley is unsurpassed for loveliness, its beauty being enhanced by the surrounding barrenness. It lies eighteen hundred feet above the sea-level, and cooling breezes are wafted over it in the most sultry weather. It is filled with fair gardens and orchards, and watered by streamlets from no less than eighty fountains. The olive, pomegranate and fig tree crop up everywhere, and the verdure of the fields throws into relief the numerous clusters of dwellings that stud the vale: "a watered garden, a spring of water that faileth not." (Isaiah lviii. 11.)

Nablous boasts of a considerable cotton crop, which brought a large price during the immense demand for cotton occasioned by our war. This gave an impetus to the community which has been creditably sustained. The city is a very ancient one, alleged, on what seems sufficient evidence, to be identical with the Shechem of the Bible. It lies on the slope of the valley formed by Mounts Ebal and Gerizim. Shechem was one of the cities of refuge, and it was here that the people assembled to hear the law of Moses read, "half of them over against Gerizim, and half of them over against Mount Ebal." At the point where this mass-meeting was held the valley is not fifteen hundred feet wide. The city is a straggling one, built along the base of Gerizim: its streets are exceedingly narrow and rugged, and in the rainy season torrents run through its narrow causeways. The inhabitants are unusually active for Orientals. Weavers are busily at work, and fragrant odors are borne upon the air, emanating from orange and other fruit trees cultivated amongst the houses.

After leaving Nablous the country soon became wilder and traveling more difficult. At length the Jordan was sighted, like a silver thread in the distance, far down in its quiet valley.

The most remarkable feature of Palestine is the valley of the Jordan, which extends like a deep ditch from the foot of Hermon south to the Dead Sea, continuing in the valley of the Arabah to the Red Sea at Akabah. It has a uniform width of about ten miles, and is everywhere below the ocean-level, reaching its lowest depth at the Dead Sea, which, rising or falling with the rainy or dry season, has an average level of 1312 feet below that of the ocean. The appearance of the whole is that of a plain worn into rounded knolls by water from the upper regions of Samaria and Gilead. The strata exposed in the water-worn torrent-beds are limestone, rolled boulders, pebbles of flinty sandstone, tufas, marl, chalky deposits or pure chalk, conglomerates, sand, gravel, clay and detritus. The lower terrace is luxuriant in vegetation, producing a great variety of trees, plants, flowers and grasses. South of Masada these knolls are left by the elements in tall conical pinnacles, suggesting works of art.

WOMAN CHURNING.

Bitumen is drawn up from wells one hundred and eighty feet deep, near Hasbeiya, on the Upper Jordan, and masses are found along the shore in which pebbles of all kinds are thickly embedded. It is also found floating on the bay south of Lisan, where it is supposed to rise from the bottom after earthquakes, which are frequent in that region. Bituminous shales and springs impregnated with bitumen occur in the wadys all around the sea. Sulphur is found in the plain of Jericho and nearly all around the Dead Sea, and it appears also in the hot springs of Callirhoë (Herod's resort) and at Tiberias, as well as in many small springs on the west shore of the sea.

Succoth is a type of the scenery of the Upper Jordan. It was here that the sacred vessels of the Temple were cast, moulds being made in the deep clay banks between Succoth and Zarthan, whence now a very fine and hard clay is carried to Damascus and other cities for use in casting metals.

The scenery along the banks of the Jordan is now and then striking, and sometimes, where a wide bend of the river affords a bit of open water fringed with foliage, is quite beautiful, and would be enjoyable if it were not for the intense heat of the sun. It is no wonder that the five Cities of the Plain were destroyed by fire, for everything is so hot and dry that one spark of fire would set the whole in a blaze.

SHECHEM.

My pilgrimage ended at the head of the Red Sea, near the tongue of land which reaches out into the water to a pile of loose stones, sometimes described as a ruined city. It might have been a rude fort, like those in the lakes near Damascus, but there are no wrought stones visible. At high water the tongue is covered and the heap of stones forms an island.

There was one strange experience on that visit to this dry and burnt district: not a human being was visible for the whole day, and no fires, indicating camps, were seen at night. In the whole range of my journey I found no more desolate and utterly deserted place. In no other locality under heaven is there so peculiar and affecting a spot from which to view the rising or setting sun as on the north bay of the Dead Sea. The tall ranges of mountains close to the water on either side, the deep hot valley, the quiet glassy lake, the strange history of the place, combine to flood the soul with profound and unspeakable emotions.

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